IN THE HEEL OF ITALY

MARTIN SHAW BRIGGS

E K Walsham

IN THE HEEL OF ITALY

Frontispiece] *M. S. B. del*

I. A HOUSE IN VIA LEONARDO PRATO, LECCE

(By permission of *The Architectural Review*)

IN THE
HEEL OF ITALY

A STUDY OF AN UNKNOWN CITY

BY

MARTIN SHAW BRIGGS

A.R.I.B.A.

Associate of the British School at Rome
and Extension Lecturer to the Universities of Oxford and Leeds

WITH 26 DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR
AND 19 PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON :: :: :: ANDREW MELROSE
3 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

PREFACE

My interest in the unknown district with which this book deals dates from a commission from the Editor of *The Architectural Review* three years ago to explore the city of Lecce and to describe and illustrate its buildings. By his courtesy I am able to reproduce in this book eight of the drawings which have appeared in that magazine.

In preparing the short series thus contributed, I found so much untouched and valuable material awaiting to be collected and recorded, that I commenced the present work, which is an attempt (the first ever made in any language) to outline the story of the city's history, to describe its inhabitants, their interesting province, and their remarkable achievements in art.

I have to acknowledge much kind and helpful assistance from Dr. Ashby, of the British School at Rome; Dr. Arthur Haseloff, of the Prussian Historical Institute (who has also kindly allowed me to reproduce two of his photographs); Dr. A. Cort

Haddon and Mr. C. E. Shipley, of Cambridge; Professor Garstang, of Leeds University; Dr. R. F. Horton, of Hampstead; Mr. Herbert Vaughan, of Florence; Mr. E. G. Gardner; Mr. N. G. B. James; and Dr. Holland Rose. Mr. Ralph Thorp was my companion on my first visit to Lecce in 1907.

In Lecce itself I met with unexpectedly warm hospitality in 1909, from Colonel Paolo Sacconi and Major Lionetti, of the 47th Regiment, then stationed there. I was enabled in their company to visit many places which would otherwise have been closed to me, and on one occasion when I was arrested by over-zealous sentinels while making a harmless sketch of San Cataldo, their intervention saved me from a very unpleasant situation, and relieved me from one which had already become strained.

The civic authorities gave me every assistance and an excellent book; Professor Di Giorgi, the local archæologist, entertained me in his flat with his great knowledge of the district, and at Otranto I had the honour of meeting Luigi Cosentino, a fine old veteran who fought in the '48, and who gave me some rare books on his native place.

My thanks are due to the many writers whose works I have plundered, and whose names are merely found in the Bibliography unless actual quotation has been made. This book was too near completion to allow of utilising Sig. Palumbe's little

"Storia di Lecce," now appearing in parts; but with this exception I have consulted all available authorities.

Lastly, I must record my deep sense of gratitude to the two friends whose sympathetic criticism and help have been of such value during the preparation of this book.

11, Porchester Place,
Hyde Park, W.
March 1910.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	AN UNKNOWN CITY	1
II.	LECCE UP TO NORMAN TIMES	33
III.	LECCE UNDER THE NORMANS (1019–1200)	85
IV.	LECCE UNDER THE BRIENNES (1200–1356)	104
V.	LECCE'S LATER COUNTS (1356–1463)	138
VI.	LECCE UNDER SPANISH RULERS (1463–1799)	165
VII.	REVOLUTIONARY LECCE (1799–1866)	201
VIII.	THE BAROQUE PERIOD IN LECCE	236
IX.	THE PEOPLE OF LECCE	270
X.	THE COUNTRY ROUND LECCE	301
APPENDIX: ARCHITECTURAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES ON LECCE BUILDINGS		331
BIBLIOGRAPHY		359
INDEX		373

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1.	HOUSE IN VIA LEONARDO PRATO, LECCE .	*Frontispiece*
		FACING PAGE
2.	BRINDISI FROM THE HARBOUR	12
3.	IN PIAZZA S. ORONZO, LECCE	20
4.	A LECCE *VIALE*	32
5.	THE GARDENS, LECCE	32
6.	IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, LECCE . . .	78
7.	S. NICOLÒ E CATALDO, LECCE: SIDE VIEW . . .	92
8.	„ „ „ INTERIOR . . .	94
9.	„ „ „ PRINCIPAL DOORWAY .	96
10.	„ „ „ „ „ (DETAIL)	100
11.	„ „ „ DETAIL OF CAPITALS .	102
12.	THE CAMPANILE, SOLETO	156
13.	THE NAPLES GATE, LECCE	184
14.	CORTILE OF THE PREFETTURA, LECCE	212
15.	DUKE SIGISMONDO CASTROMEDIANO	228

FACING PAGE

16. A BAROQUE CHURCH IN ROME 236

17. THE SEDILE AND VENETIAN CHAPEL, LECCE . . 238

18. S. IRENE, LECCE 240

19. CHURCH OF THE JESUITS, LECCE 242

20. S. CROCE, LECCE 244

21. THE CATHEDRAL, LECCE: EXTERIOR 246

22. ,, ,, ,, INTERIOR 248

23. CHURCH OF THE CARM NE, LECCE: INTERIOR . . 250

24. S. NICOLÒ E CATALDO, LECCE: THE BAROQUE FAÇADE 252

25. CHURCH OF THE CARMINE, LECCE: EXTERIOR . . 254

26. THE MUNICIPIO, LECCE 254

27. ENTRANCE TO THE PIAZZA DEL DUOMO, LECCE . . 256

28. THE SEMINARIO, LECCE 258

29. PALACE OPPOSITE THE LICEO, LECCE 260

30. PALAZZO CONTE CASTRIOTA, LECCE 262

31. FAÇADE OF THE PREFETTURA, LECCE 264

32. PALAZZO CONTE BALZO, LECCE 266

33. HOUSE IN VIA LEONARDO PRATO, LECCE . . . 268

34. S. CATALDO, THE OLD PORT OF LECCE . . . 304

35. THE QUAY, GALLIPOLI 312

36. THE OUTER WALLS, GALLIPOLI 312

FACING PAGE

37. THE POST OFFICE, GALLIPOLI 316

38. S. FRANCESCO, AND THE MARTYRS' HILL, OTRANTO . 324

39. THE CRYPT, OTRANTO CATHEDRAL 328

40. A DOORWAY IN THE CLOISTER, S. CROCE, LECCE . . 336

41. A CAPITAL „ „ „ „ . . 338

42. A BAROQUE WINDOW, LECCE 350

43. THE CLOISTERS OF THE ROSARIO CHURCH, LECCE . 350

44. PLAN OF THE CITY OF LECCE 372

45. MAP OF THE "HEEL OF ITALY" 372

IN THE HEEL OF ITALY

CHAPTER I

AN UNKNOWN CITY

EIGHT miles from the Adriatic coast and about twice as far from the shores of the blue Ionian Sea, in the rich plain forming the heel of Italy, lies the fair city of Lecce, a city with a noble history and a pulsing present, a city which, though of considerable importance to the Italy of to-day, is possessed of priceless relics of a past stretching back to the dim tracts on the confines of primitive history.

Italy itself has a triple fascination for a traveller who uses his mind and his eyes for the purpose intended by Providence, a fascination indeed which need not be confined to travellers, but may reasonably be attributed to the dwellers in this alluring land.

There is firstly the charm of the country as a whole, the prevailing conditions of sunshine and a clear atmosphere, the varied tints of vineyard slopes and Apennine snows, the deep colours of the sea with the red sails of fishing-boats, the superb flowers and luscious fruits of the earth.

Then there is the charm of the past, the witchery of history to a romantic mind. In Italy, perhaps

more than in any country, one is conscious of the antiquity of the ground one stands on.

It was indeed this rather than any other lure that drew one famous English dreamer, George Gissing, to Italy from his hard lot in the shabby purlieus of a squalid part of London, when his means were so scanty that such a journey seemed well-nigh madness; and it was this attraction which lightened up with happy memories the foggy days of a London autumn when the hardships of a struggling existence made his life no brighter than his surroundings. He has written in his delightful book, "The Ionian Sea," so much of himself into his pictures of the ruined cities and remote villages which he visited that we can feel the tie that drew him so strongly southwards—a tie of the mind rather than of the eye. He was gifted with so keen a sense of imagination that he peopled these lonely shores with the men who walked there more than two thousand years ago, with the figures of Pythagoras and his followers when Magna Græcia was the richest, most cultivated, and most luxury-loving country in all the earth. And not only in such remote times, but through all the succeeding years, through the period of Roman empire and decline, through the times of invasion and strange influences from more northern climes, through the lusty middle ages when every townlet had its neighbour by the ears, and through the gay days of the Renaissance and the Papacy—the spirit of history in Italy never rests, the tale never becomes dull.

And lastly, the third charm of Italy is perhaps the most subtle of all if it be analysed, and certainly the most difficult to appreciate, the charm of the present.

For Italy is by no means a country dependent on its past, though many casual travellers seem so to think, and unfortunately so to regulate their behaviour. There is nothing more repellent to an Italian of spirit than to find an English or American tourist treating Rome with a proprietary rudeness which he would never think of displaying in London.

Rome is a show place, no doubt, but it is also the capital of an important country, and in the view of its citizens has an existence quite independent of the Via Balbuino and the Piazza di Spagna, where the red covers of Baedeker most do congregate. If Rome was not built in a day, there is no immediate likelihood of its being turned into a happy hunting-ground like Vesuvius, now practically controlled by Messrs. T. Cook & Son. And surely the acme of a Compleat Traveller's joy is reached when he forgets that he is in a foreign land, sinks his identity for the time being among other customs and other faiths, relishing all the emotions of an alien's happiness without the discomforts of self-consciousness. In Italy one need not live in hushed silence as in cemetery or museum: all around there is life and movement, industry or pleasure. Patriotism is rampant everywhere, patriotism devoid of jingo spirit; for the days of the Risorgimento are too recent to permit of a loose parade of catchwords and bombast. So far from being a country with a past, Italy is rather a country with a future, possible only since liberation and unification have been accomplished.

The triple fascination thus defined, it is tempting to generalise further and claim a special attraction for certain cities over and above the common run of places.

"For me," wrote Arthur Symons, "cities are like people, with souls and temperaments of their own; and it has always been one of my chief pleasures to associate with the souls and temperaments congenial to me among cities. And as love, or it may be hate, can alone reveal soul to soul among human beings, so, it seems to me, the soul of a city will reveal itself only to those who love, or perhaps hate it with a far-sighted emotion.

"I have come upon many cities which have left me indifferent, perhaps through some accident in my way of approach; at any rate they had nothing to say to me. . . . It would be impossible for me to write about these cities: I should have nothing to say. But certain other cities . . . how I have loved them, what a delight it was to me merely to be alive, and living in them; and what a delight it is to me to think of them, to imagine myself in their streets or on their waters. . . . It seems to me that all these cities have given up to me something of their souls, like the people I have loved and hated on my way through the world."

If, then, this added local interest can be added to the charms of a land already teeming with rich associations, dowered with beautiful scenery, and palpitating with human life, any attempt to review the story of a particular city as a separate entity becomes a work with possibilities; and if, as in the present case, no previous attempt has been made, if an important capital of a large and prosperous province still awaits the hand of him who will pull aside the briars and discover the hidden sleepers within, the task becomes almost a necessity.

With all the feverish romance of Italy thrilling in our souls (and, after all, the thrill defies analysis), we will approach what, in an age of cheap tickets

and easy travelling, it seems almost farcical—at any rate presumptuous—to describe as an unknown city.

. . . . . .

To claim for a city that it is unknown in the accepted sense would seem to infer that it is also inaccessible; but that does not apply to the case of Lecce. A traveller from England who may, if the fancy please him, journey from Dieppe or Boulogne to Milan without change of carriage, finds on reaching his destination another train which departs from the same platform and bears him to Lecce in comfort, a matter of some twenty hours. Italian express trains are no longer the subjects of common jest; they are punctual and well-appointed for the most part, consisting of roomy corridor carriages, with a clever contrivance for converting the electric light to a dull blue glow at night when one craves for sleep. From Rome and Naples also through trains run to Lecce daily; and as Brindisi is only a few miles away tourists from Greece or Egypt might well pay our city a visit, were its name and fame only known to them.

Baedeker's reference to the coast-line from Rimini to Lecce, which forms the greater part of the journey direct from Milan, hints at a dull route devoid of interest, but is altogether unfair. After leaving Bologna—in the ordinary course of things the place where one rushes for a hasty meal—the Adriatic shore is soon reached, and the railway keeps close to the waves for the rest of the journey except near Foggia. The towns of chief importance passed are by no means "devoid of interest"—Ancona, Foggia, Bari, and many others, and many of the small ones are beautiful. A recently published book describing this coast must

have dispelled from the minds of its readers any doubt as to the interest of the scenery for these many hundred miles.

Most of the cities have an eastern aspect, with brilliant white walls, flat roofs, and palm-trees, a dazzling effect in sunshine enlivened by gay tiles or the gilding of some cupola. The shipping is invariably picturesque, the sea-board land very fertile. At Brindisi we are within the Province of Lecce, and here is the junction of the line from Naples via Salerno, Metaponto, and Taranto. In many ways this is a more interesting journey than the direct route from Milan, and, being little known to travellers, is perhaps deserving of a brief description.

I well remember my first visit to this unknown land, the dreary prospect that appeared through the hotel windows over the house-tops of a Naples square, the advent of early coffee, a sleepy hurrying into clothes; then to the almost deserted booking-office to catch the early train, for it is a far cry to Lecce, and the scenery must be seen in daylight. Moreover, one solitary train only does the whole journey in one day.

This morning the great railway station looks more dismal and silent than usual, for it is misty and actually cold. Later in the day bustling, shouting, perspiring crowds will make the place as noisy as any in this noisiest of cities, but now this funereal yawning on all sides seems to take the gladness out of a southern April. As we steam round the famous Bay it is hardly possible to see Vesuvius in the half-mist which hangs upon its flanks, but as we approach it the sun begins to be felt, lights up the sea with a pink radiance, and keeps our eyes looking

seawards rather than on the squalid desolation of the lava-covered ruins on our left. Pompeii passed, the scenery begins to change. The cliffs are darker in colour, the waves a richer blue. Salerno lies between us and the sand, a huddle of bright roofs and a few hotels. Then we leave the coast, traverse a plain, and begin to ascend the rocky valley of the Tanager, one of the rivers whose name is a link with classic times. Narrower and narrower becomes the gorge; there is hardly room for a footpath by the side of the metals. Then the line is carried through tunnels arcaded on one side in the solid rock so that a succession of flashes of dazzling sunshine makes one blink till darkness or daylight is again reached. A cinematograph in the days of its infancy produced a mildly similar effect, and even in English sunlight one experiences it passing through woods of a moderate density by train. It is a relief in this Italian case to rise out of such a tantalisingly elusive panorama to the higher plateau above. As the engine throbs up the steep gradient towards the summit, a totally new view discloses itself. Instead of wondrously tinted rocks, foaming water, precipitous slopes on either hand, and brilliant glimpses of blue overhead, here are broad expanses of blue grassy upland, with occasional weather-worn cottages or shepherds' huts of greyish stone.

Where before have I seen this same calm loneliness?

Never in Italy; nor does one associate that romantic land with anything so absurdly like the moors from which our North Country streams make their stormy exit.

Running water—the most musical sound on God's

earth—close-cropped grass, patches of grey stone in craggy outscarp or wind-swept homestead, and above all the vast expanse of sky with its overpowering silence. Am I dreaming? Is this the approach to Hawes or Shap, with the line curling up over the blue shoulders of some giant fell, and a clattering torrent in its stony bed just below the carriage window? I listen for the cry of a frightened curlew seeking sanctuary in some inaccessible corner of Penyghent—when suddenly the spell is broken. An Italian tongue cries out the name of a station, and we have reached Tito, the head of the pass over the Apennines, which run southwards from here through the peninsula of Calabria. We halt a few minutes for the clumsy black locomotive to take a breath, and then drop slightly from our present altitude—about 3,000 feet above the sea—to Potenza over these bracing uplands.

Potenza is a cathedral city of 17,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of a province of the same name, formerly known as the Basilicata—a relic of the days when the Basileus of Constantinople was its ruler. Not long ago there appeared in an English newspaper an account of an appalling blood-feud which had broken out here; for even in this hill-district—the counterpart of those which in England breed the "sturdy, silent dalesmen"—there flames the hot blood which made the acting of Signor Grasso's *Sicilians* the talk of London recently.

It is interesting to compare the two cities of Lecce and Potenza, capitals of adjoining provinces, yet how different in every aspect! The former in a smiling plain washed by the gentle tides of a quiet sea, bowered in orchards and gardens—a land formerly of pirates

and fighting men, now a pleasant place for an idler's dreams. The latter, surrounded by a jumble of stony valleys, or naked plateaux dotted with scanty townlets perched on some commanding rock, a paradise for brigandage were not poverty so prevailing.

But horns blow, raucous voices are raised, and we move off down the valley of the Basento, heading southwards towards the Ionian Sea. Again the scenery has changed. For fifty miles we descend, with beautiful views on our left far over the hills on the other side of the river, and at last reach the plain, a stretch of brilliant yellow fields. In the torrid heat of mid-afternoon we draw up at the junction of *Metaponto*, once the famous Metapontum of the Greeks (see pp. 42 *et seq.*), now a dismal railway station covered with cheering pictures of the mosquito on a colossal scale to advertise methods for its extinction. A brief wait allows time for a visit to a not very inviting restaurant, where the usual impossible list of eatables and drinkables is to be found. How one sighs for a Joseph Lyons in these parts! As a philanthropist he would rank second only to him who could invent a perfect cure for the mosquito pest, a cure which would not involve the stuffy fumigating of bedrooms usually adopted as a bad means to an end.

At the other platform stands a train bound for Calabria, all along the western coast of the Gulf of Taranto, where are the ruins of so many of those marvellous cities of Magna Græcia. Looking at those ramshackle carriages full of men in greasy soft black hats, I reflect on the possible satisfaction of skirting that deserted shore as Gissing did,[1] and wonder if the spectacle of so much death would be too sad.

[1] "By the Ionian Sea," pp. 53–6, etc.

The same haunting grief that lays hold of me as I stand before those prosaic cases in the Museum at Pompeii, with those tortured forms suddenly gasping for breath, will it not also seize me in gazing upon some malarial swamp where once sounded the gay music and happy revels of an ancient world?

Metapontum itself, too, where is it? Metapontum, which could put tens of thousands of armed warriors into the field to curb the proud spirit of some sister city—Metapontum, the centre of a thriving district, the abode of learning and the muses,—all disappeared from mortal ken, a terrible tribute to the instability of greatness. All that can be seen to-day, without wandering off into the unknown fields around, is a little group of glaring station buildings, a crowd of thirsty travellers impatient to reach their homes, a pair of hideous, panting engines preparing for the last stages of their respective journeys, and these inspiring diagrams of the mosquito in all his war-paint.[1]

But in front of us stretches a blueness such as I have never seen, blue so clear and so brilliant that all I have heard and imagined of the Mediterranean becomes insipid before the reality. This is the Gulf of Taranto, which twenty-five centuries ago was perhaps the most prosperous water in the world. And as we leave that dismal station, where Gissing tells us he slept a night, our way lies close to that azure sea, separated from it only by a belt of vegetation, which forms a fitting margin. Cactus of many kinds, tamarisk and oleanders, junipers and mesam-

[1] For further information as to Metapontum see Gissing, p. 48 (with illustration, good); Ross, pp. 163–6: Baedeker's "Southern Italy," p. 221 (plan).

bryanthemums, borage and hellebore, with a carpet of rosy heath[1]—beyond, the fine clear sand, and then the lapping waves, that indescribable heavenly blue broken only by the rich reds and yellows of the fishing-boats' sails. A station or two is marked on the map, but the only sign of life on that silent shore is the appearance of a red-capped and blue-shirted signalman, who seems to wave at us from his little hut as we roll past him. Twenty-five miles in less than an hour is fast enough when such a view is to be seen. The monotonous rumble of the wheels has been in my ears so long that it ceases to trouble me, and the glorious panorama of the Gulf seems all too short as the train approaches *Taranto*—another historic name easily recognisable as the Tarentum of antiquity.

We are now in the province of Lecce, and Taranto, with over 60,000 inhabitants, is the largest city of that province. At the present day its great importance is due to its strategic position as the principal harbour of Southern Italy, and to its possession of an arsenal second only in the kingdom to that of Spezia. A finely situated town, it concerns us little here save in its connection with Lecce in the golden age of Greek colonisation (see pp. 41 *et seq.*). An arbitrary division of a country into provinces does not necessarily connect widely different cities, and Taranto has a history and an existence of its own much too lengthy to be included within the limits of this modest volume.[2]

The spring days are lengthening, and the sable

[1] "Erica Mediterranea." A large bed of it is in Kew Gardens.

[2] For information as to Taranto in English see Ross, pp. 107–146; Gissing, pp. 27–43; Baedeker's "Southern Italy," p. 222, etc. In Italian, "La Patria" (vol. "Puglie"), pp. 275–327. In French, Bourget, "Sensations d'Italie," pp. 282–311.

warships may be seen in the harbour; but as we cross the plain to Brindisi dusk is falling, and we can barely distinguish the great castle of Oria looming high on our right.

Brindisi is almost a household word to Englishmen, and it is hardly necessary to state a reason. For the past forty years, that is to say, since the opening of the Suez Canal, Brindisi has been a point of departure for travellers from England and North-western Europe to the East via Egypt. At the present time the connection is maintained by a steamer from Brindisi to Port Said weekly, the great P. & O. liners going from Tilbury and Marseilles direct to Port Said. In view of this arrangement a train-de-luxe runs from Calais to Brindisi in some hours less than any of the other expresses. It is difficult to see how such a service can be remunerative unless the carrying of the Indian mail is an exceedingly profitable venture, for I have seen this train arrive at the harbour station with a complement of only two passengers, while more than half a dozen servants of the company had ministered to their wants during the journey.

There are, of course, other good steamship services from Brindisi, and to Corfu and Patras for Greece there is no better route.

Yet for some reason the town is one which, as Symons has said, "has nothing to say to me." It fails to make the most of itself. I come to it with thoughts of its great past, and find it dirty and dull. With all the added attraction of a cosmopolitan port, with all the added beauty of the fine harbour, it fails to satisfy. Dust blows in my eyes, the wind is cold, and the streets are bare. Cheeky children

p. 12] 2. BRINDISI FROM THE HARBOUR

cry out "Oh yes" at the well-known sight of an Englishman, untidy heaps of garbage decorate vacant sites, and half-built houses are falling into decay. The station is shabby, the main street squalid in the extreme. Officious porters grab my sketching-bag from my arms as I arrive, officious sentries object to my looking at the harbour over a wall which appears in some remote way to constitute a "fortification"—that precious, mysterious thing which Italian military law regards with the same jealous awe as attaches to a live rail on an electric railway.

At the hotel I certainly am well fed, but pay for it, as becomes one of my reputedly wealthy nation. Yet the room looks penurious for so large an establishment, and outside there is a place probably intended for a lounge, there being a few basket-chairs on a remarkably cheerless floor. My correspondence at a little table is interrupted by the gambols of most of the staff with a child of the proprietor, and another young hopeful can be heard in the pursuit of piano studies above stairs.

On the arrival of a steamer the place suddenly bursts into life. All the inhabitants rely on fleecing some unfortunate traveller between landing-stage and train. At this station, for the first time in Italy, I was warned by the clerk at the left-luggage office not to leave any package which was insecurely fastened or any overcoat with valuables in its pockets.

It is a Sunday, and the principal afternoon attraction is a cinematograph representation entitled "Oliver Cromwell," containing a diverting incident, the execution of Charles I. in full colour; but after paying for a seat I find no prospect of the show

commencing, and have to return to the station to catch the evening train to Lecce.

Brindisi and Lecce are two very different cities, and the former in a way acts as a very effective foil to the latter. Brindisi, though not a tourist centre, is of importance to Englishmen and others as a point of embarkation, and is constantly meeting our glance in the columns of newspapers. Nor is its decayed harbour altogether negligible from a naval and military point of view. Take away the foreign element, and Brindisi's usefulness lessens visibly, its reputation practically vanishes. Lecce, on the other hand, is self-contained and self-supporting. We have spoken of Lecce as an art centre, whereas Brindisi's battered relics are few and far between. It was a great place in Roman times, as every schoolboy knows, but all that remains of old Rome is the lonely column standing above the harbour steps, where finished the long line of the Appian Way from the Eternal City to the eastern shore of Italy. Brindisi undoubtedly had a very early beginning, due, as with most other places round these shores, to some misty settlers from Crete or elsewhere. Whether the Greeks ever colonised it we know not, but of its position under Rome there is no doubt. It was fully two centuries before our era that it became useful as a point of departure for the increasingly frequent wars with Eastern and Mediterranean powers. Its wane was heralded in the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey (B.C. 49), when the former surrounded his rival and endeavoured to prevent his egress from the harbour by planting stakes across the channel and also sinking boats. Pompey somehow escaped, but after this we hear

less of the city, and indeed until recent times it is of very secondary importance. It was almost wiped out in the Dark Ages more than once, yet managed to lose forty thousand citizens during a siege by Robert Guiscard. In mediæval times there were the usual incidents of warfare and bloodshed, varied by an occasional plague, up to 1456, when a terrible earthquake cost the lives of most of the citizens and left only one church standing. From this date onward there is no outstanding event in the city's history. A certain number of baroque buildings exist, a few of them noteworthy, of the same character as we find in Lecce, and the principal gate out of the city—erected by Charles V. in the sixteenth century—is the Porta Lecce. It is particularly fitting, as we shall see later, that this emperor should be responsible for our first meeting with the name of the city.

. . . . .

Having occupied several pages in arriving at Lecce, it now becomes necessary to explain the individual interest which makes it different from other Italian cities and which makes it so well worthy of a visit.

In early times the place was of great importance—indeed, it is only within recent years that people have recognised how great importance—in the Middle Ages it warred with all its neighbours, and still possesses mediæval buildings. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a brilliant architectural period came into being, and to this period the greater part of the city as we now see it belongs. The older remains, interesting as they are, interfere but little with the general effect of Lecce as a *baroque*[1] city surrounded by mediæval walls and gates. Recent

[1] "Baroque" (Fr.) = irregular, uncouth, strange.

building has been chiefly confined to extension outside the walls, in fine boulevards, and to suburbs beyond these.

This period of Italian architecture is known as *baroque*, from its prevailing tendency to be overflorid, regardless of accepted canons, even to the point of ugliness. In some of its forms it approaches our own Jacobean, in others our more restrained Georgian. Its variety is almost inexhaustible. In a subsequent chapter dealing specifically with Lecce architecture of this period the merits of baroque in the city and in Italy as a whole will be considered, and an attempt made to remove the thoughtless habit of critics in classing all work of the baroque period as unworthy of study, worthy indeed of no more than its clinging nickname.

The primary and distinctive interest of Lecce, then, is its possession of a more representative and picturesque collection of baroque buildings than any other town in Italy, in such quantity that it forms, to all intents and purposes, a baroque city.

Yet, although its chief claim lies in an artistic and historic direction, though the second place may be given to other periods of history and architecture from a comparative point of view, Lecce has an enviable superiority over most other cities of Southern Italy in its present-day charm of cleanliness and brightness, its air of prosperity without vulgarity, in the refinement and culture of its inhabitants. Dirt and ruin, clamour and importunity, such are the unpleasant attributes of almost any tour in the beautiful provinces south of Naples—provinces so noteworthy for scenery and for historic associations.

Lying completely outside the beaten track of

travellers, accessible as it is nevertheless, it has always been a city with a place of its own to fill, and it has never ceased to fill that place with dignity. Dependent on no exacting trade for its maintenance—least of all on that profitable fleecing of tourists which is one of Italy's weakest points—and secure in its sense of being the administrative centre for one of the most flourishing provinces in Italy, Lecce offers to a jaded voyager a delightful mixture of beauty and cheerfulness, of courtesy and content.

. . . . .

The natural temptation of a reader is to retort that Italy is overrun with tourists, and that in these days of Cook's tickets no city can have survived the English—perhaps one should say Anglo-American—invasion; in fine, that a city which is unknown cannot nowadays be worth knowing, still less worthy to occupy so much paper and to waste so much of his (the reader's) always valuable time.

Some few choice spirits have certainly recognised the merits of Lecce during the past hundred years.

The Hon. Richard Keppel Craven visited the city in 1821, and has recorded his impressions in a chapter of his "Journey through the Provinces of Naples."[1] Most of his historical facts are correct enough and his descriptions accurate. He says the principal gate[2] is "magnificent . . . though in a strange overloaded style of architecture." Of the climate he says that it is "very unhealthy, the town being built on a porous soil which absorbs damp in the morning and emits it again at sunset. Strangers are very subject to an intense catarrh or cold, known as *costipo*, frequently attended by fever." Of this particular malady I have

[1] See Bibliography.

[2] Porta di Napoli.

no confirmation by experience or from the works of previous writers.

Of English authors the only one to take Lecce seriously is Mrs. Ross, who published her "Land of Manfred" in 1889,[1] and devoted three chapters of her book to the city, one of them dealing chiefly with recent political movements. Her book is extremely interesting, her facts well-founded, yet no pretence is made to being a standard work of reference on the history and art of Lecce; rather is it a record of casual impressions on a well-travelled and well-read mind. She agrees with Mr. Craven as to the civility, gaiety, and kindness of the people—indeed, there seems to be little difference of opinion in this respect among all who have visited the city.

Mrs. Ross visited Lecce and the other towns described in her book with Italian friends, and it may be due partly to this fact that she was enabled to see so much of the life and customs of the people. Herein lies the principal value of her very bright and readable book, though the chapter containing the description of her interview with the old patriot, Castromediano, has already a historical value.

Mr. Hamilton Jackson in more recent years (1906) has written his "Shores of the Adriatic,"[1] in which he can spare only a page and a half to display his researches into the history of Lecce, researches which suggest a hasty reference to Mrs. Ross's work, with the possible assistance of a guide-book, rather than any personal visit to the place. He tells us that

"The only interesting building of the town is the Church of SS. Nicola and Cataldo, which lies a little outside the Porta di Napoli."

[1] See Bibliography.

English guide-books are more accurate but little more generous, dismissing Lecce's claims in half a page, Murray's Handbook venturing the eulogistic remark that it is "the best built and most civilised town in Southern Italy"—a well-deserved criticism.

Foreign writers have not altogether ignored the city, and it was Ferdinand Gregorovius who in his "Nelle Puglie"[1] christened it "The Florence of Apulia"—a nickname which was joyously accepted by the natives, and which they have used ever since.

Of the fifty pages in this book describing Lecce much is devoted to detailed criticism, more to comments on local topographers and historians, but some of his generalisations are original and interesting. This for instance:

"The Leccese citizen can thus wander at will through his beautiful town with a feeling of patriotic pride, beholding at the angles of the streets the names of his illustrious forbears from Malennius to his own day."

He also tells us that as regards baroque art no city in Italy can compare with Lecce. His survey of the city is a just and painstaking one, for he seems to have consulted all the recognised sources for historical data, and to have used his eyes to some purpose in criticising the architecture and the habits of the people.

Then we are fortunate in that Lecce has been visited by that most charming of French critics, Paul Bourget.[2] There is something in the lightness and grace of modern French descriptive writers that

[1] See Bibliography, M.S.B.'s Translation.
[2] Ibid.

surpasses the efforts of any other nation, and in recording his impressions of Lecce Bourget is at his best: easy, interesting, and just.

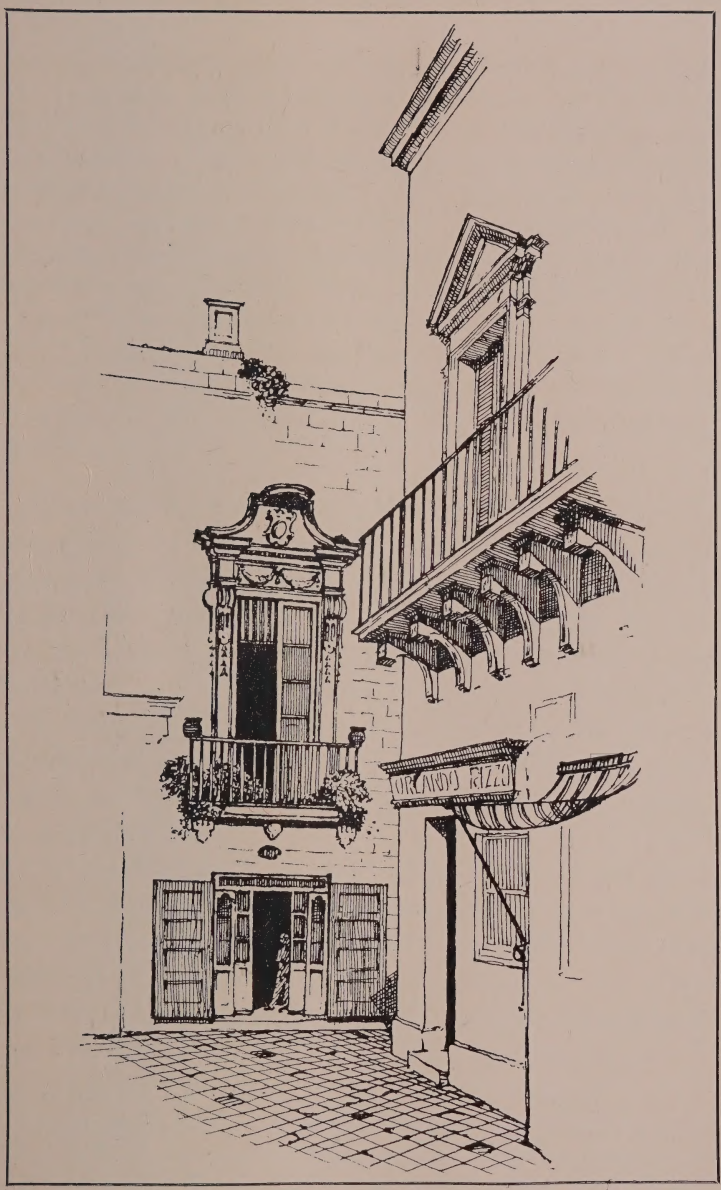
"If the traditional boot formed by Italy bears a spur," he writes, "the dear city where I write these lines should verily occupy the place of the rowel. I call it dear, though I have only seen it for the first time to-day, but it is so seductive, such a precious jewel of a town, and I have conceived for it a perfect rush of sympathy as one often feels for things just as for persons."

(So for one man at least Lecce can arouse the primitive passion of love, as Symons sets forth in his alluring theory.)

"This arrival was all the more delicious because no description in my guide-book had diminished the effect by preparing me for it. Before coming here, I attached to the terms 'baroque' and 'rococo' no other sense than that of unpleasing pretentiousness. Lecce has shown me that they can also be synonymous with gay fancy, with playful elegance, and with happy grace."

After criticising in further detail one or two noted examples of baroque in the city he proceeds:

"This capital of the Terra d'Otranto is a Neapolitan city of the late seventeenth century, standing intact with all sorts of examples, due in the first instance to architects of Charles the Fifth's days, and then to those of the later disciples of the Renaissance. It forms a fitting counterpart of Siena, and typifies in its rich beauty all that civilisation of gaiety, gallantry, and sensuality, just as the other seems to harbour within its palace walls the severe and heroic civilisation of the Tuscan Middle Ages. Here one dreams of light



M. S. B. del.

3. IN PIAZZA S. ORONZO, LECCE

music, of masquerades, of voluptuous and easy feasts, of a happy and Italianised Spain. . . . Yet this baroque is not simply a marvel of impetuosity and imagination. An indescribable delicacy is mixed with it which betrays its ancient Hellenic origin. In this province, scattered with villages where Greek still is spoken, something of the old spirit seems to have left its mark everywhere. The airs which the children sing still have the long-drawn gravity of the melopeia, very distinct from the gay melodies of Naples. The natives all have a sobriety of gesture which is in contrast to the neighbouring lands of the burning South."

These scanty quotations represent the chief "travel-literature," as it is now popularly known, existing in regard to Lecce. Of actual historical works relating to the city there are of course a number in Italian, but no standard history of the city has ever been compiled, and the published volumes and pamphlets —of which a careful list will be found in the Bibliography at the end of this book—have hardly done justice to it, viewed from its most important aspect, as a gallery of baroque.

During the past fifty years three local savants have carried out valuable researches into Lecce records and archæology—and it is from their writings that much of my material has been gathered—the Professors L. G. de Simone[1] and Cosimo de Giorgi, and the old patriot Duke, Sigismondo Castromediano.

. . . . .

[1] Luigi Giuseppe Oronzo Mariano Raffaele Francesco Fortunato Felice de Simone was born and educated in Lecce, graduating in law at the University of Naples in 1860, and three years later became a part of the kingdom's legal machinery. By some remarkable mischance he escaped being added to the enormous number of cheap Italian titles, though in 1880 he was created Vice-President of the Tribunale di

Enough has now been said to explain the need for a thorough description of Lecce, and to demonstrate the universal ignorance in regard to it. Even to those Englishmen who write of Italy for their daily bread the very name of the town is new.

How seldom a tourist's foot is found in its bright streets is shown by the citizens' surmises as to his nationality. "French" or "German" is the usual description supplied by informing boys of the new arrival, "Spaniard" on occasion; "Englishman" never seems to enter their heads. At the local museum only one English and one American name appears in the visitors' book for the past few years. Yet Brindisi is only twenty-four miles away, and even at far Otranto there was until recently a resident Englishman in charge of the telegraph office to the East.

Lecce has not always borne the same name. The Cretans, or whoever were the first settlers, probably christened it "Lycia," and under the Romans it was known as "Lupae," "Lupiae," or "Lypia." Thereafter it became "Lycea," "Leccio" (see p. 53), and finally "Lecce." To this already long list Galateus, writing in the sixteenth century, adds the following: "Lupias," "Lypias," "Sopóas," "Lupium," "Lypiam," "Luspiam," "Aletium," "Licium," "Lictium," "Liceam."

Perhaps the first consideration after the actual name of a town is the reason which prompted its foundation

Messina. He lived most of his life in the neighbouring village of Arnesano, where his house was a museum of interesting local objects, and died in 1880. He will always be remembered as a most painstaking historian of his province, every branch of lore being fish to his net, and in the bibliography at the end of this book is a list of his works, which shows the wide range of his industry and knowledge. His mantle seems to have fallen on Professor De Giorgi, who has charge of the national monuments in the district.

on such a site. In most instances this problem is easily solved, but at Lecce there is no river flowing through or round its walls, no high elevation from which it may command the countryside as at Oria hard by. The sea is eight miles away, the water-supply is scanty, and, strangest of all, the city is exposed to an invader from every side. Indeed, it almost seems as if the convenience of an enemy had been taken into account in building Lecce in the midst of an open plain comparatively destitute of cover, with an approach from two seas just sufficiently far away to be difficult of maintenance and surveillance by the city authorities.

The only plausible theory which suggests itself after a careful study of classical maps is that the site of Lecce is approximately equidistant from Brindisi, Otranto, and Gallipoli,[1] and would lie at the point where roads from these three fine natural ports converge. Taranto being in very early times the principal city of these parts, another settlement centrally placed would be required for the eastern half of the Terra d' Otranto. The primary instinct in founding an Italian town was that of protection from invasion or pillage.

In a large plain such as that which surrounds Lecce some rendezvous was necessary to which the peasants could repair on the alarm being sounded. In the Middle Ages this idea was developed by the building of more lofty walls and a campanile, whence the whole plain from sea to sea could be surveyed. It may also be added that Lecce is free from malaria, whereas the harbour of San Cataldo on the Adriatic—only eight

[1] Kiepert's Classical Atlas, Berlin, 1892, shows no road direct from Gallipoli to Lecce. See also reference to Pausanias, p. 50.

miles away—has been so much afflicted thereby that until a few years ago, when various improvements were effected, it was dangerous to sleep there. Yet it is hardly fair to advance this as a solution of the problem, since malaria did not appear, so far as can be gathered from history, in Magna Græcia until the second century B.C., whereas the Messapian remains at Lecce point to the existence of an important town many centuries before this date.

All things considered, it seems best to account for the city's position purely on the ground of its central situation for trade and traffic; ascribing some of its subsequent prosperity to the decay of Brindisi and Otranto, to the misfortunes suffered by these two cities from pestilence and massacre, and to its freedom from the prevalent scourge of malaria.

No record exists of any very serious earthquake such as razed the whole city of Brindisi in 1456. Minor shocks there have been, but nothing on such a scale as has devastated the adjoining province of Calabria so frequently as to make it the most dangerous part of Europe in which to live.

It thus appears that though no striking natural advantages are apparent in Lecce's situation, the inhabitants are protected from two of the most terrible afflictions of Southern Italy.

In England it is difficult to realise what it means to be without an adequate water-supply, and a cutting from a newspaper[1] gives a graphic picture of what it means to the people of Apulia:

"A wail of anguish comes from the vast southern province of Apulia, where the population is dying of

[1] *Daily Chronicle*, August 9, 1908.

the dreadful drought. No heavy rains have fallen for the last eighteen months, the wells are empty, and the olive groves and vineyards present a spectacle of withered vegetation. The wheat crops have failed.

"The Tavoliere district is reduced to a squalid desert, while in that of Bari fresh water costs more than wine. Over those vast tracts of unwatered country no artificial supply exists. That gigantic undertaking, the Apulian aqueduct, so much talked of and written about during the last twenty years, is still far from finished, nor in the most optimistic estimate will it be available for at least another eight years."[1]

The rainfall is slightly under twenty inches per annum, but in Lecce is a little higher than for the rest of Apulia, owing to certain geographical conditions. Lecce has overcome the water-supply problem by sinking a well two hundred feet deep below the porous soil which absorbs the surface water so rapidly, and by bringing it to the city in an aqueduct.[2] In many places good water may be found at a depth of from thirty to forty feet.

Yet the familiar sight of carts hawking water through the streets in large cans, and of the water trucks on the railways, show that it is not possible for all men to have their own deep well, and that in many homes round Lecce water is one of the luxuries of life.

To be precise, Lecce lies 170 feet above sea level and seven and a half miles from the Adriatic. Its population is about 33,000,[3] and the Terra d'Otranto is so covered with white villages that it is one of the

[1] I was in Lecce for a short time early in April 1907, and can vouch for four days' heavy and practically continuous rain.

[2] "La Provincia di Lecce" by Siro Corti, pp. 10 and 20.

[3] Baedeker 1903, 32,029. Siro Corti 1907, 32,687.

most populous parts of Italy. As the residence of a prefect, the seat of a bishop and of courts of justice, it has an important official position.

As has already been noted, the city depends upon this importance as an administrative and educational centre, rather than upon any particular trade.

Education has not always been entirely in the hands of the Church up to recent times, indeed the power of the Church in Lecce was at its greatest during the seventeenth century,[1] and it was then that many municipal institutions came under its rule. To-day one feels the aggressive strength of Catholicism in the city, for there are no fewer than thirty-four conventual and monastic institutions within its walls. Italian law nominally forbids such progress as has been made in this direction even during the past few years, but an Italian officer, himself a good Catholic, tells me how evasion is possible. A cleric nowadays takes a house in his own name, not registering it as a sacred institution in any way, and then introduces monks, nuns, or children as he wishes. Thus processions of long-robed figures are constantly to be seen in the Lecce streets, troops of little boys or girls, with perhaps a Father or Sister in charge, passing to some church; and herein lies the subtle power of Rome.

On the other hand, Lecce is the chief city for a very large area in matters scholastic, and draws its students from fifty miles away. The principal institution is the Liceo Ginnasiale e Convitto Palmieri with the Scarambone technical school and the provincial library attached. This very fine block of buildings, of the Doric order, lies in the Piazzetta degli Studi, and is grouped round several quadrangles. It is

[1] For notes on early schools see pp. 176–7.

difficult to compare such a college very accurately with any English equivalent. Perhaps the nearest type is one of the newer English Universities, drawing its students from a local area, a sort of Territorial University, and admitting them a year younger than is the custom at Oxford or Cambridge, where an undergraduate of seventeen is an exception. The inclusion of the Technical School, too, is a step to which our older universities do not take kindly, though modern tendencies are all in that direction.

The library is large, bright, and well-lit. The stock of books appears to be extensive, well-arranged, and easy of access.

In 1885 was founded the O. G. Costa Technical Institute, which has faculties of land-surveying, book-keeping, mathematics, and physics.

There are also normal and elementary schools for both boys and girls, large and modern buildings; and two miles south of the city is a Royal School of Agriculture.

It is ridiculous to think of Lecce being indifferent to the doings of learned folk outside Italy simply on account of its remoteness. In Italy one is accustomed to find few *bookshops* where literature of any value may be bought, save in the larger towns. In Lecce there are not less than half a dozen good booksellers, a number which will compare favourably with English towns of the same size. Yet it is rather the quality of their wares that attracts attention. You may buy the writings of Conan Doyle, of H. G. Wells, or of Oscar Wilde in Italian if you wish; you may fly higher, into the regions of philosophy, and taste of Huxley or Darwin. French, German, Latin, and Greek classics are here, in the original or translated;

books on every branch of science and art, cheap editions of standard works, well-illustrated magazines and reviews comparing with anything we have in England. A debating-society exists, where questions of European interest—scientific and metaphysical—are discussed, and wherever you tread in this city you are impressed by an air of culture. On the occasion of my last visit I read a long review in the local paper of the recently published book on Carlyle and Jane Welsh! Three *newspapers* are published—the *Provincia di Lecce*, the *Corriere Meridionale*, and the *Risorgimento*—and many books and pamphlets, for printing in Lecce dates back to the days of its infancy (see p. 175).

Of Lecce *industries* two at least are interesting to a stranger. The first is the modelling of figures in papier-mâché ("carta-pesta") for churches which are unable to afford the more expensive statues in marble. These figures are frequently more than lifesize, and when standing out to dry in the streets often surprise him who comes upon them unawares, a little group of Madonnas and saints frequently realistic to a degree, but occasionally given away by an unfinished back elevation. "It is a queer sight," says a lady who has seen them,[1] "wandering through the picturesque rococo streets of Lecce to come at times upon whole groups of such painted or half-painted saints and virgins standing out by their 'wild lone' by a house door or in some piazza drying in the sunshine." Many of them are of considerable merit, the work of artists who through no fault of their own have not been fortunate enough to find employment as craftsmen in marble.

[1] Helen Zimmern, "Italy of the Italians," pp. 226–7.

The other important Lecce industry is the manufacture of snuff—"tobacco for the nose," the Italians call it—which is carried on by State authority in the large building near the Porta di Rusce. It is recorded that Napoleon had a taste for Lecce snuff, and always insisted on having it in preference to any other.

Besides these two, there are numerous minor industries, i.e. factories for candles, carriages, carts, ink, chocolate, artificial flowers, candied fruits, scientific instruments, furniture, umbrellas, and chairs, lime-kilns, brick-kilns, and potteries. Various food-stuffs are also made.

Within recent years the *railways* have been extended in the district. Through trains run to Lecce from Milan, Naples, and Rome, the station thus being a terminus for expresses. Slow trains run from Lecce and Gallipoli, connecting with the branch to Otranto at Zollino. In the autumn of 1908 two new railways were opened, from Lecce to Francavilla via Novoli, and from Lecce to Nardo via Novoli, thus greatly improving the means of communication in the Terra d'Otranto, and opening up rich wine- and oil-producing districts. The station at Lecce is a large one, with a garden and a fair buffet. An electric tramway runs from the principal piazza to the coast at San Cataldo, where there is a bathing-station much patronised in the summer.

Electricity, as in other parts of Italy, is largely employed for lighting the streets and the principal houses.

An innovation in the shape of a *motor-bus* was introduced a short time ago for conveying the mails southwards from Lecce to the distant villages of the "Capo," as the district near Cape S. Maria di Leuca

is called. However, the poor dumb creature was overdriven beyond its powers, gave way under the strain, and is now replaced by the previous system of post-carts from Maglie station on the Otranto line: another triumph for the horse! All that remains of the Lecce motor-bus service is a picture postcard, serving to recall the splendours of 1907.

A visitor to the city will find more than one *hotel* with reasonable comforts at a moderate price. One house has good baths, and the cooking, though of course strictly Italian, is in no way despicable. This volume is not a guide-book, and hence cannot include hotel advertisements or tariff, but to English tastes the "Patria" or the "Risorgimento" would afford the best satisfaction of the many alberghi in the city.

Every Italian city has its gardens, and many possess a museum. The Lecce *gardens* are known as the Villa Garibaldi, and are to be found on the east side of the Prefettura, where the circuit of the old city walls was destroyed, in making improvements, as far as the Castle. They are in no way remarkable, but provide a pleasant place to sit and dream, or on certain days to listen to the military band which comes from the barracks to play. A little pavilion in the centre has a collection of rare palms and other tropical plants.

A ring of statues of Lecce worthies surrounds the bandstand, the work of the sculptor Maccagnani, placed there by the exertions of Professor De Giorgi. They are of no great merit, and in many cases are idealised and even imaginary portraits.

In the beautiful gardens attached to the houses in the viali and on the outskirts of the city, a spring visitor will find a blaze of colour—roses, pansies,

geraniums, and a wealth of pink blossom, while in the fields south of Lecce I have gathered fumitory, anemones, flax, grape hyacinths, and many flowers which were strange to me.

The *Museum* in the Prefettura at Lecce serves the whole of the Province. It bears the name of "Castromediano," the old duke who spent the declining years of his life in its formation and arrangement,[1] and who compiled the exhaustive and elaborate manuscript inventory of its contents. Among its treasures are some relics of his imprisonment for his country's cause. For the sake of convenience I have described most of the objects in the Museum at the close of each historical period which they illustrate. The collection may be roughly classified as follows. The first two rooms contain some thirty paintings varying in merit, some of them early (see p. 269), others of the late Neapolitan school (see p. 262). In cases are a great number of coins, but these are not all local. The next room (Sala III.) has a fine set of earthenware found in different parts of Apulia, also a case of faience, while the Messapian inscriptions and some more mediæval objects are in Sala IV. (see p. 38).

Except for bronze and flint objects, etc., the whole of the last three rooms (V., VI., and VII.) are filled by a magnificent collection of red and black Greek vases of the finest period (see p. 47). This Museum has been arranged with great discrimination, and forms a dignified contrast to the one at Gallipoli (see p. 317). Indeed, as illustrating the Greek period it has few rivals.

But it is not in a museum, however worthy, that

[1] See p. 234.

one seeks for the true characteristics of a city. It is rather in the streets of the place or in its noisy piazza. Lecce is of regular shape in plan[1] and is surrounded by the old walls, save where they have been destroyed from the Prefettura to the Castello, in the course of improvement. The streets are for the most part narrow within this circuit, though not so narrow as those of Soleto and many other Italian towns. They are all paved with large stones and are laid to fall towards the centre, so that a channel is formed for the water to run down to a gulley. These gulleys, however, only occur at such rare intervals that the stream becomes more than an easy jump, and so at strategic points (such as that adjoining the Post Office) a little portable bridge on wheels is placed which spans the flood. In the new quarters outside the walls the streets are of ample width but unpaved. A circuit of boulevards, the "viali," completely surrounds the walls, and lines of gay villas—some in a sort of bastard Saracen style, others in the modern Italian manner—lie in small but brilliant gardens. The three principal gates are described (pp. 355–6) in the appendix of Lecce buildings, and some account of the Castello also (p. 353).

It must not be forgotten that Lecce is of some importance as a military centre, and here territorial forces for the province would be mobilised in case of invasion. The principal barracks is the Castello, but there are others, and ex-convents have been utilised for this purpose. Some idea is given in Chapter VIII. of the general effect of the city and its architecture, and the quotation from M. Bourget is the best description one could desire.

[1] For plan of Lecce see end of book.

4. A LECCE *VIALE*

5. THE GARDENS, LECCE

CHAPTER II

LECCE UP TO NORMAN TIMES

(TO A.D. 1019)

The Beginnings of Lecce

It is very difficult, in fact almost impossible, to say when history begins and where we take leave of legendary lore. It is almost equally difficult to fix any date for the earliest remains of the human race such as confront us far below the present level of the ground in so ancient a city as Lecce.

For tradition connects some of the heroes of mythology with the place, heroes whose lives are told to us by Homer and Virgil in their great epics of the Trojan War—Idomeneus, for instance, who was king of Crete, son of Deucalion, and grandson of Minos II. He was one of Helen's numerous suitors, and had often visited Menelaus's palace at Troy. When the war broke out he led the Cretan troops to the siege of Troy, and also a fleet which did great things, covering itself with glory. When the town fell Idomeneus, laden with booty, set back for Crete, but on the way was caught in a storm so violent that he despaired of his ships ever seeing port again. In an agony of fear he vowed to Neptune, the sea-

god, that the first object which should meet his eyes on reaching his kingdom should be sacrificed as a thank-offering for his safety. The cowed sailors around him, the hardy troops who had just earned their laurels at Troy town, stood in silent groups waiting for some reply to their sovereign's prayer. The wind abated, the waves became less dangerous, and the fleet approached the harbour of his native city. Those who had heard the vow stood apprehensive on the deck to see who would be the luckless victim, and as they drew sufficiently near the shore to be able to distinguish faces the eager figure of the king's own son, anxiously awaiting his royal parent's arrival, was descried. The tidings of the fleet's approach had only just reached the capital, and he was the first to greet the conquerors. What next happened is doubtful, if anything can be otherwise than doubtful in fable. Some tell us that the boy was sacrificed to Neptune, a blind religious zeal triumphing over natural instincts. Others have it that the populace rose as one man in the lad's defence, tearing him from the arms of his brutal parent. Be this as it may, we are assured that the Cretans, horrified at this deed of inhumanity, revolted, drove the king from his island, and forced him to betake himself to the shores of what is now the Terra d' Otranto. Firstly he made war on the Salentines, afterwards meeting King Malennius, another shadowy personage. The latter is said to have founded both Lecce and Rhudiae, or Rusce, adjoining. His court may have been at one or other of the cities; at any rate, it was at his court that his daughter became acquainted with the banished king, and bestowed on him her prehistoric hand. They

seem to have married and lived happily ever afterwards in the district, encouraged letters and philosophy in the person of Ferecides Sirus, who first demonstrated the immortality of the soul, and helped him to found a school for its cult in the city of Lecce itself. Malennius is in many ways an interesting figure too. He was son of Daunus, or Dasumnus, and a forebear of the famous Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Verus.

Idomeneus and Euippa reigned in their new royal city, causing the laws of Minos I. (the former's great-great-grandfather) to be faithfully observed ; and so beloved was this king by his subjects that at his death he received all the honours due to a hero's memory.

So runs the old tale, which best suits our purpose here, but others there are sadly at variance. Diodorus Siculus, for instance, makes no mention of Idomeneus's vow, says that after the siege of Troy he returned happily to his own dominions, and died at last, to be honoured with a magnificent tomb in his city of Knossos. So revered was his memory that the Cretans when about to engage in battle invoked his aid as that of a god. Another horrible story by a Greek writer tells us that the King before he set out for Troy left one Leuco in charge of his territory, promising him as reward the hand of his daughter Clisitera. Of her we know nothing, nor whether Leuco had any more justification than that of evil influence when he murdered her and Medea her mother shortly afterwards, setting himself up on Idomeneus's throne instead. It was then that the unfortunate monarch returned to find his throne usurped, his hearth defiled with the blood of

all that he loved, and seeking a sanctuary from sorrow:

. . . Salentinos obsedit milite campos.

Which of these stories one is to believe matters little. All of them help to illuminate the dim abyss when History was not—far more than a few doubtful arrowheads and a handful of potsherds. To him who looks on the bold statues of the Porta Rusce at Lecce there is something very real in these counterfeit presentments of Idomeneus and Euippa, Malonnius and Daunus, something very much in keeping with the spirit of the place; for from this gate runs the road connecting ancient Lupiae with ancient Rhudiae, the road on which Idomeneus may have led his bride to their new royal city.

Early Settlers

To turn from these pleasant fairy-tales to the colder actualities of fact is in some respects a chilly change. We can draw no hard-and-fast line on a chronological table and say "Here is the date of the first-known settlement in Lecce." We can barely compare with certainty the earliest civilisation of the district with that of Crete in the Minoan period, a comparison suggested by the legends related above. It would be an enthralling study, but one demanding exceptional knowledge, such as only two or three men have even to-day, when the subject is arousing much attention. It is, however, generally recognised that there was much intercourse between Crete and other Mediterranean shores in very early days, and we may assume some sort of connection in this case. Traces of a very early settlement are discernible

below the Messapian remains of Lecce, which in their turn have Greek, Roman, and mediæval layers above them.

The first dwellers in this region of whom we have any accurate record are the large and important tribe of Salentines (*Σαλεντίνοι*), a race who occupied all the heel of Italy. They were included in the district known to the Greeks as Japygia, to the Romans as Calabria. Strabo, in describing the district now forming the province of Lecce, remarks that it is variously known as Messapia, Japygia, Calabria, or Salentina. Other writers, however, differentiate between these names. In spite of loose terminology, there appear to have been two distinct tribes—the Calabrians (known to the Greeks as Messapians) and the Salentines. Both were probably sprung from the great Pelasgic stock. Tradition assigns to the Salentines a Cretan origin, from a colony founded by Idomeneus, as has been already related. The apparent extent of their settlements is from Cape Santa Maria di Leuca (the "Salentinum Promontorium") to the neighbourhood of Taranto. The name is now specifically mentioned by the Greeks even in wars with the Tarentines, so the Salentines were probably included as Messapians or Calabrians.

The Messapian city of Lecce included a castle, sacred and secular buildings, and was surrounded by a wall built of dry blocks of stone. In their tombs they have left us the products of their arts and their sculpture, as well as the names of some immigrants in sepulchral inscriptions. Intercourse with Epirus, Peloponnesus, and the East was probably considerable even at this early date. Two series of inscriptions from these tombs have been

published in recent years, fifty by Mommsen in 1850, and one hundred and twenty-two in 1871 "collected by Cav. Luigi Maggiulli and by Duke Sigismondo Castromediano." With these inscriptions were found various objects which are for the most part now in the provincial museum at Lecce, though unfortunately some have left the city. The published inscriptions are all to be found transcribed in the Library of the British Museum,[1] by Duke Sigismondo Castromediano and Cav. Luigi Maggiulli; and most of them are collected in Sala IV. of the provincial museum at Lecce (see p. 31).

For many years there was great doubt as to the nature of the various underground chambers and passages under the city, and although Messapian and Greek relics still remain, it is now certain that the great amphitheatre under the Piazza S. Oronzo (see p. 77) solves the problem. It is still believed that an underground passage connects Lecce with Rusce. Galateus wrote of the excavations generally in the sixteenth century as follows:

"Hanc urbem antiquissimam atque amplissimam fuisse, quae sub terra sunt demonstrant arcus, cuniculi, fornices, et vasta fundamenta aedificiorum sed non praepolita. . . . Tota urbs super ruinas veteris urbis posita est et magna pars pensilis est. Forum et quae juxta sunt domus, super ingentes arcus et testudines fundatae sunt."

Before leaving these early settlers and passing into the realms of classic history at the coming of the Greeks, it is worth while recording the chief cities

[1] See Bibliography at end of book.

of the Salentines. In Pliny's list we have Aletium (of which the ruins may be seen near the old church of S. Maria della Lizza, not far from Gallipoli); Basta (now the village of Vaste, near Poggiardo); Neretum (now Nardo); Uxentum (now Ugento in Gallipoli district); and Veretum (now S. Maria di Vereto between the villages of Salve and Ruggiano). All these places are in the extreme south of the peninsula. Ptolemy agrees with this list, except that he adds Rhudiae. A little to the north lay, it is said, a Calabrian city. The place which he calls Banoto is probably the same as Pliny's Basta.

We may probably add to this list Callipolis (Gallipoli), Castrum Minervae (Castro), and perhaps Hydruntum (Otranto), but the last appears to have become very early a Greek colony. The Salentine territory must have been very extensive. It should be understood that Pliny's list does not necessarily include all the cities existing in the Terra d' Otranto, but only those inhabited by Salentines as opposed to Calabrians. It is, however, unlikely that the Calabrians had many settlements in the southern part of the province. Of these tribes we shall hear again, both during the Greek and Roman periods, but it is now time to attempt a survey of the district during its wonderful era of prosperity as part of Magna Græcia, the most ancient example of successful colonial expansion.

The Greeks

(800—272 B.C.)

The colonisation of Southern Italy by the Greeks may, generally speaking, be chronologically placed in

the eighth century B.C., the era during which Sparta held the supremacy in Peloponnesus. Reasons for these migrations are not hard to seek. The spirit in which the new oligarchies governed the various states was such that life became insupportable to all men of independence and self-respect, whatever their rank in life. It was this factor, rather than any overcrowding problem such as confronts Germany to-day, that drove so many immigrants forth from every quarter of Greece in organised bands to seek their fortune abroad. In some respects their ventures may be likened to that of the men of the *Mayflower*. But there are great points of difference. The Greeks were not wholly ignorant of what lay before them. Their knowledge of navigation was rapidly improving, their acquaintance with the Mediterranean shores was exhaustive and of long standing. They went forth in no spirit of blind trust on their quest, but knew that the coasts on which they settled were fertile as those of their beloved Greece. They did not even incur the same risks as fell to their lot in colonising the distant lands north of the Euxine, for it is not a far cry from Epirus to the heel of Italy. Moreover, the native races in possession were of Pelasgic origin, and thus to some extent likely to be friendly towards the pioneers of the later effort. The newcomers were clever and energetic; indeed it is to them that the district owes much of its later greatness, the Greek love of art and letters being inherited by those who followed them.

There seems to be no doubt as to which of the colonies was first established. Cumae, on the Bay of Naples, was so much in the van of progress that some authorities place its foundation in the eleventh

century B.C., and all agree that it was flourishing about 800 B.C. However, it does not concern us here, for with its dependencies Neapolis and Dicearchia it remained isolated from the later settlements round the Ionian Sea. Of these the majority were not so ancient as the towns in Sicily, and for the most part were founded in the fifty years between 735 and 685 B.C. No good records exist describing their beginning, no thrilling Thucydides to tell their story, but much is known of their subsequent progress.

Lupiae, as Lecce was called in these days, lay close to the exposed coast of the Adriatic, where many of the immigrant bands from Northern Greece were constantly disembarking. Beyond the remains in the Museum we have scanty information connecting it with the more important cities farther south and west, so may for the present regard it as being in the sphere of Tarentine influence. It is unfortunate that this view must be taken, and it would have been infinitely preferable could the thread of its municipal story have been unravelled from that of so many other centres, but the epoch is so distant that the chance of picturing the place at the time would have been very remote.

Tarentum was a colony of Sparta, founded 708 B.C., after the first Messenic war. Sybaris and Croton, on the opposite side of the gulf, had been inaugurated a few years earlier by Achaians, who, although by no means the most important tribe in the formation of Greece, had thus established two of the most important cities of Magna Græcia. Race antipathy soon produced a spirit of rivalry between the Achaians and Tarentum, and as a check to Tarentine usurpation Sybaris and Croton founded the colony of

Metapontum on the Tarentine frontier. So rapidly did the latest settlement increase that soon it was the third city of all these mushroom growths. The mother-towns across the sea were soon left behind in the race, and Sybaris during the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. became the largest Greek city in the world. The new colonists owed their wealth, says a recent writer,

"which they so soon accumulated, to the raw produce of the virgin lands they occupied, rather than to commercial or manufacturing activity. The corn of Metapontum, the wool of the flocks of Sybaris, the timber and pitch of Croton, the oil of Acragas, the horses of Syracuse, the fisheries of Tarentum, became famous throughout the Greek world for the fortunes that they bred—fortunes so large that the millionaires of the West surpassed the wildest dreams of the plutocratic oligarchs of the mother-country."

The natives flocked into the new cities and joined in the boom.

A great struggle for supremacy followed on all this prosperity. The Achaian league suffered reverses at the hands of the Ionians of Siris, and of the men of Locris and Reggio. How astounding had been their progress hitherto may be gathered from two facts—that Croton put an army of 120,000 men into the field on one occasion, and that the rule of Sybaris was acknowledged not only by twenty-five tributary towns, but even by four tribes of the neighbouring Enotrii. Before long these two cities were brought into antagonism by the influence of Pythagoras, who had settled in the former in 530 B.C. and founded his celebrated school of philosophy there.

So widespread was his power in contemporary politics that even distant Tarentum felt his sway. After striving to raise Croton from the effeminate state which had followed its defeat in battle, he fell out with some of its most wealthy citizens, and was driven out with all his followers. Then came a great battle between Croton and Sybaris, in which the latter, with 300,000 men, was defeated by only a third of that number. It is these civil wars in Magna Græcia which explain why its inhabitants took no part in the Persian wars.

Tarentum meanwhile had another tale to tell. Little concerned in the strife between the cities across the gulf, and unable to expand in the direction of Metapontum, its inhabitants had sedulously devoted their energies to extension of trade, and to occasional skirmishes with their barbarian neighbours. Here among the Messapians and Japygians they encountered a much fiercer resistance than had been offered to the other Greek cities. For a time they were victorious, subduing many Japygian cities, but in 473 B.C. they were utterly routed in a great battle with such casualties that Herodotus says carnage like it had never been known in Greek history. Three thousand mercenaries from Reggio perished with the rest.

During the period of the Peloponnesian war events in Southern Italy were but slightly affected. Thurii and Metapontum indeed were induced to form a regular alliance with Athens, but otherwise the cities remained studiously aloof.

A more serious matter was the attitude of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, who had brought all the Sicilian colonies under his yoke, and now strove to

extend his influence to the mainland. A league was formed against him in 393 B.C., but the treaty also included clauses to strengthen the signatories against a far more terrible foe. The rise of Rome and the displacing of tribes in Central Italy had driven the Lucani—a fierce race of the hardy Samnite stock—southwards till they reached the confines of the rich seaboard colonies by the Ionian Sea. Three years after this league was signed the confederates were vanquished with great slaughter, the barbarians spread over the peninsula, and soon Dionysius had to abandon his policy of alliance with them in order to defend his own possessions. Marching east to Tarentum, the Lucani prepared to attack it. This city was at this period undoubtedly the richest and most powerful of the cities of Magna Græcia, but its citizens were so enervated with indolence and luxury that directly they heard of the approach of the new and dreaded foe they threw in their lot with their old enemies the Messapii, and at the same time invoked the aid of Sparta, their mother-city. Archidamus, king of Sparta, welcomed the invitation, and came with a considerable force to Italy, where he seems to have fought for many years, till he was defeated and slain in a battle near Manduria, a few miles from Lecce, 338 B.C. Six years later the Tarentines, still doubtful of their own army, invited Alexander of Epirus to their aid; but little is known of the history of his expedition. On the whole, his operations were successful: encouragement was given to the Greek cities, and the Lucani were checked for a time. Lupiae must have been in the thick of these engagements, lying as it did on the route between the ports of the Adriatic and Tarentum. By

this time it had probably lost its Messapian character and become Hellenistic. Fighting began again in the district only a few years later; Sparta was again beseeched for help, and Cleon, the king's uncle, approached Taranto with a large mercenary force. He, however, soon returned home, disgusted with the rapacity and luxury of the allies, and leaving Italy in a condition of universal discontent.

Desultory war continued for a few years, and then came the end of the Greek period for Taranto and for most of Magna Græcia. The eagles of Rome had made their first appearance on these shores. The Thurii, hard-pressed by the Lucani, had obtained the services of the new warriors, who proved worthy of their hire. But this was not the end of their exploits. They turned their arms against wealthy Tarentum without delay. In vain the beleaguered city invoked the aid of Pyrrhus of Epirus, the Lucani, and those eternal foes of Rome, the Samnites. Even this strong combination was of no avail against the stern legionaries from the Seven Hills, and in *272* B.C. Tarentum, with all its subject towns, of which Lupiae would be one, came under the Roman yoke. Other cities fell before the consuls, and so the whole future of the district was changed.

There is no doubt that during these long years of war—not with Rome alone, but with the native races too—Magna Græcia must have suffered terribly. The foreign troops quartered within city walls seem to have surpassed themselves in cruelty and extortion. With a few exceptions, such as Heraclea, which submitted readily to Rome, and thus obtained its favour, these great cities had now entered on their last phase. Their death-knell was sounded during

the Second Punic War, when they rose in rebellion. The Roman governor had probably been careless in guarding his charge, and after Cannae they rose almost unanimously in Hannibal's cause. Those which were garrisoned by troops suffered the penalties of rebellion, Tarentum being one. It was treated as a conquered city and sacked without mercy, its inhabitants put to the sword or sold into slavery.

The effects of four centuries of Greek colonisation may still be traced without difficulty in the Terra d'Otranto to-day. Not only is the Greek type of face still common enough in Lecce, Taranto, and the district generally; but in the dialect there remains a large proportion of Greek idioms and words. Greek was the official language in both clerical and civil courts of law up to the end of the Middle Ages in some towns. It is, of course, only reasonable at this point to remember that although this early period must have been the principal factor in Hellenising the district, intercourse with Greece even up to the present day has always been of the closest, that Albanian and Greek immigration into all these towns occurred on several occasions in mediæval times, and especially that during the Dark Ages there was a long period during which Lecce acknowledged the sway of the Eastern Emperor at Constantinople.

I shall have more to say of the connection between the local dialect and customs with those prevailing across the Straits of Otranto. At the present moment the most tangible link we have with the Golden Age of Magna Græcia is comprised in the interesting remains of the period collected in the Lecca Museum. On page 31 something has already been said of the

Museum as a whole, and of its fine collection of Greek vases. These date from earthenware of the earliest periods onwards.

The terra-cotta objects are all in Sala III., and have been found in all parts of Apulia, notably at Canosa, Rugge, Egnasia, etc. Besides vessels and utensils of very divergent forms, there are a great number of small figures, and miscellaneous objects such as a relief of Medusa's head.

In Rooms V., VI., and VII. is displayed a really valuable and extensive collection of late Greek vases, corresponding to those in the Fourth Vase Room at the British Museum,[1] and dating from the fourth century B.C. These are for the most part characteristic of their place of manufacture, but have many points in common. The figures usually represent the heroes of mythology, thus two amphorae in the Lecce Museum depict Achilles and Briseis, and Polyneices and Eriphyle. Two others may be mentioned; one representing a nude Greek lady with arms extended, a back view; a bell-shaped krater of the usual type with the characteristic laurel-wreath, maeander, and crosses. Besides these, the fine vases (on stand in centre), and bowl from Canosa are remarkable.

In Room No. V., besides various ruder objects in flint and bronze, are others of more importance, the panel of the Satyr and Nymph, the excellent Hermes, and the beautiful little draped figure of a Greek lady. This last is in good preservation, and as Sig. Magni has observed, will bear comparison with more famous examples.

[1] Compare with Nos. F 47, 165, 167, 40, 41, 51, 53, 166 in Fourth Vase Room, British Museum, with the celebrated "Pudicizia" in the Braccio Nuovo Chiaramonti in the Vatican at Rome.

Lecce under Rome

(B.C. 272—A.D. *circ.* 250)

The next five hundred years of Lecce history is again sparse and fragmentary. Of Brindisi and Taranto we have ampler records, but with the object of tracing the growth of one city alone before us, any temptation to chronicle the district must be set aside. However, we have not yet bidden farewell to Magna Græcia, for under the Republic there was still a semblance of brotherhood between the decaying seaboard towns. To counteract this backward tendency Rome sent picked settlers into every city, men who by their virile vitality would raise the prevailing tone of effete stagnation. There was another purpose in the choice of these emigrants, a purpose sedulously kept secret. It was still whispered on the Forum Romanorum that rebellion had occurred when Carthage furnished the opportunity, that ties of blood with Greece across the seas had lost none of their old power, and that care must be taken to prevent another rising on the Ionian shore. So there was something in the nature of espionage to be exercised by the new settlers in addition to their more obvious duties.

New colonies were established, notably Brundusium (now Brindisi), which had come into existence before the Second Punic War (244 B.C.), and a century or so later an attempt was fruitlessly made to revive Squillace and Taranto.

All human efforts were fated to become failures, when there arrived a fresh and dread foe, the curse of malaria. There is no record of such a calamity

having occurred before the second century B.C.; but after its appearance the final fall of these once luxurious cities was only a question of time. Strabo tells us, when writing of Posidonia, how rapid was the destruction, and Cicero is no less strong in his descriptions. Of the cities existing even in his time, many have since disappeared from sight, while Taranto, Crotona, and a few others dragged on a miserable existence through the Middle Ages.

The rise of Brundusium as a great port of military value, and the opening of the Appian Way from Rome via Beneventum and Venusia must have had an immediate effect on the adjoining cities of Lecce and Rusce (Lupia and Rudia the Romans called them). At the latter, almost a suburb of Lecce, was born in 239 B.C. Quintus Ennius, famous to posterity as the father of Latin poetry. Many authorities deny that this Rudia was his birthplace, but the weighty opinion of Mommsen is in its favour. De Simone, the historian of all the Terra d'Otranto, has published a comparative table of the different views on the question, and gives his decision with Mommsen.

Ennius claimed descent from the ancient lords of Messapia; and, after he had become a convert to the Pythagorean doctrines, used to boast that the spirit which had once inhabited Homer's body, after passing through many tenements (one being a peacock's gay form, another the revered frame of the sage of Crotona), had eventually passed into his own. Of his early history we know nothing save loose poetical references indicating that he served with credit as a soldier and rose to the rank of a centurion. His later career is too well known to require further comment here.

Two Roman settlements were apparently made at Lupia; the first about a century before Christ, the second under Vespasian, about 70 A.D.

One of the earliest dates in Lecce history which can be verified is B.C. 44, when Octavian, afterwards known as Cæsar Augustus, landed at the port of Lupia (about seven miles from the city), on arrival from the East. Here he was met with the startling tidings of his great uncle's murder. His mother warned him that the troops at Brundusium were hot partisans of Brutus and Cassius. He therefore avoided the latter city, took refuge in Lupia, and was there acclaimed Emperor for the first time.

Pausanias tells us that another Emperor honoured Lupia, Hadrian to wit, who founded the port on the Adriatic. This is a century after Octavian's landing at the same place, though in the earlier case we are certainly not told there was any harbour there, merely a landing-place. A visitor to this port of San Cataldo nowadays finds an elaborate bathing establishment beloved of the Leccese in the dog-days (see p. 304), but there still remain the marble columns, Verde antico and African cipollino, to which the beaks of the Roman galleys were tied long ago.

The paragraph in Pausanias (Book VI. ch. xix. par. 9) is as follows:

"The people of Sybaris also built a treasury next to that of the people of Byzantium. Those who have inquired most carefully into the history of Italy and its towns say that Lupiae, which lies between Brundusium and Hydrus, has changed its name, and was originally called Sybaris. And the haven for ships was made by navvies in the reign of the Emperor Hadrian."

In commenting on this, Dr. J. G. Fraser, whose edition of Pausanias is accepted as the standard one, says:

"This is of course absurd. Lupiae, or Lupia, was in Calabria, while Sybaris was far away in Lucania. Sir E. H. Bunbury thought that the only reasonable explanation of Pausanias's strange mistake is that 'he confounded Lupia in Calabria (the name of which was sometimes written Lopia) with the Roman colony of Copia in Lucania, which had, in fact, arisen on the site of Thurii, and therefore in a manner succeeded to Sybaris."[1]

Pliny speaks of Lecce as "Statio militum Lupiae"; and an old tablet recently found among the ruins of Rudia says:

"C CLAUDIO C.F.M.N NERONI CONS OB REM FELICISSIME IN PICENO ADVERSUS PAENORUM DUCEM ASDRUBALEM GESTAM SEN. POP. & MILITUM STATIO LUPIEN. A.H.P."

Other inscriptions are in existence telling us something of the Roman soldiers of the Lecce garrison, scanty records, it is true, but at any rate supplying the personal element in a very hazy period. One of these tablets exists at Naples, in the Church of Santa Maria della Libua,[2] a second was found in Lecce while excavating for the foundations of the Bishop's palace,[3] and a third tells us of the celebrated Quintus Fabius Balbus, who held, among other public offices, that of Curator of the Via Augusta Salentina, and of Patron of Lupia, Hydruntum, and Neretum. It was erected

[1] In the recent edition of Dr. Butler's "Atlas of Ancient Geography," published by Messrs. Dent & Co., Lecce is called Sybaris on the map of Southern Italy.

[2] For inscription see Infantino.

[3] Ibid. p. 28.

to his memory by the colony at Lupia, and found in the Middle Ages during excavations.

But a far more interesting record of life in these days exists—a record which indeed one takes with the obvious grain of salt, but which connects Lecce with the Acts of the Apostles and the persecutions under Nero. In two thick volumes of some 800 pages each, written by a bishop of Southern Italy in 1592, may be read the lives and the sufferings of all the saints in this part of the world. Some of these hailed from Lecce and the neighbourhood. To the interest inherent in the stories one must add the quaint phrasing of the old Italian—phrasing which I have endeavoured to reproduce to some extent in my translation, phrasing which is of almost the same date as our own Authorised Version, yet more stilted, from its obscure source. The tag of poetry which follows the story is also amusing. I have omitted much moralising which the worthy ecclesiastic serves up with his history, so as to bring the extract within reasonable limits.

The book itself may be found in the British Museum, and its full title appears in the Bibliography at the end of this volume.

The first story deals with St. Orontius, Lecce's patron saint, and St. Justus, Paul's disciple at Corinth:

THE LIFE OF THE HOLY MARTYRS JUSTUS AND ORONTIUS

I

How St. Justus is a disciple of St. Paul the Apostle, arrives at the city of Lecce, and converts Orontius.

"It has always been judged a laudable thing for holy writers, even from the days of the Early Church, to

recount the glorious battles of the invincible soldiers of the Cross. And although the Saints have no need of human praise, being glorified by the presence of Christ and basking in the angelic company of Heaven, all the same it has come about that the people have come to invoke their protection, so that the very least we can do is to reverence their memory and pray for them. Now, there flourished in the first century two men famous for their glorious martyrdom in this kingdom, Orontius the Leccese, and Justus, disciple of St. Paul the Apostle, of whose works (he being a citizen of Corinth) I will say no more. Nevertheless it behoves me to mention how—as we may read in the Acts of the Apostles—after reasoning with the blaspheming and stubborn Jews, Paul said to them: 'Your blood be upon your own heads, for from this day will I go forth among the Gentiles.' Whereupon, having set out he came to the house of this Justus as he was called, and who bore witness for God, his house being joined to the synagogue. And as it fell to the Apostle to send some one to Rome, he despatched this his holy disciple, who left his master at Corinth, arriving by ship at Lidi Salentini, in the peninsula of Otranto, and from thence at the city of Leccio, where he had for host a noble Leccese named Publius Orontius. This man had been accustomed from his youth to go into the surrounding country with a few companions to hunt wild animals and, like another patriarch, Abraham, who, meeting strangers on the high road, led them to his house, and gave them food and shelter—even so by God's providence the blessed Justus (having arrived in Leccio from the city of Otranto, where he had disembarked from his ship on his way to Rome, whither the Apostle had sent him), was observed by Orontius and was forthwith invited to lodge with him, so greatly was that noble moved by the venerable aspect of the saintly man. Nor was Justus minded to show himself ungrateful

for this patrician's courtesy, but came with him, answering all that was asked of him as to his destination and his calling. So, led by Orontius, he arrived in the city of Leccio. Then the infinite goodness of God brought into that proud man's heart a sudden joyousness, a burning desire to hear from the Saint of the miracles which were already being noised through Italy to the glory of the name of Christ, and an instant wish to learn from him the very truth of these things. Justus informed him that he was a citizen of Corinth and a disciple of that precious chosen vessel Paul the Apostle, who had preached with such strange and intense eloquence from Jerusalem to Illyricum, all round Asia Minor, even in the nearer provinces of Europe and in Arabia withal, discoursing of the most holy and everlasting Word of God, of Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of the Father; of how Paul had cast down profane idols, making manifest their falsehood and their uselessness. How he had brought city after city to worship truly the most holy Trinity, which had created both Heaven and Earth. How he had made all men equally adopted children of God, by the blessed work of regeneration, and joint heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven. Lastly, how this same Paul had sent him, Justus, to prepare the chambers of Italian minds, so that, cleansed from every blind superstition of idolatry, they would be meet to receive their true salvation. Then came Orontius to say that since the infinite pity of God had vouchsafed to bring into his home a disciple of that great Apostle to make manifest to him so lofty a secret, he was willing to receive into his own soul the True Faith which had been preached to him, with a belief in only one God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—Three in one, equal in glory, coeternal in majesty. Whereupon the Saint said to him that if he wished to submit to the gentle yoke of Christ, he must receive Holy Baptism, and that he

would then be granted the gift of the Holy Spirit. With these and other like reasonings, the faithful disciple of the Teacher of the Gentiles, happy that his host sought to become persuaded of the Christian Doctrine, strove to show his gratitude by saving him, his family, and his native land; so that by pointing out to him the highway to Heaven, he would no longer be his debtor for the hospitality extended in his palace on earth."

II

The blessed Orontius with his family is baptised by St. Justus, who, after setting out for Rome, returns to Leece once more.

[After comparisons with the parallel cases of conversion in the New Testament, those of Cornelius the centurion and of the Ethiopian eunuch, this chapter describes the baptism of Orontius and all his household by Justus, who spent the following day and night in Lecce. With the early dawn of the following morning Justus began to prepare for his journey to Rome, and decided not to take Orontius with him as the latter desired, but told him that it was now his duty to share his great gift with as many willing souls as he could find. Then they parted, the disciple of Paul to deliver his master's letter to the Romans.]

"Very soon he fulfilled the promise made to his beloved Orontius by returning to Leccio, bringing with him a most devout lady, by name Phœbe, likewise of Greek birth, who was so greatly esteemed that the Apostle Paul himself makes mention of her in his Epistle to the Romans. Orontius received her with great favour and with spiritual consolation, nor did he leave undone, either by himself or his household, any deed of kindness. He washed their feet, worn by the length of their journey, regaled them with the

choicest of viands, and housed them lavishly in two beds. So did love kindle in the breasts of the faithful, and so did the rays thereof spread its light on every hand; since by one pious deed in housing a Christian believer the darkness of the Gentiles was illuminated, as will soon appear. The flame shone brighter and brighter till not alone the beautiful city of Leccio but also a great part of lovely Japygia and of the Salentine lands by the Adriatic shore received the true faith from Justus's lips, wherefore many became eligible for the final triumph of Heaven."

III

How ten others of Lecce are baptised, and how Justus, with Orontius and Fortunatus, sets out to meet St. Paul.

". . . . After the first night's repose following their journey, the Saints were next morning made acquainted by Orontius with ten of his friends and neighbours whom he had by persuasion converted to Christ. These he now wished to be ceremonially baptised. Among them was his cousin, one Fortunatus. Then did Orontius beseech the blessed Justus that he should preach the Word of God publicly to the people. But the Saint, with much humility, declined, saying that so holy an office should not be practised by all, and that he had neither been chosen by Holy Church nor set apart for this purpose by the Apostles.

"Orontius, all afire with a longing to see this same Apostle Paul, requested that he and Fortunatus, his cousin, might go with Justus to Corinth, and that there they might be presented to Paul and converted by him, saying how great an honour they would count it. Many more Leccese were baptised joyously, and then the three disciples set forth in company to see the Apostle of Our Lord of whom they had heard so much, and to pray earnestly for him to give them that which their hearts desired.

". . . . Then, when Paul granted to them of his great charity a hearing, Orontius commenced by telling him the supreme grace which the Giver of every perfect gift—Jesus Christ—had allowed to breathe in Justus, how in his journey to Rome, made at the Apostle's behest, he had arrived at Leccio, their native town, and especially how he had brought into his own house the most excellent gift of the Eternal Word and of the Divine Faith. . . . And that they wished that this supreme grace should be shed over all their land by the devoted preaching of that same divine Word, . . . that they had come to humbly pray him, if their prayer was not presumptuous, that he would deign to come to their city as evangelist and to convert it from the damnable condition in which it then was (adoring the devil incarnate and his idols made by man) to the worship of the only true God in power . . . leading them out of darkness into light, and from the manifest loss of their souls to the acquisition of everlasting glory. But that if they and their native place were not worthy of such a gift, they besought him that he would of his compassion send back with them to Leccio Justus, that he would fill him with the Holy Spirit, so that from his fulness he might preach the Divine Word or baptise all who wished to Christ. So ended the speech of Orontius, in which may be seen how marvellous was the effect of his conversion upon him. . . ."

IV

How St. Paul hearkened to the prayer of Orontius, makes him Bishop of Lecce, and gives to him the blessed Justus for his priest.

[After reminding the reader of the "one sinner that repenteth," this chapter commences by recounting Paul's gratitude for Orontius' speech, tells how he lifted his hands to heaven, and offered up thanks for

this proof of the faith of Justus, already well known to him for his works in Corinth.]

"And that he felt a great joy after the sweet words of Orontius and Fortunatus, not only for their sakes but for all their country, that it had been counted worthy of that highest divine gift which they now claimed. Nevertheless that he asked them to excuse him from making the voyage to Leccio, for he had received a command from the Holy Spirit that he should return to Jerusalem to inform the most holy company of apostles and disciples of Christ there assembled of the saving of souls which had been wrought by his preaching among the Gentiles. But for all that he would not deprive their land of the desire so dear to them and so acceptable to God, so he assigned to them as preacher of the Word of God Justus, and appointed Orontius as Bishop of Leccio. And having given them his blessing, and having abundantly filled them with the Holy Spirit, he sent them forth sanctified for their journey, and so greatly did he esteem them that for credentials to their fellow-citizens he gave them a letter in his own hand. So after resting some days in Corinth, they took brotherly leave of the Apostle, and finally, with fair winds, these good soldiers of Christ, Justus, Orontius, and Fortunatus, crossed by sea to Leccio.

"In that city they were received with much honour by their fellow-citizens and by a great part of the Roman Legion which was quartered there, and the blessed Justus having commenced to preach the Word of God, in a short time he caused not only all the city to readily receive the sacred Gospel, but a great number of the citizens and of the Roman soldiers to be baptised. And having in view that one of the Christian offices which tests the faith of a believer—that he giveth one-tenth of his goods to our Lord (in order that His sanctuary may be meetly decorated,

His prelates and priests clothed and fed, His worship upheld, and the poor and needy succoured)—the people of Leccio had such a burning faith and love that by a decree published abroad they gave perpetually to the Church a tenth of their cattle and beasts of every kind, a tenth of their fruits and all manner of vegetables, a tenth of all things that went out of the city, and all that came into it, gathering thus a tenth on every possible occasion. This most worthy statute lasted even from those first days of the infant Church up to the time of the Norman Princes, about the year of our Lord 1120, and under the tyranny of the first King William, for his evil deeds called 'The Bad,' it began to be lacking, for after defeating the city of Leccio in unholy warfare, he seized the tenth which belonged to the Bishop and Church, and divided it among his soldiers and officers."

And then our chronicler—himself a sympathetic cleric—goes on to tell us how this impious act impoverished the Church, and how the Council of Trent was held to discuss kindred matters. The Church in Southern Italy to-day is indeed miserably poor, but during the Middle Ages, and even up to Napoleon's time, it was sufficiently rich. For this reason we can feel but little sympathy with Bishop Paolo Regio in this very fierce denunciation of what must have been an extremely heavy tax.

V

How Justus and Orontius suffer holy martyrdom in the persecutions of Nero, with others of the faithful.

". . . But although the new Church of Leccio was in such holy and happy state, sanctified by the Holy Spirit for having accepted the Word of God, and for having overthrown foolish superstition and idolatry,

yet the Devil, always hostile to every good work which shows to all men the faith of such believers and the impotence of his own power, kindled his infernal hatred of the Christians in the breast of the Emperor Nero. With the miserable example of the burning of Troy in his mind, he caused the buildings of Rome to be set on fire by night, and stood alone in a lofty place watching the terrible scene with happy countenance. Then as there was no man to accuse, and in order to remove the stain from his own character, instigated by Satan his master, he placed all blame for the deed on the Christians, imputing to them falsely the origin of the fire; and adding cruelty to falsehood, promised the Senate to harry and persecute the innocent followers of Christ. . . .

"In these days it reached the Emperor's ears that the city of Leccio, with his garrison of Roman soldiers adjoining, having received the Holy Word, had overthrown the false worship of idols. So, being mightily incensed, he despatched to that city his most impious and cruel minions and familiars to again cause a butchery of human flesh of whomsoever they could discover worthy of it. He was told that there was no difficulty in finding the authors of this holy brotherhood, seeing that the blessed Justus was preaching the Word of God and the blessed Orontius was baptising all those who, inspired by the Holy Spirit, were willing to work together in the good work of regenerating men's souls. Moreover, that they were men of such intrepid mind that in order to convert and baptise one single man they would face a thousand Neros, could all be collected in one place together! So when these ruffians found them engaged in the acts of praying and baptising, surrounded by the faithful, they asked the saints what doctrine this was they preached. . . .

"But finding themselves incapable of shaking their belief, they began soon to threaten them with a most

cruel death if they would not leave their worship and bow the knee to Mars and Jupiter, the pagan gods of Rome. Then as the saints remained established in the Faith and comforting those of their profession, they were subjected to indignities and to various tortures till they died on the first Sunday in September, as is solemnly believed, since on that day has always been celebrated their glorious martyrdom, which took place in the year of our Lord 68. Thus was the Church at Leccio crimsoned with the blood of the holy martyrs Justus and Orontius at the same time as those most glorious apostles Peter and Paul suffered under the tyranny of Nero. Then various faithful Leccese, having recovered the holy bodies from the middle of the piazza where they were killed, placed them with precious gems in a secure place, and there they rested till the baptism of Constantine the Great, when free leave was given to Christians to build churches in memory of the Saints of God, and altars in their honour; so that the citizens of Leccio found these bodies full of a most sweet smell (as is customary with saintly corpses) and took them as their protectors in the heavenly galaxy, and having placed them in two silver caskets, built an ornate church in their honour, which lies outside the Western gate of the city where they were martyred: there rests the body of St. Justus, and that of St. Orontius is buried in another church outside the city with a great store of treasure." . . .

So ends the story of St. Orontius as Paolo Regio tells it. Mrs. Ross, in her "Land of Manfred," gives a slightly different version, ascribing the place of martyrdom to a site two miles outside the city and the date to August, 66 A.D. She also adds that Orontius was a follower of Pythagoras, and says that the bishopric to which he was appointed was that

of "Salento," presumably a name for the Salentine territory.

Oronzo, as a name, is common in Lecce, and was borne by our landlord at the sign of the "Risorgimento."

Of Justus little more is known than the reference in Acts xviii. 7:

"And he" (Paul) "departed thence, and went into the house of a certain man named Titus Justus, one that worshipped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue." [R.V.]

This move to Justus's house took place after a dispute with the Jews, at whose synagogue in Corinth he had been preaching.

Dr. Hastings' Bible Dictionary points out differences in the exact name borne by Justus in different versions, and quotes from Ramsay's "St. Paul the Traveller" as follows:

"Titus Justus was evidently a Roman or a Latin, one of the 'coloni' of the colony Corinth. Like the centurion Cornelius, he had been attracted to the synagogue, where his citizenship could afford Paul an opening to the more educated class of the Corinthian population."

It gives a little extra touch of reality to this old story when one remembers that the visitors from Lecce would probably find Paul working away at his trade of tent-making with Aquila and Priscilla his hosts, themselves Jews banished from Italy by the Emperor's decree.

I have omitted in translating from the original all the long preface and final moral which accompanies

each of these lives of the martyrs, but add the little rhyme with which the Bishop concludes:

CANTICO A I SS. GIUSTO ET ORONTIO MARTIRI

Lo spirito mio che di lodarvi brama
Spiega cotanto in alto il suo pensiero,
Ch' à voi sen vien, quai riverisce & ama.
Onde contempla il vostro eterno & vero
Gaudio ch' in ciel godere, & non più stima
Del cieco monde ogni tiranno Impero.
Conosce ben che voi la luce prima
Portaste à Leccio ond' hora è si splendente,
Che scuopre il lume suo per ogni clima.
Qual venne à lei dal lucido Oriente
Illuminato dal celeste raggio
Di quel gran Sol che l' Sol formò di niente.
Per questo, il popol suo divenne saggio,
Et fu di man de l' Aversario tolto,
Ch' d' Averno gli fea piano il viaggio.
Essendo, che ne la tenebre involto
Vivea de l' ignoranza e il vero Dio.
Non discerneva allor poco ne molto
Perche ingannato dal nemico rio
A quel porgera l' holocausto indegno,
Credendo fare un sacrificio pio.
Or poi ch' io lodar voi tutto m' ingegno
Per quanto il debil mio valor s' estende
Siate de l' alma mia guida, e sostegno.
O Giusto e Orontio ch' ella à questo attende
Scoprendo già benche con basse rime
La vostra luce, che per tutto splende.
Intercedere al Tribunal sublime
Anco per lei, ò glorioso Santi
Che 'l vostro Nome nel mio cor s' inprime.
A voi già drizzo i miei pietosi canti
Poi d' haver scritti à gli huomini Fedeli
I vostri merti, che fon tanti, e tanti.
Se di Nerone i militi, crudeli
Si dimostraro verso il vostro sangue
In vano opraro i lor pugnenti teli.
Che co' l vostro martirio il perfid' angue
Restò calcato & con più dura spada

Percosso, ond hoggi lagrimoso langue.
La vostra passion mostrò la strada
A i Leccesi, del Ciel, per dove ponno
Salir nella beatissima contrada.
Che risvegliati da lor grave sonno
La verità per voi scorsero chiaro
Di colui, ch'è dell' universo Donno.
Orde passaro l' horrido Gennaro
De gli Idolatri Imperadori, quelli
Un sontuosa Tempio vi formaro.
E i vostri sacri corpi in ricchi avelli
A perpetua memoria custodiro
A mal grado de' spiriti rubelli.
Per tal cagion voi dal superno giro
Gratie & favori à quei piovere ogn' hora
Ond have effetto il lor giusto desiro.
Quella nobil città voi Santi honora,
Et v' have in Cielo per suoi Pretettori,
Appò l' eterno, & vero Dio, ch' adora.
Per voi fu tolta da gli antichi errori
Per voi connobbe il sempiterno bene
Per voi fu adorna di superni honori.
Per voi la fama sua nel mondo viene
Per voi purgata fu dal suo peccato
Per voi fedele à Christo hor si mantiene.
Per voi cangiò suo doloroso stato
Piu volte in lieto & fu sorente afflitto
Chiũque al suo buõ fervir mostrossi ingrato.
Per voi caminarà nel camin dritto
Di Santa Chiesa E con i suoi precetti
Pervenera al termine prescritto.
Si come da quel tempo in fatti, ò in detti
Venuta men non è da quella Fede
Che glie insegnaste, ò Santi benedetti.
Et bene in Cielo, E quì n' ha la mercede
Che duplicati beni il Creatore
In ogni tempo sempre le concede.
Ma poi che tanto è il vostro gran valore
O gloriosi Martiri di Christo,
Ogn' un s' inchini à noi con tutto 'l core.
Ogn' un col' vostro esempio il camin tristo
Fugga d' Averno, e al ciel rivolga il vise
E si forzi di quello fare acquisto.

La gran felicità del Paradiso
Esprimer non si può con lingua humana
Si come il Sol non può non mirarsi fiso.
La virtute de' Santi soprahumana
Lodar non puote à pieno huomo mortale
Che da la Maestà provien soprana.
Poscia che tanto vostro gloria sale,
Sia ogn' hor propitio a noi vostro soccorso,
In ogni nostro non pensato male.
O di Dio fervi, e in questo brieve corso
Di nostra vita raffrenate l' empio
Serpe ch' è pronto sempre à dar di morso.
Cosi l' anima nostra fatta Tempio
Del vero Amor sarà continuo adorna
Di carità, co' l vostro eccelso esempio.
Cosi la nostra notte al fin s' aggiorna,
Cosi scorgeme il luminoso Sole
Che rotte al Mostro rio le acute corna
Formamo soavissime parole.

THE LIVES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARTYRS S. HERINA AND S. VENERA

I

How S. Herina is daughter of Licinius, the brother-in-law and friend of Constantine the Great, and of her friend S. Venera.

. . . "Now, among those who have opposed the Christian faith was one Licinius, brother-in-law of Constantine the pious Emperor. He having been made consort of the empire by Maximianus Galerius on the death of the Emperor Severus in the year of our salvation 308, saw fit to follow him in the disbelief which he soon manifested towards the Christians. And as his parents were labourers in the fields, of unspeakably low birth, he was equally hostile to learning, of which he was ignorant beyond measure. But having risen to Imperial rank given him by Constantia his wife, sister of Constantine, there was born from their union S. Herina, whom we now

honour. This most holy damsel (although born of a father hostile to Christ) having nevertheless a Christian mother and being of Imperial blood, followed rather in her mother's footsteps and faith than in her father's barbarism and impiety.

"It may be read in Pomponius Letus, in Cassiodorus, in Eutropius, and in Eusebius—the historians of Constantine's career—and also in the old Comentarii of the city of Leccio (whence this life is drawn) that S. Herina was born in that city, and that for companion she had a Christian maiden named Venera. But as Licinius was an enemy to Christ, he never ceased from warring against His followers, and without fear or shame caused many of them to be killed who would not worship idols: so much so, that after Constantine had exhorted and begged him to desist, he was compelled to exert his power against Licinius. Expecting the first encounter, Licinius made his way into Pannonia and then into Macedonia, returning thence to Italy. Now, before he had been driven into Asia (at which time he had been living in Leccio) he had decided to bestow his daughter Herina in marriage on a great General, hoping thereby to obtain his aid against Constantine's power. And this soldier, having already heard report of the maid's goodness and beauty, expressed his desire without hesitation, in such wise that the marriage was arranged between them.

"And Licinius, wishing to inform his daughter (she knowing nothing of what he wished, and having devoted herself to perpetual chastity inspired by the Holy Spirit), commenced to talk to her in gentle and pleasant phrases:

"'Sweet child, thou art my only hope against my adverse fortune, since it is only by giving thee in marriage to a most valiant and worthy man that I can by his aid recover my lost Empire. And although my

heart liketh not to bear such a heavy burden (for thou art a very dear little one to me), nevertheless necessity forces me to the deed, for I must do it to oppose the presumption of others, not only so that I may regain my stolen provinces, but so that I may also be able to oppose a bold front to the enemy for all time.

"'So make thee ready, cover thy robes with precious jewels, and enhance thy beauty as becometh a daughter of the purple.'

"At these words the Christian maid, after having prayed God with all her heart that He would give her strength to resist all that opposed her will, replied thus:

"'Father, if thou wilt hearken to my words in true parental love, I am sure that thou wilt be content with my own wishes. Know then that I, being sprung of Imperial lineage and brought up as becometh my birth, have set my hopes so high that no earthly husband can ever be my equal; and I have chosen in my heart that my lord will be no chance child of fortune, but the Lord of the Universe, ruling all men and maintaining all. He that thou wouldst give me may easily be brought down from his greatness; his bravery may be overcome and his enemies triumph over him; but my lord triumphs everlastingly, so that there be no comparison; his goodness is abundant, and stands in the secret places of those who fear him, those whom he has chosen for his own, who hope in him in the sight of all men. This my husband and lord breaks up the counsels of nations, and sets at naught the will of peoples. And blessed is that nation whose God is my lord, and whom he hath chosen for his inheritance.'

"At this unexpected reply Licinius remained startled and astonished, asking of her to explain more clearly who was this husband whom she lauded so highly, and in what way she had become espoused to him without her father becoming acquainted therewith? Then answered the virgin that her lord was not of earth but of heaven, and that he was the Son

of God. Hearing this, Licinius demanded if perchance Mars was her spouse or some other one of the sons of Jupiter? But Herina still persisted that she held none of these to be gods, but only infernal devils, and that her lord was none other than Jesus Christ.

"So hateful was this name to Licinius, that on hearing it spoken by his daughter, on a sudden his fatherly affection for her changed to diabolical hatred; forthwith he threatened her with death, fulminating with fury against her and her companion Venera (believing that she had instructed his daughter in the Faith); and the impious thought seized him of leading both of them to martyrdom. Indeed he had already made known his cruel wishes, when his familiars persuaded him that he should shut up the holy damsels in a room of his palace with some ladies who were pagans, that thereby they might be brought round to his way of thinking. So, although the virgins were ofttimes tempted by these women, all their persuading was in vain; because the betrothed of Christ, like a firm rock battered by frequent waves, was able to answer their words. And so far from converting them to the parent's wishes, the pagan ladies were themselves persuaded. Thus was made manifest to them the virtue of the Triune Light which shines in every man, which came into this world to reduce it to Christianity. Finally they confessed that for them there was now only one true God, the God of the Christians.

"In the meantime Licinius, little thinking that the two maidens had turned the others against idolatry, went to inspect some of his most high-spirited horses, of which one, having broken the halter by which it was tied, kicked him ferociously with its hoofs in the chest, and trampled on him as he lay half-dead on the ground. The report spread that he had succumbed, and hearing the cries of the folk who were running up to the stable, Herina also came. Seeing her father

lying as if dead on the ground, she cast herself on her knees and prayed to her heavenly spouse that He would restore health to him who had brought her into the world. And the prayer being heard, her father rose from the ground, without feeling any hurt, and arriving in amazement at his house, asked of his daughter by what power she had helped him. Then the maiden taking up courage said to him :

" ' Know, O father, that I have saved thee from imminent death neither with the healing virtues of herbs nor with incantations, but by believing in the infinite mercy of my Lord and God, whom I humbly implored to restore thee to thy health ; and for that very reason thou must, in thanks for this blessing, and knowing the error of thy ways, claim pardon and humbly adore Him. Also I assure thee that by confessing thy sin and receiving holy baptism, all thy misdeeds will be forgiven thee. Recognise, therefore, this same miracle which has been worked in thee and the power of my Christ, and I will be thy obedient child even as thou art my beloved father.'

" To these pious words Licinius made no reply, but seeing that all circumstances united in showing that his danger had been exceeding grave, and that if he showed himself unworthily disposed towards his daughter and benefactors he would be deemed ungrateful, he bade her that she should return to her chamber. Thus this constant enemy of the Christians, who had killed not a few of their soldiers in Macedonia and Sebasta, is now persuaded by his own daughter to receive the Faith of Christ, though, like Pharaoh, his heart was indeed hardened."

II

How, being shut up in dark chambers, Santa Herina and Santa Venera are found with two miraculous lamps, and of their martyrdom.

" Stubbornness born of pride makes a man obstinately hold to his opinions, and for this reason obstinate

men are often wicked above all others, blaming the deeds of all save themselves, looking with complacency on their own. So with Licinius it may be seen how, above every other kind of pride, he persisted in persecuting the Christians; and that in his obstinacy he would not even forgive his own innocent child, and—returning to our narrative—after a few days had passed, he returned to his old hatred of the Christians and killed many, both in Leccio and the adjoining country. Then did he shut up in a strong tower the blessed Herina, where he made her live in a dark chamber with one solitary believer, hoping that there she would die of starvation.

"But the holy damsel cared little for parental obstinacy compared with Christ's love, and there with a fervent heart gave herself up to the passion of her celestial lover, who, not permitting that His cherished Herina should live in earthly darkness, sent to her by the Lamb a brilliant and shining lamp to hang on the wall of her gloomy prison, which by night and day dispensed a clear light with miraculous splendour. Then well might the maiden rejoice with David in saying:

'The splendour of the Lord our God is upon us' (Psalm lxxxix.).

"This strange light having become manifest to the guardians of the tower, they forthwith informed Licinius of it. Whereon he suspected that some person from the city had brought it to her at the same time as her daily food, and sent certain of his servants to quench the light; but they being unable either to extinguish it or to carry the lamp away, moreover, being deeply moved by the miracle, returned to Licinius, telling him the facts. He believed not their words, and now sent his most trusty knights, who inquired of the virgin whence she had this light. They were thus answered by her, that her eternal

Lord had heard her prayer and had made it known to God himself, who lights the outer darkness. Now, they were much confused and went back to Licinius, telling him that the lamp had not been placed there by human hands as he had supposed; but in order that he might test these things for himself, it would be well to place a constant guard there, so that it might be seen if any one provided the oil necessary to keep the flame burning; and that if he found it to be on the contrary, it must then be clear that this was a divine and not a natural work.

"This counsel was pleasing to Licinius, and having diligently put guards round the tower, and discovered that whilst no man appeared the lamp nevertheless continued burning, it became apparent that was no work of human hands but in truth a miracle, since it demonstrated the holiness of the maiden against all the laws of nature. Yet in spite of all, so obstinate was this foe of the Christian Faith that there was no peace for him while his daughter continued to worship Christ.

"Then did he set his wits to work how he might slay Venera her companion; and certain of his satellites having gone to her by his orders, found her in the attitude of prayer, with a similar lamp placed before her near the image of our Saviour Jesus Christ; and they being able neither to extinguish this nor to remove it, judged it to be a work of magic; then they persuaded Licinius that by means of torture he should force her to reveal the secret, so that they might thereby learn the truth of the other lamp found in the saintly Herina's chamber. And he having followed these counsels, questioned the blessed Venera with hideous tortures regarding the power of these lamps; but she would confess nothing more than the Name of Christ. Despising the vanity of idols, she gave up her soul to her Creator in these tortures gloriously, the lamp remaining alight in her room for

many days as a sign that she was one of the prudent virgins.

"Then as the cruel Tyrant wished to bring the holy Herina to idolatry, and finding her still established fast in the Faith, he was overcome with rage, and condemned her to death with other brave martyrs. And all of these were amazed at the invincible courage of so young a maid, who in the happy company of other prudent virgins had been deemed worthy to enter the heavenly glory of her Divine Bridegroom. Thus happened the glorious martyrdom of St. Herina and St. Venera in the year of salvation 326.

"But Licinius did not go unpunished for his cruelty even in this world, for having again rebelled against Constantine, still holding to the hope of obtaining the lost empire by force of arms, he was slain by Constantine's order, and with him also one Martian, whom he had made Cæsar, his ally in this rebellion.

"He was a most cruel prince, grasping by nature, dishonest, and greedy of power. He brought death to many other martrys besides St. Herina and St. Venera. He lived a tyrant for fifteen years, and was killed in the sixtieth year of his life. Some authorities would have us believe that he left behind him a son of like name, born of Constantia, sister of Constantine, who was created Cæsar together with Crispus, son of the said Constantine and Minervina his mistress, both of whom, after a short and unhappy reign, were killed by the agency of Fausta the Empress. So since Herina had been born and had suffered martyrdom in the town of Leccio, the citizens took her for their protectress, and have always held her in solemn veneration, building churches and altars to her memory and inciting her name for all their needs. Likewise on the fifth day of May they celebrate the festivity of this holy virgin, although in Martyrology there are recorded many maidens of similar name

on other days; but this is the one of whom I am now treating.

"And so abiding is the memory of the Just, that when Queen Mary (wife of King Ladislaus) lived in Leccio, there was found in a chapel a revered and ancient image of the glorious Virgin Mother of God, with the images of these two saints, Herina and Venera, one on the left hand and the other on the right, their lamps held in their hands. This chapel, being situated outside the city, was visited by no man; but as there appeared for one year from this date a bright light over the roof, occasion was given to the Leccese to build an ornate church and to dedicate it to Santa Maria della Luce, on account of the light which had so miraculously appeared, and at the same time for the images of the two saints, lamps in hand, as of the number of the prudent virgins. And from the year of salvation 1418, when the church was built and these images found, the place has always been held in high honour by the Leccese."

. . . . .

It is to be regretted that so little confirmation is to be found of this pretty fable. Modern scholarship does not credit Licinius with any daughter, only a son, born in 315. Regio seems to be correct enough as to his earlier statements. Licinius was born of humble parents, rose to a joint share with Maximinus II. of the Empire (his share consisting of the western provinces as far as Bosphorus), married Constantia, defeated Maximinus, and then came into conflict with Constantine. His birthplace was in Dacia, and his career as a soldier was a remarkable success. Late in his history he had Constantine at his mercy on one occasion and spared his life, only to lose his own by the latter's ungrateful hand.

Excepting only the two qualities of military skill

and physical bravery—both of which he had in large measure—Licinius appears to have been a monster of ingratitude and cold-blooded ferocity. Even the soft hypocrisies of Constantine pale before his rival's absolute indifference to human life and suffering, his disregard of the elementary principles of law and justice, and his systematic treachery. His distaste for letters aroused in him such a hatred of all those distinguished in any way by their intellect, that it became a positive vice.

Constantia, whom he married in 313, appears to have had a much finer character, and obtained a pardon from Constantine for her husband on one occasion when his life hung in the balance. Yet we are less assured of her virtues than of her husband's vices, and even her boasted fidelity to the orthodox creed is disputed by historians, who relate that she imbibed the Arian heresy from an unknown priest of immense influence a few years after her husband's death.

It would be interesting to confirm the facts of Licinius's residence at Lecce and of the birth of a daughter to him, as with these data established the fact of martyrdom becomes by no means incredible, though the matter of the miraculous lamps requires a more fervent faith. There is also a perfectly different legend regarding the church of S. Maria della Luce, which is given at a later period in this book (p. 74).

This story of the two virgin martyrs of Lecce concludes with a "discourse" on saints in general, and another flowing poem of the same sort as that already quoted a few pages back. At the beginning of Regio's two fat volumes is a list of the martyrs in Southern Italy during the early centuries of Church history, and

I have transcribed the entries relating to the Terra d' Otranto:

> "Christanto e Daria Mart. in Oria
> Donatio Vescovo in Leccio
> Epifania Verg. e Martire in Otranto
> Francesco Diracchino in Oria
> Ottocento martiri in Otranto
> Pelino Vesc. et Mart. in Brindisi."

There is, however, one other local saint who has a connection with Lecce history, as it is to him that its finest church—built by Tancred—is dedicated, conjointly with St. Nicholas.

St. Cataldus was born in Ireland, according to tradition, at the beginning of the second century of our era—"dell' Isola d' Ibernia, sita nell' Oceano Occidentale, e di patria della Terra di Cataldo di Numenia, cosi appellata." Well spoken, Paolo Regio; those last two words save the situation. His parents, the story continues, were named Euchù and Athena, and "lived together in honest matrimony." The saint's birth was announced by a slight commotion among the stars, and this aroused the attention of a mage who fortunately happened to be in the district just at the critical moment, and who prophesied to Athena that her child would one day become famous. In boyhood he was passing precocious, so that his fame spread over the adjacent island of Britain, and became a topic in France and Germany. Indeed, all Western Europe seems to have been gazing open-mouthed at Erin's brightest.

From St. Patrick he learned his Christianity, and soon we hear of him building a church. During this operation a young workman was killed, and his resuscitation was St. Cataldus's first miracle. Shortly afterwards it was followed by another, a soldier's son

being brought back from death. The overjoyed soldier told his news to the King—whoever he may have been—and that monarch promptly clapped Cataldus in gaol for practising magic. That same night a vision of two angels came to the King. One threatened him with death for incarcerating the saint, the other offered him the alternative of pardon if he presented Cataldus with the Duchy of Duke "Meltride" (who had just died). Upset by his dream, the King told his wife, and they talked it over in perplexity, when, lo! the very next morning a messenger arrived post-haste with news of the Duke's death. Terrified now, the King gave Cataldus the Duchy, and at the same time created him Bishop of Raphoe. The new prelate divided his new domain into twelve bishoprics, and set out shortly afterwards for the Holy Land. After visiting the Sepulchre and other sacred places, he was told in a vision that instead of returning to Ireland his mission was to Taranto, a city where the Gospel had first been preached by Peter and Mark. During the voyage there a storm rose, and as the captain of the ship was adjusting a sail, one of the spars fell and killed him, but Cataldus came to the rescue and brought him back to life.

A bewildering succession of miracles marked his long residence at Taranto and his death in that city many years later, nor was his death the signal for their stoppage. Archbishop Drogon found his body nine or ten centuries later in perfect preservation, when rebuilding the decayed church which had been its casket. Cataldus is the most improbable and the most remarkable figure of the saints in the Terra d' Otranto, and it is unnecessary to go any deeper into

his credentials. The date given for his arrival at Taranto, 166 A.D., may or may not be within five centuries of actual facts. It is more interesting to know that his contemporary bishops are cited by Regio: Euperpio of Brindisi and Barsonufrio of Lecce—the pope being Anicetus.

Nevertheless these old legends make pleasant reading. They are a relief after endless lists of unimportant battles or fruitless conjectures as to uncertain genealogies, and it is upon them that the religious faith of a credulous and superstitious people has been upraised.

. . . . .

The Roman Amphitheatre

We have at Lecce in the fine Roman amphitheatre now being excavated one of the most interesting of the many national monuments in the city. There are, as we have seen (p. 38), numerous underground passages and vaults below the city, but it was not until a few years ago that their real nature was even suspected. De Simone, clever archæologist as he was, watched the excavations under the Greco house proceeding in 1873 without any foresight of their importance. In 1896 alterations to cellars in the Via degli Acaja had a similar result. And even so far back as the early sixteenth century we have Galateus writing of vast subterranean vaults and arches.

Early in 1900 a considerable remodelling of the south side of the Piazza S. Oronzo was commenced, the large block known as the Isola del Governatore being removed to make way for the new palace of the Banca d' Italia. (See plan at end of book.) It very soon became evident, as the old houses came down, that a discovery of unexpected value was being

made. Professor Cosimo de Giorgi was in charge of all excavations in the district, so that the work came at once into his capable hands. In 1906 the amphitheatre was declared a national monument. It is now possible to obtain some idea of its former size, and fig. 6 shows what appears above ground. The Professor has written an excellent monograph on the subject, illustrated by collotype plates, diagrams, and plans of the amphitheatre; published by the Lecce city authorities.

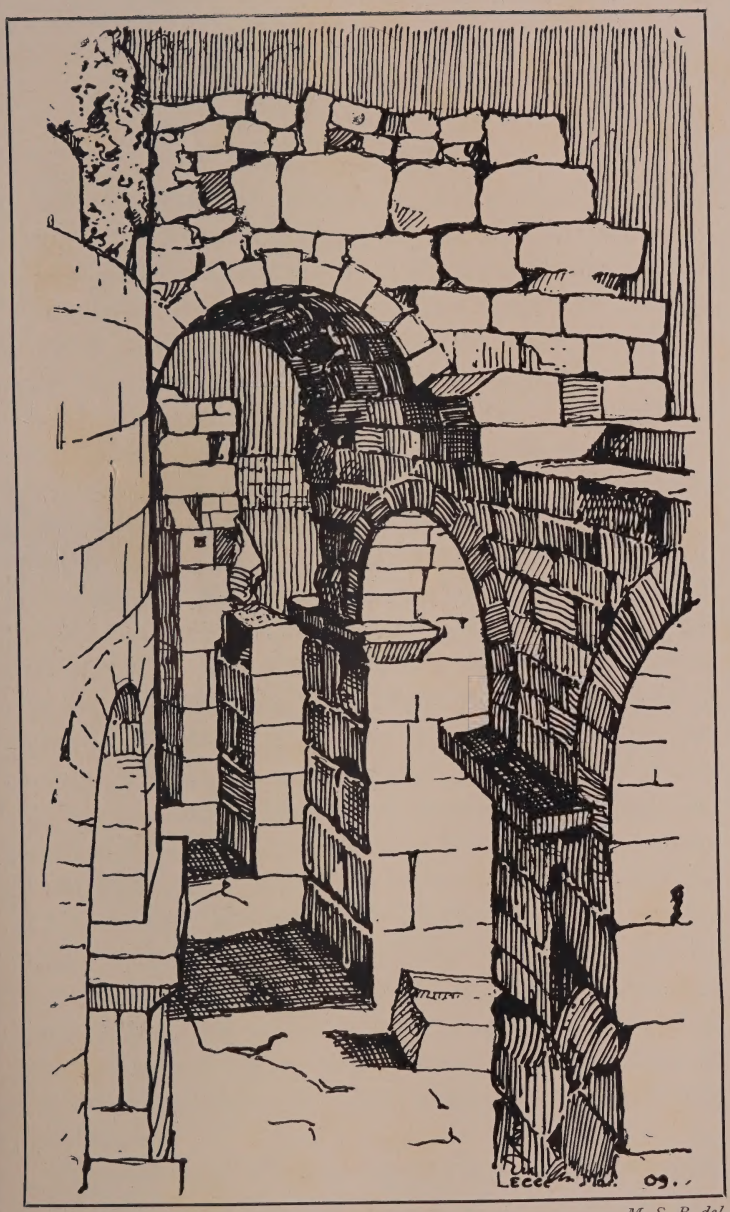
Many carved marble fragments have been found within the passages underground, and from these he is led to believe that it is a work of the second century A.D., while he attributes its decay to the periods between the sixth and tenth centuries.

The level of the piazza may possibly have been altered to some extent when the fountain was built therein by Mastro Francesco Antonio Zimbalo late in the sixteenth century; or where the fountain was rebuilt and the statue of S. Oronzo erected by his namesake (see p. 240) many years later.

At the present day excavations are slowly proceeding round the circuit of the piazza, below ground except at the entrance, and the plan of the whole amphitheatre can be accurately determined.

Its major axis is 102 metres, minor 83; the arena, major 53, minor 25. Comparing these four measurements with those of more celebrated examples we have:

Colosseum	188 × 156	arena	86 × 54
Capua	170 × 140	„	76 × 46
Pompeii	136 × 104	„	68 × 36
Verona	138 × 110	„	76 × 45
Arles	136 × 107		—
Nimes	74 × 46		—



M. S. B. del.

6. IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, LECCE

p. 78]

The Dark Ages

(*c.* A.D. 250–1019)

It was towards the middle of the third century of our era that a great change took place in the fortunes of the Terra d'Otranto. For five hundred years the firm rule of Rome had allayed all alarms of foreign invasion, and the inhabitants of the district had developed into peaceful farmers and merchants. But a cloud was gathering on the Euxine. During the reign of the capable emperor Decius there came the first threats of invasion from the Goths, fierce and unknown hordes from far Scandinavia who had trekked southwards by slow stages to the Ukraine, gathering in their march across Russia recruits from the finest fighting races of the day. In Thrace they first came to blows with Rome, while another contingent cruised through the Hellespont and Bosphorus towards the Mediterranean. Ignorant of navigation in these southern seas, dependent on the questionable fidelity of hired sailors, they nevertheless sailed undauntedly to Piraeus itself, under the very shadow of Athens. The enfeebled cities of Greece—Sparta and Athens, Corinth and Thebes—were now no longer terrible to a foe, and the barbarians spread over the country till from its western shore they could see in the purple distance the smiling land of Italy with nothing save a few hours' navigation to separate them from the cities nearest to them, Lecce and Otranto.

Then—and not till then—when anxious messengers were thundering up the Appian Way to Rome with news of the imminent scourge, did Gallienus, most

indolent of emperors, bestir himself, and by appearing himself in arms check the enemy's ardour. Then, and not till then, did the invaders realise the immense distance they had travelled from their base, the shortcomings of their means of transport. Back they marched to the Ukraine, sacking Troy on their journey, and revelling in the hot baths at the foot of Mount Haemus in Thrace. So passed the first shadow from the Adriatic shore, but it was fated to come again. I have been unable to find any record of its progress during the fourth and fifth centuries, so it may be assumed that after the various vicissitudes suffered by Italy in general during that time, the Terra d'Otranto prospered under Theodoric (493–526), whose beneficent reign at Ravenna must have made itself felt on all the eastern coast of Italy.

A few years later war again broke out in Southern Italy. Totila, the young Gothic king of Italy, ascended his throne with the intention of restoring his kingdom, recently diminished by the valorous campaign of Belisarius and his soldiers from Byzantium. Reviewing his little army of 5,000 men, Totila set out on his great exploit in 542. His opponents had recently been subjected to a process of army reform, the single brain of Belisarius being replaced by eleven inferior ones of Greek generals. Persian mercenaries formed a large proportion of the Byzantine force in Italy, and fled at the first sound of battle with so hardy an adversary. Ignoring the attractions of besieging Ravenna, Florence, and Rome, Totila marched through the rocky Apennine chain to Naples, which he quickly subdued. Then he continued his progress through the southern provinces, Lecce being one of the cities which he sacked before turning northwards to Rome.

His was a campaign of the type which Cromwell called "thorough." Violation of the laws of war by any of his soldiers was inexorably punished with death, and humanity was apparent in all his dealings with a vanquished foe.

"The strong towns he successively attacked; and as soon as they had yielded to his arms, he demolished the fortifications, to save the people from the calamities of a future siege, to deprive the Romans of the arts of defence, and to decide the tedious quarrel of the two nations by an equal and honourable conflict in the field of battle. The Roman captives and deserters were tempted to enlist in the service of a liberal and courteous adversary; the slaves were attracted by the firm and faithful promise that they should never be delivered to their masters" (Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Vol. IV. ch. xli. p. 472).

Five years after this, Lecce again fell before the Greeks, who may possibly have been led by Belisarius, now again in command of the Byzantine army. Totila again appeared in 549 and once more sacked the city, which, however, seems to have remained subject to the Eastern Emperor. On the other hand, it is recorded that on August 13, 544, Justinian published a "Pragmatic Sanction," in which he confirmed all the gifts made in previous years to the Church. It appears from a clause in this that he had given her Lecce and Gallipoli, finding them to be towns of no strategic value, lying as they did in flat, open country, close to a coast only too accessible to hostile fleets of every kind. To be sacked three times in seven years, as Lecce was, shows clearly enough its vulnerability to attack either by land or sea.

At the end of the century we again have a picture of Lecce in parlous plight. The Popes had a system of taxation of their own, ordaining what their territories should pay in kind, but also engaged to maintain the ordinary Imperial laws with certain canonical modifications, and to supply "homines patrimonii" devoted to the Emperor's service, who would protect him in case of need. In 599 Pope Gregory ("the Great") wrote to Occiliano, the Tribune of Otranto, concerning the heavy charges with which his predecessor Viatore had placed on the citizens of Lecce ("ingenui et liberi homines Romani"), telling how they had laid complaints through the mouth of their bishop Sabino (or Sabiniano) that Lecce was the property of the Roman Church, but that only a few citizens remained to inhabit it. These poor folk had been heavily overtaxed, and would have abandoned the place only that the Lombards would then have occupied it. It hence appears that the "Privilegio Imperatoris" allowed the Pope less power here than in Gallipoli, for whereas in the former case he asks as a favour of the Tribune at Otranto that his wishes be followed, in the latter case he issues orders and commands, as we know from documents still extant.[1]

About this time the "city" was devastated by a plague, though it is difficult to believe that after such a succession of calamities there was any city left to devastate beyond a few wretched huts.

The conquest of the greater part of Italy by Alboin the Lombard king (568–70) had some effect on Lecce and the Terra d'Otranto. Pratilli remarks that up to the coming of Constantine III., who landed at Taranto

[1] For an excellent account of the way in which Gregory administered the papal finances see Gibbon, Vol. V. ch. xlv. p. 43.

in 663 to oppose the Lombards, the boundaries of their duchy of Beneventum which they held were those of the Tarentine region, so that Oria, Brindisi, Lecce, Nardò, Gallipoli, Ugento, and Alessano, and all the Capo di Leuca—in fact, the whole Terra d'Otranto—remained in the hands of the Greeks. In 680 Romualdo, Duke of Beneventum, held Taranto, Brindisi, and the whole province, but Gallipoli and Otranto may still have been left to the Church. Lecce undoubtedly was under the Lombards for some time, as is patent from the many documents in their language in the Vescovado there. The adjoining city of Manduria is said to have been destroyed by them in 694, one "Reparatus" being bishop, so it was apparently not under their rule at that date. Their name occurs in Norman fiefs up to the Middle Ages. Charlemagne, in his conquest of Italy, reached the southern coasts in 773, and after the battle of Chiuse di Susa restored Lecce to the Church. The city thus recovered the use of Roman laws and letters.

During the eighth and ninth centuries all the towns near the Adriatic and Mediterranean coasts were harried by Saracen corsairs, a foe more cruel and ruthless than any which had ravaged these harassed shores. Almost annually there issued from the strong shelter of Palermo harbour formidable squadrons or smaller flotillas for acts of piracy and rapine, the larger fleets being usually mobilised on the African coasts. At Bari, barely a hundred miles north of Lecce, they actually established a sultan, who was not dislodged till an offensive alliance had been concluded between Basil the Macedonian and Lewis, the great-grandson of Charlemagne, the former supplying galleys and cavalry, the latter infantry. In

the pages of Gibbon are related stories of the Saracens' cruelty so barbarous and revolting that one could wish they were less truthful than most of his facts. After the siege and fall of Bari the Greek Emperor once more resumed his sway over the Terra d' Otranto, which was part of the new theme of Lombardy, placed under a "catapan" or governor. From 914 to 944 Lecce was ruled by Berengarius I. and II., kings of Italy, and after the latter's defeat was given by Otho the Great to the Church, under whose rule it remained for many years.

We now close the earlier part of the city's story to turn to the era in which it emerged from a shadowy existence as part of a debatable land to become the capital of a province under one of the most vigorous and interesting races in any period of history. The long record of spoliation and pillage ceases, and we enter on the lists of chivalry and knightly tales.

Lecce, at the end of the ninth century, is described by Guido da Ravenna, an unsubstantial geographer of that day about whom all the doctors disagree. He tells us that its ruins consisted of a theatre and many other vestiges of antiquity. But Lecce, as we next see it, will be the centre of a gay court, resounding with the martial clatter of joust and tourney.

CHAPTER III

LECCE UNDER THE NORMANS

(1019—1200)

The history of Southern Italy in the Dark Ages was dark in every sense of the word. There were, it is true, occasional gleams of something brighter, temporary periods of prosperity such as were experienced under the Lombards or under Theodoric. At the commencement of the eleventh century the Greek theme of Lombardy included all that part of the peninsula south of a line drawn from Mount Garganus to the Bay of Salerno. Recovered, as we have seen, by Basil the Macedonian, this still survived under its catapan or governor, the last remnant of the Eastern Empire. North of it lay the territories of the independent counts of Naples and the republic of Amalfi. Sicily, held by the Moslems, formed part of the kingdom of Tunis. But the rule of the catapan was no security against Saracen inroads, and in the seabound cities (among which we may include Lecce) there was a pitiful contrast between the state of affairs at this time and that which had prevailed in the glorious age of Pythagoras and Magna Græcia. So much for the existing condition

of things when the Normans first appeared on the scene.

At least it is fairer to say that this was their first important appearance, just as there is an "absolutely last appearance" of every great musician after many farewell concerts. The Northmen were no strangers to the Mediterranean even in the eighth century, and had joined in the general picnic of pirates on its defenceless coasts. However, it was not till the year 1019 that some Normans of a more pious turn of mind were afflicted with a desire to visit the cave of Mount Garganus in Apulia, where, said tradition, the archangel Michael had once descended to earth. "If the archangel inherited the temple and oracle, perhaps the cavern, of old Calchas (the soothsayer) the Catholics (on this occasion) have surpassed the Greeks in the elegance of their superstition." Thus Gibbon the cynic—but let us to our cavern. A stranger in a Greek habit met these militant pilgrims, and, being greatly struck by the apparent muscularity of their Christianity, discoursed to them of his pitiful plight. He was a noble of Bari, Melo by name, bitterly opposed to the court of Byzantium, an enforced exile from his home compelled to seek fresh allies. Whether his misfortunes appealed to the Normans we know not: they were of all men most addicted to hard bargains, but at any rate a bargain was struck, and thus it was that the first Norman mercenaries landed in Italy. Defeated at first by superior numbers, they clung to the fastnesses of the Southern Apennines, ready for the beck and call of any who would pay them well. So useful were they to the Duke of Naples that in 1030 he established them at Aversa, only eight miles from his own city.

Their progress was rapid enough from this date, and we may pause to glance at the new settlers who were to have so great an influence on these lands.

As in almost every case where an old race is supplanted by a new one, the invaders were an essentially military people, well organised by their feudal system, religiously inclined, rigorous to the point of cruelty. They are thus described by a historian of the day, Malaterra, who is obviously biassed:

"The Normans are a cunning and revengeful people; eloquence and dissimulation appear to be their hereditary qualities: they can stoop to flatter; but unless they are curbed by the restraint of law, they indulge the licentiousness of nature and passion. Their princes affect the praise of popular munificence; the people observe the medium, or rather blend the extremes, of avarice and prodigality; and, in their eager thirst of wealth and dominion, they despise whatever they possess, and hope whatever they desire. Arms and horses, the luxury of dress, the exercises of hunting and hawking, are the delight of the Normans; but on pressing occasions they can endure with incredible patience the inclemency of every climate and the toil and abstinence of a military life."

Such were the soldiers destined to be the new sovereigns of the Terra d'Otranta. Their chance soon came, and they took it as they took everything that their fancy dictated. In 1038 they had been hired by Maniaces, catapan of Lombardy, to assist in driving the Turks from Sicily. They fulfilled their commission, but found in their employer a head as hard as any of their own; a quarrel ensued as to the division of the spoils, and the Normans left in high dudgeon, revenge deep-seated in their hearts. A little

time for organisation and mobilising, for adding to their attractive standard all the reckless flotsam of disturbed Italy, and then with flags flying they marched to the conquest of Apulia. The campaign was a long series of triumphs for them—triumphs hastened by dissensions in the councils of the Greeks. In one battle after another the odds were ten to one against the Normans, yet never a defeat occurred, and in three years the whole province lay at their feet.

Bari and three other cities chose William Ironarm, one of the great Hauteville family, as Count of Apulia, and from this beginning sprang their great aristocratic republic of Apulia, with twelve subordinate counts. Of the whole province only Bari, Otranto, Brindisi and Taranto were saved from the shipwreck of Greek fortunes, according to Gibbon, and, as we have said, Bari soon proclaimed its independence of the Emperor. Lecce appears to have been taken by the Normans, for in 1046 we read of its recapture by the Varangian guards from Constantinople. The Varangian guards were themselves Norman mercenaries, so in this engagement they were fighting their own kith and kin.

The Normans of Apulia in this year became feudatories of the Western Empire, and as part of this agreement were conceded the adjoining duchy of Beneventum. A few years later the two Emperors of West and East joined with the Pope to drive them out of Italy, but their efforts were unavailing; they became fiefs of the Holy See and a recognised power in the land.

In 1055 three more of the Hauteville family arrived on the scene, one of whom holds a prominent place in the Lecce story. There is surely no more striking

example of the despotism wielded by one family than in the case of the Hautevilles. Tancred their sire was a soldier who some time before 1040 left his castle of Hauteville-le-Guichard near far Coutances to seek his fortune on the unknown shores of Apulia. Successful beyond all expectation, he was able to divide the fruits of his enterprise among a prolific family of at least twelve sons, no statistics as to daughters existing, though of daughters there were several. Of these sons William, the eldest, was the first Count of Apulia, others were Counts of various cities; Robert (afterwards named "Guiscard") became the most famous, and Geoffrey or Godfrey is to us by far the most interesting, since he became the first Count of Lecce.

It is unlikely that when he assumed the new creation in 1055 that Lecce was a place of great importance. It was a town probably of the same size as Otranto or Brindisi, but without the shipping which enhanced their value. In the same year that Lecce obtained its position as the seat of a count, the Normans marched farther south into the heel of Italy and added Gallipoli and Otranto to their dominions. From this date the Eastern Emperor and his catapan trouble us no more. For many centuries Lecce passes by succession through famous feudal families, till at last it comes under the sway of Spain.

A little desultory fighting followed the Norman establishment in the peninsula, and between 1058 and 1060 it is possible that the Greeks may actually have held the maritime cities of the Terra d'Otranto for a short time, but Lecce, probably as a garrisoned centre, seems to have escaped.

Count Godfrey of Lecce was not left in peace to

enjoy his new dignity. His young twin nephews Bohemund and Roger were at war with one another a few years later, and the former, coming from his possessions in the East (where as lieutenant he left a citizen of Lecce, curiously enough, one Giliberto de' Gothi) attacked Otranto. Count Godfrey's sympathies were all with Roger, and he sent two of his numerous brothers with troops to garrison Otranto. Bohemund, however, was too strong for them, flung aside all obstacles in his path, and soon found himself in the proud and unique position of besieging three uncles at one and the same time in Lecce. Either the three united were too strong for him, or the walls too high: at all events he abandoned his enterprise and essayed less perilous conquests in the neighbouring cities.

The twins divided the disputed territory, Bohemund taking Oria, Otranto, Gallipoli, various lands as far as Siponto, and the title of Prince of Taranto. In 1092 he left Italy at rest, setting out a little later on the first Crusade, engineered by Peter the Hermit.

A more peaceful visitor of these days to Lecce was St. Nicholas the Pilgrim, a saint of Trani, who, landing at Otranto, rested at a little chapel dedicated to St. Demetrius outside the city walls, which up to comparatively recent times was still standing. The Mediterranean countries were overrun with pilgrims of every sort, and the Crusades had a great effect on life in all the adjoining towns.

The first ninety years of the Counts of Lecce are devoid of incident. There were "marriage and giving in marriage," wars and rumours of wars, but no records seem to have survived beyond endless genealogical tables—endless lists of prolific and for the

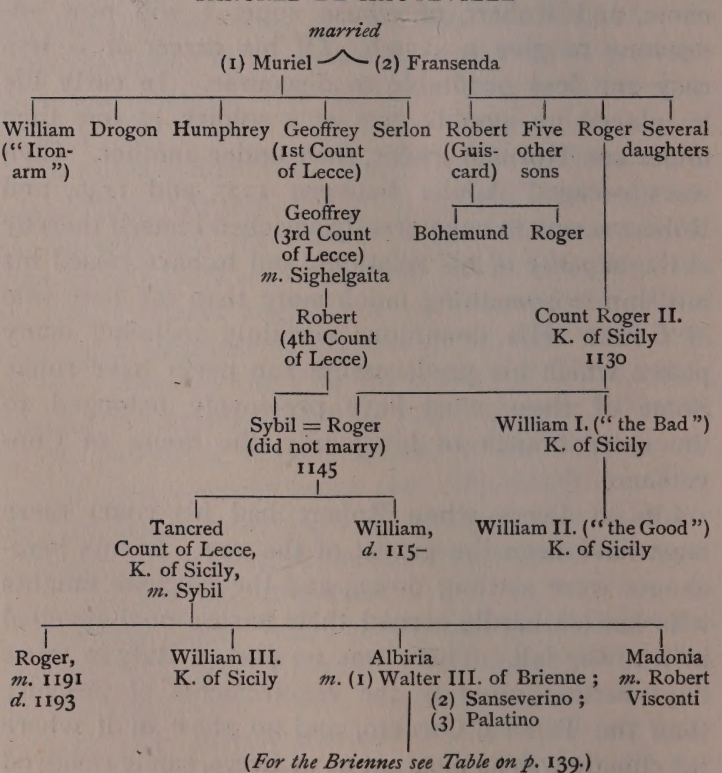
most part legitimate families—and lines of unimportant battle dates. But the position of the Count had strengthened. From a simple seigneur of the days when the Apulian Republic came into being, he had become Lord of Lecce, as an old document proves :

"Accardus Lytii dominus, Goffridusque filius ac Tancredus rex," etc.

Accardus being one of the two or three intermediate Counts between Godfrey, the first of that name, and Robert, of whose court I will now endeavour to give a sketch. Of his career it is less easy and less profitable to discourse. In early life he played no ignoble part as a soldier, at one time under one Norman leader, then under another. Civil wars ravaged Apulia between 1127 and 1139, and Robert seems to have greatly enriched himself thereby at the expense of his relations, and to have raised his lordship to something much more than the bare title of Count. His dominions certainly included many places which his predecessors can never have ruled. Some of these must have previously belonged to the elder branch of his family, the house of Conversano.

Life at Lecce when Robert had his court there must have been the gayest of the gay. Events hereabouts were settling down, and the Norman knights who had so hardly earned their leisure now revelled in it to the full. There was no part of Italy in those days better suited to the requirements of pleasure than the Terra d'Otranto, and no place in it where tne climate was as pleasant as at Lecce, safely removed

from the malarial coast. Moreover, Robert was rich, and lavishly dispensed immense sums on banquets, tourneys, and all the trappings of an elegant and showy existence. Here was gathered the pick of Apulian chivalry, reinforced by other gallant knights on their way to or from the Crusades, only too pleased to break their journey and feast their senses on the long journey between France and the Holy Land. Merchants from the East, pilgrims from the West, all met in the gay streets of Lecce.



(*For the Briennes see Table on p.* 139.)

Photo by Barbieri, Lecc

7. S. NICOLÒ E CATALDO, LECCE : SIDE VIEW
Built by the Norman King Tancred

p. 92]

At Palermo was another Norman court, the seat of King Roger II. of Sicily, who had held that throne since 1130. He had two sons, Roger and William, and was, like Robert of Lecce, a descendant of Tancred de Hauteville. But in the palace at Palermo the old influence of the Saracens was stronger than the more recent one of the Christians. William was brought up there, and in after-life his early training helped to earn him his sobriquet of "The Bad," for one of his weaknesses was a full-blown sultan's harem, whence his advisers had often to drag him by force on the eve of some decisive battle. King Roger realised the evil influences which such surroundings might have on his sons, and cast about him for some place in which the elder might be taught all that an heir-apparent should know. He had not far to seek. His kinsman, Robert of Lecce, was held by all who knew him to be so accomplished a knight and so competent a connoisseur of all matters of taste and elegance that the king could have chosen for his son no more reliable guide and no more perfect model. It only remained for the young Duke of Apulia—for this was Roger's title—to acquire those brilliant exterior gifts which often ensure popularity rather than the more solid virtues. The latter qualities were by no means lacking in him, and, young as he was, several brilliant engagements crowned with success had already won him the reputation of a resourceful, brave, and experienced soldier.

It was he who in 1139 had by a daring *coup de main* become possessed of the person of Innocent the Second, and thus ended the long strife between that bigoted pontiff and his house; he also, who a

few years later, by vanquishing all that remained of the defenders of Lombard autonomy in the bleak gorges of Molise, had closed a romantic conquest by a gallant exploit.

Valiant, generous, and attractive, surrounded by all the prestige that power and success can bring, Roger soon became the idol of this little court to which he had come to seek the polish of knightly manners, the only thing lacking in his rich and vigorous nature. But alas for his inexperience in other matters! Surrounded by seductions of every kind, his heart was beyond his control. It was only to be expected that he would be naturally drawn and captivated by the maiden who was already known to her contemporaries as "Sybil the Beautiful," the daughter of Count Robert himself. He was not slow in falling violently in love with her, and, either through ambition or through mutual attraction, she at last responded to his wishes. Born of a Greek mother, Sybil had inherited from her the warm and voluptuous temperament of the East, and her burning passion in the end destroyed the object of her affections.

After three years of wild indulgence, she realised one terrible day with a shock that her beloved was rapidly approaching his grave, consumed by a lingering disease. The blow was the more crushing for her as two children had been born, and at the death of Roger their happiness and their future would alike go to the winds.

Then there was another serious side to the case. Count Robert had so cleverly concealed his daughter's misconduct, hoping that he would one day see her mounting the steps of the Sicilian throne, that the King learned at the same time of his son's desperate state,

Photo by Dr. Haseloff.

8. S. NICOLÒ E CATALDO, LECCE: INTERIOR

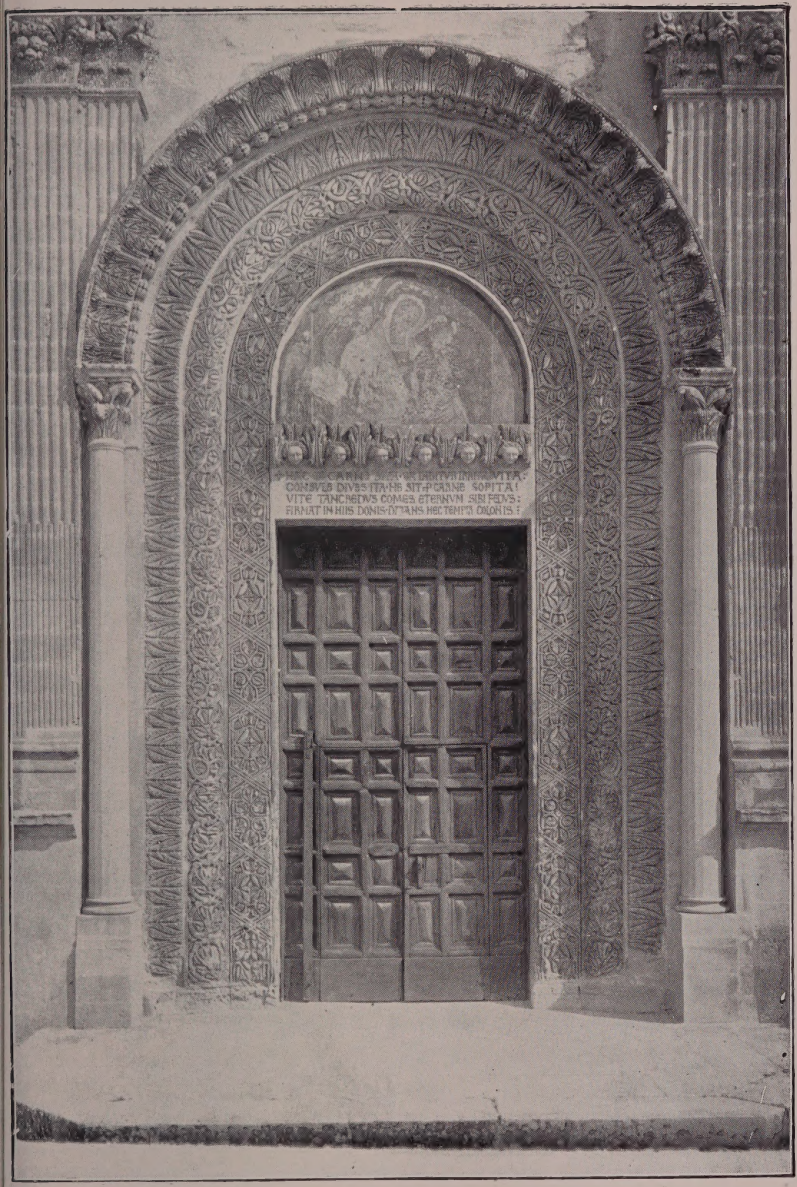
(By permission of the Prussian Historical Institute, Rome)

and of the causes which had brought it about. Angry and uneasy, he demanded his recall—but it was too late, and the Duke was past all human aid. Hardly had he touched Sicilian soil when it became apparent that his end was near. The King made all haste to Messina that he might at least gather his dying son in his arms. On his deathbed the Prince used all his power to allay his father's wrath. He succeeded. The King, wrung by his dying prayers, agreed to acknowledge the union, and dispatched to Lecce one of his trusted counsellors, the Lord of Ventimiglia, with a commission to marry Robert's daughter by proxy. Unfortunately he was too late. Ventimiglia had barely covered half his journey when young Roger breathed his last. The ambassador was recalled in urgent words.

Then, all his momentary tenderness gone from him, the King let loose the flood-gates of a bitter and vindictive spirit. Rapidly collecting a strong force, he placed his surviving son William in command, and dispatched him to Lecce with carte blanche to treat the city and its inhabitants as suited his taste. Robert was expecting measures of revenge to be taken, and was himself preparing for siege. He wrote to his relatives at Clarenza for reinforcements, and meanwhile strengthened his fortifications. A long and weary siege ensued, William ravaging all the surrounding country and utterly destroying Rusce, Vaste, Baleso, Columito, and other villages of which not even a trace remains. Robert began to realise that his situation was becoming desperate. One night when the cordon round the city had begun to grow careless, a little party silently issued forth cloaked in darkness, taking advantage of every

shelter, perhaps even of the underground passages that still existed. The old man with the proud figure is the Count of Lecce, flying from a lost cause; with him is Sybil the Beautiful—now Sybil the Sorrowing—and her two babes, whom she has named Tancred and William. Down to the seashore they went in the veil of night, and made the best of their hazardous journey to Otranto, where a boat sent by their friends from Clarenza awaited them. A fierce tempest endangered their crossing, but at length they landed in Greece, none the worse for their adventure, to receive warm greetings and a kindly shelter from misfortune. It was not long before Sybil consoled herself by marrying again, on this occasion the doughty Jacques de Lusignan, whose even more famous brother Guy was that King of Cyprus who took such a brilliant part in the Crusades. It is not likely that Robert ever ventured to appear in Lecce again. He was already a man of many years, and probably died in his retreat in Greece.

But what of Lecce in the meantime? The city had fared ill. Rusce had fallen, Robert had fled, divided counsels were disturbing the defenders. Famine and all the horrors of a long siege were beginning to be felt within the walls. William was not reputed tender-hearted, but little did the besiegers realise what lay in store for them when at last they yielded up their arms. Biagio di Gravina relates that the city was abandoned to fire and sword, its buildings razed to the ground, its inhabitants massacred without regard to age or sex, and a great mass of booty carried away to Sicily. It was not ninety years since it had last been beleaguered, but so far as we know they had been years of wonderful progress. Thus


VITA
CONIVGE DIVES TAVIS SIT PRVINE SOPITA
VITE TANCREDVS COMES ETERNVM SIBI FENS
FIRMAT IN HIS DONIS DIANS HEC TEMPA ORONIS

9. S. NICOLÒ E CATALDO, LECCE: PRINCIPAL DOORWAY

was the gay city of Lecce, the seat of a brilliant and chivalrous court, innocent of any political or personal crime, made to suffer massacre and every imaginable agony for the sake of a thoughtless act, and literally wiped from the face of the earth.

Over in Greece were the two children still left to carry on the memory of that city, but at some time early in their childhood they were seized by their jealous grandfather, King Roger, and brought up under his eye in the palace at Palermo.

Here their characters began to develop under the strict supervision which was kept over them, and which lasted after William the Bad succeeded his father on the throne of Sicily. William, the elder of the two, was the family Esau, brave, warm-hearted, and handsome, bidding fair to become a gallant knight, but destined to die before he had reached his prime. Tancred, on the other hand, was *par excellence* a student, gifted with an active and retentive mind. All kinds of knowledge were acceptable to him, and his favourite branches were mathematics, astronomy, and music. Of these three subjects, the old writers assure us, he knew as much as any man living! His was a shy and retiring disposition, very different from his brother's. His friends regarded him as intended for the quiet life of a cloistered recluse, but later learned that the mind of a student is not of necessity unfitted to adorn the body of a warrior.

There was great dissatisfaction at the court of Palermo. King William was hated even by his minions and admired by none. Like the *rois fainéant* of France he had delegated his power to a favourite, who met an early death by assassination about 1165. A great and far-reaching plot revealed itself,

in which none had played a more prominent part than Tancred himself. The conspirators had to fight for their lives, but after heroic efforts were at last vanquished by the King and granted a safe-conduct to leave the country. Tancred went to Greece for some years, and then on the accession of William the Good in 1166 was recalled to Palermo. King Roger's grandson seemed to wish to repair his grandfather's severity to Tancred, and heaped favours on him with a prodigal hand.

He restored to him the county of Lecce, added to it some of his own territory, found him a wife in Sybil of Madonia, daughter of the puissant Count of Acerra, made him Grand Constable, and entrusted him with the command of two important military expeditions in 1174 and 1184. But in each expedition, at Alexandria and at Thessalonica, Tancred was worsted; and William was forced to seek foreign aid to enable him to retain his throne. He offered the hand of Constance his aunt to the Emperor Henry VI., and Tancred among others took the oath of fidelity to them, but, being shortly afterwards elected King of Sicily by the Normans on his cousin's death, broke it again. His position was desperate. He was placed on an insecure throne and threatened by a formidable antagonist, for Barbarossa was no *roi fainéant*. His eldest son had died, his youngest was an infant-in-arms. Sybil the Beautiful, his luckless mother, went in tears to Henry and begged that at least the grandchildren might be left the inheritance of Lecce. The Emperor simulated clemency, gave her what she asked, and offered to add the principality of Taranto to his gift, but it was only an illusory concession.

He accused the Sicilian king's family of hatching a plot against him, seized them during Tancred's absence and imprisoned them in a grim donjon in Lower Germany. It was not Sybil the Beautiful who now found herself isolated in this northern land, but her namesake of Madonia, who was Tancred's wife. With her was his son little William and his sisters, of whom Albiria is the only one we shall meet again. To ensure the end of the Hauteville family with this generation, the cruel Emperor mutilated the infant William so terribly that he survived only a short time.

So Tancred found himself with his back to the wall, fighting for his own kingdom, deprived of all those he loved. Then he proved himself worthy of all the high traditions of his family. The Pope looked on him with favour, for the Barbarossa party was becoming too strong. In the districts of Apulia round his own county of Lecce submission was universal (for here he was very popular), except in the case of the powerful Count of Andria. But in Sicily anarchy was raging, and here he found his hardest work to lie. Richard Cœur-de-Lion too was at his door with an army of Crusaders, and required some attention. For a moment Lecce may be left to take care of itself while we witness a squabble between these two powerful sovereigns. Richard was accompanied by Philip Augustus of France. Tancred had the best of reasons for disliking both of the twain, for Richard was an ally of Henry Barbarossa, and Philip's sister was Joanna, widow of William the Good, whose inheritance he now held. The circumstances of their meeting too at Messina were unfortunate. Messina had begun by closing its gates

against the visitors, and then, we are told, the arrogance of the English annoyed the Sicilians, who refused them provisions and showed their resentment by various acts of provocation or revenge. Messina and the neighbouring towns were then inhabited by a mixed Greek and Saracen race whom English historians of the day describe by the strange name of "Griffons." Becoming excited, they at length attacked the lodging of Earl March, Richard's vassal. Cœur-de-Lion leapt into his saddle and charged the rabble unmercifully.

Tancred, who had now arrived on the scene, met Richard secretly, flattered him judiciously and offered him various bribes. He suggested that his daughter should marry Arthur of Brittany, Richard's heir, and promised to ally himself with the latter against Philip Augustus, with whom he was now crusading on terms of brotherly amity. All these things seemed exceeding good in Richard's honest eyes, so, cheerfully promising the aid against Barbarossa which was his share of this shifty bargain, he sailed gaily away from Messina.

Tancred, having restored order in Sicily, returned to Apulia to strengthen the wavering allegiance of his vassals there, concluding with a visit to Brindisi, where Roger, the son still spared to him, was being married to Urania, daughter of Isaac, the Emperor of Constantinople. The wedding was a magnificent function, but in the midst of feasting and rejoicing, all the more pleasant to him since Roger was an idolised son, Tancred was called away by the news of Henry's arrival on the borders of his territory, and by the cry that Naples was in danger. Tancred hurriedly left Brindisi to commence another war,

10. S. NICOLÒ E CATALDO, LECCE : DETAIL OF PRINCIPAL DOORWAY

p. 100]

which never left him a moment's rest from anxiety till his death two years later. His life became an alternate campaign in Sicily and on the mainland, and is marked by an act of clemency. The Empress Constance, his kinswoman, on one occasion fell into his hands at Salerno. Instead of avenging himself for Henry's cruel insult to his wife, he returned Constance in safety to her lord in Germany. The war apparently concluded at last, he came back at last to Palermo never to leave it again. His beloved son Roger was dead, and the news had just reached him. Established now firmly on his throne, he was a lonely and a miserable man. One after another, he had lost all his nearest kindred, and this unhappiness undoubtedly hastened his end. On February 20th, 1194, the great King Tancred, less than fifty years of age, died alone. His own wishes provided that he should be buried there in the Cathedral in the same grave as his son; but, as a French nobleman has touchingly said in concluding his stormy life: "Even there a revengeful foe did not scruple to disturb the rest of those two united in death."

So passed the great Tancred, fourth King of Sicily and fifth Count of Lecce. He left his mark on that city in many ways, and on several occasions seems to have lived there for a while. He rebuilt the walls of the city and carried out other necessary improvements. He gave various fiefs to the citizens of Lecce, the fief and village of Surbo to the monks of S. Giovanni.

But to us of to-day his memory will always be enshrined in the quaint and beautiful church which stands, in a setting of orange-trees and cypresses, brilliant flowers and divers blossoms, just outside the city. Here, where now the quiet dead of Lecce

sleep in ordered rows, we may wander down the broad gravel walk of the Campo Santo to where Tancred's temple is framed in by those same dark trees that are to be found in the churchyards of so many lands. And over the magnificent doorway, unsurpassed for beauty in all Southern Italy, may be read plainly the fantastic Latin verse in which Tancred records his faith for all time. There is nothing in all Lecce so interesting as those eight lines of firm lettering which have come down to us from the days when "Comes Tancredus," passing from one battlefield to another, paused in his journey to see the church which he was building in his native city, and dictated to the mason the dedication which he had composed.

The Government of Italy now maintains as a historical monument this church, which is so valuable to lovers of architecture and history alike.

With Tancred's death comes a break in the succession to the county of Lecce. William, the child who had suffered at the Emperor's hands a few years before, may have held it for a short time before his death; but it appears to have been given about 1195 to Robert Visconti (who later married Madonia, a younger daughter of Tancred), by the Emperor, who at last had gained possession of the Sicilian crown which he had coveted so long. Visconti died and was buried at Lecce in 1210 in the apse of the church of the SS. Trinita which he had built there. With him were sleeping for many centuries Queen Sybil —Tancred's wife—and her daughter Albiria. Madonia's marriages and other entanglements are of little interest here, and it was to Albiria that Lecce looked for succour.

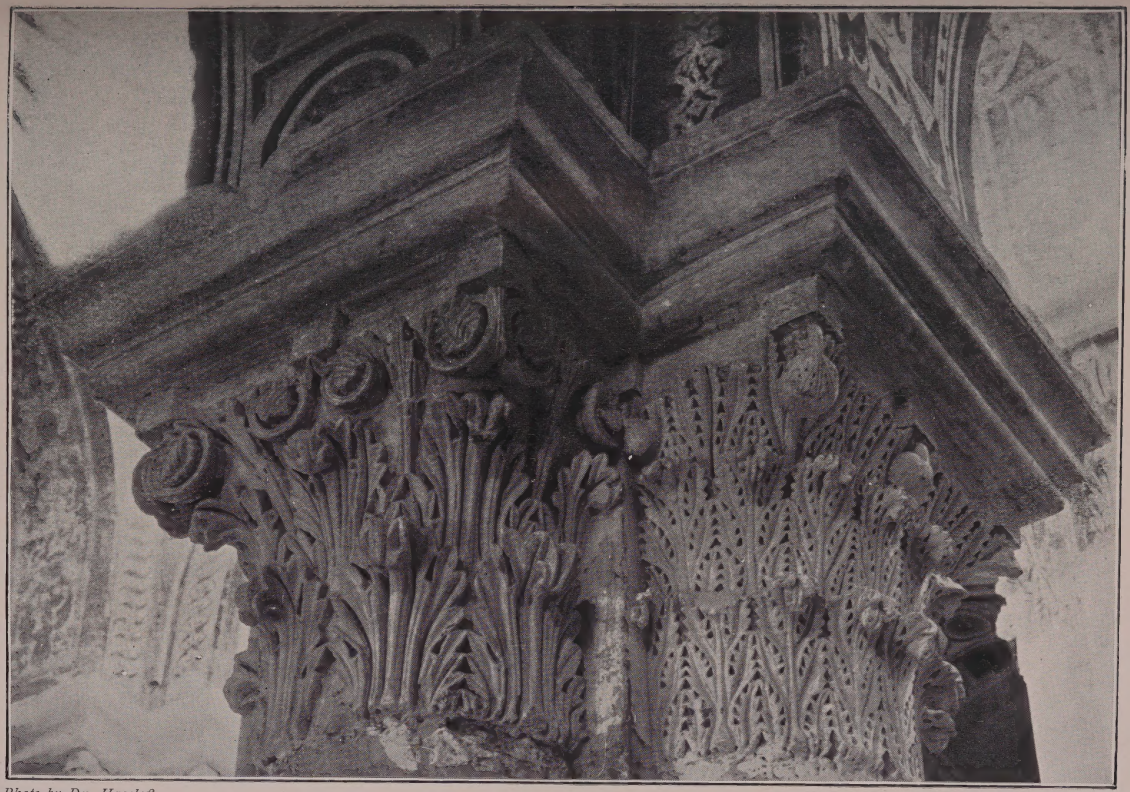


Photo by Dr. Haseloff.

II. S. NICOLÒ E CATALDO, LECCE: DETAIL OF CAPITALS
(By permission of the Prussian Historical Institute, Rome)

p. 102]

Released at last from her German prison, she and her mother sought sanctuary from their cruel persecutor at the brilliant court of King Philip of France. Queen Sybil was an ambitious woman, and her object was to find among the many doughty hearts in Philip's entourage one which would take Albiria to wife, and win back from alien hands the domain of her ancestors. Her search was not in vain, and she consigned her daughter to the care and affections of Walter, Count of Brienne, a seigneur of France. With their marriage in 1200 the line of Hautevilles became extinct, and for over a century and a half Lecce was held by the Briennes.

CHAPTER IV

LECCE UNDER THE BRIENNES

(1200—1384)

At this time the Briennes were among the most ancient and noble families of feudal France. Their ancestry could be traced back to Carolingian times, and their family fortunes were sprung from Count Engilbert, a rough warrior of the days of Louis IV. d'Outre-mer. Walter III., who now held this famous title, was probably fifty years of age when Sybil proffered her unusual request. Yet he was young in every sense but that of age. Only two years before, he had taken a prominent part in the wars between Cœur-de-Lion and Philip, a part which no younger man would have been ashamed to own. It was, indeed, due to his military reputation above all things —for he was a poor man—that he was sought after by the heiress of two Norman kings.

At first he does not seem to have smiled upon the idea of marriage. Whether it was that he felt himself too old for a young and beautiful maiden, or whether he felt that the obligations to which he was to be bound were too much for his slender resources, at any rate it required all Albiria's graces and all Sybil's

powers of persuasion to bring about the happy ending which they desired. The wedding ultimately took place at Melun early in 1200 in the presence of the King and all his Court.

The amount of intrigue proceeding at this time between the powers of Europe is perfectly amazing, and Sybil's part in all these affairs was a foremost one. Philip, the Emperor, the Pope — each was scheming behind the back of his ally for the time being. However, Walter made up his mind that the Pope's help was the only help worth having, and as soon as his marriage had been solemnised he set out with Sybil, Albiria, and a few devoted friends for the Court of Rome. His object was not so much to obtain actual aid in men or money, sadly as he lacked both, but rather to gain the papal sanction for his enterprise.

The value of that sanction in mediæval days can hardly be overestimated. There was some little delay before Innocent III. at length agreed, though secretly his mind had been made up long before. Then, leaving Sybil and Albiria in Rome to weave the intrigues they loved so keenly, Walter returned to Champagne in the middle of the summer of 1200 to gather men and raise funds. His brother John (later destined to become King of Jerusalem), Walter de Montbelliard, Eustace de Conflans, Robert de Joinville— these were the great names enrolled under his banner. Money was difficult to find. Brienne himself, though a large landed proprietor, does not seem to have had the enormous estates held by his grandson, and the cost of the Crusades was emptying the pockets of most French warriors. However, Theobald of Champagne, one of the most powerful nobles of the

day, agreed to lend him 700 livres on the nail, and to find further sums for him from financiers. Thus equipped, he set out in April 1201 with his little band for Italy. They crossed the Mont Cenis pass, and two or three weeks later the cavalcade rode into Rome. Their mission had already been noised abroad; but when they arrived—a tired, footsore squadron, emaciated with their long journey through France and Italy, stained with the mud of bad roads or no roads at all, limp, and jaded in aspect—the light-hearted citizens of the Eternal City made many a merry quip at their expense. Were these the valiant opponents of the rough German troops, whom the flower of Italian and Norman chivalry had failed to defeat? As the little band filed past, the Pope's heart sank lower and lower.

"Is this all your army?" he asked. "How many combatants does it consist of?"

"Sixty knights and forty men-at-arms," replied his interlocutor with imperturbable coolness.

"They are few," answered the pontiff; "two thousand men would not be too many to defeat the four thousand who are waiting for you away down there."

"Bah!" said the Count. "I put more trust in God and my right than in any man who may happen to be my enemy."

But this bravado had little effect on the astute Innocent, and with the fear of losing all his chances in Sicily for ever by the failure of this expedition, he decided to open his coffers, and gave Brienne five hundred ounces of gold. He had already sent instructions to every cleric in the southern province as to helping the adventurer by any means in his power, instructions which reached into every part

of the country more thoroughly than a police notice does even in England to-day. It was in May 1201 that Brienne began his southward march along the old Latin Way, and outside Capua in June that he so signally defeated German Diepold with his large force. The moral effect of the victory was remarkable, crowds of knights now flocking to his banner whom only caution had so far kept away. Melfi, Barletta, Montepeloso, Brindisi, Otranto hastened to open their gates to him.

Lecce gave itself up at the first summons, but he was forced to carry the citadel by assault. Only Monopoli and Taranto opposed any resistance to him. In spite of these two cities, he was able to place his headquarters in the Terra d' Otranto, guided in all his counsels by Guglielmo Prato, a nobleman of the district, whom Sybil, a keen judge of human character, had found for his adviser. The Prato family supplied other counsellors and men of action when Lecce needed them in later days. His mother-in-law and his young wife now hastened to rejoin him, the latter bringing back to Lecce all the luxury of the Palermo Court, and thus reviving in the new capital by feasting of every kind the bad old times of Count Robert and the voluptuous mistress of unhappy Roger of Apulia.

Meanwhile there was unrest at Palermo, and Constance, trembling for her throne, was wheedling every crowned head within her ken. Again Brienne entered the lists, and on the field of Cannae—already drenched twice with blood since Hannibal first made it one of the battle-grounds of the world—he again vanquished a stronger foe. It was the famous charge that France had made her own that left him master

of a hard-fought day, and he returned from that lonely and malaria-stricken plateau with the consciousness of a great thing achieved.

But the mind of Southern Italy is fickle as the wind; the hearts of some of his crusaders yearned for a sight of Palestine. Sicily was again disturbed. On the other hand, John of Brienne took so optimistic a view of things that he left Lecce for the Holy Land, and the Germans under Diepold seemed to have been finally driven out of harm's way into the mountains.

In June 1205, when Walter was skirmishing in the neighbourhood of Sorrento, the end came more suddenly than any had expected. His camp at Sarno was surprised in the dead of night; he was caught while sleeping in his tent, and, though fighting like a lion, fell an easy prey to Diepold's men. He seems to have been betrayed, and for once Diepold treated his foe with compassion, sending for all the doctors which Salerno's famous school of medicine could provide. Then the German came to him and offered him not only peace but the fiefs of Acerra and Salerno. Walter declined the offer with violent scorn, and Diepold in anger pricked his face with a dagger. Weak as a child through loss of blood, Walter fell back helpless, but when he recovered himself he solemnly untied all the bandages which skilful surgeons had bound round his lacerated limbs, and as the blood poured from the wounds he breathed his last.

He was buried in a little church by one of the Apennine streams, a lonely spot, in which a simple stone bears the words:

"HIC JACET GUALTIERUS A BRENNO . COMES . BARO."

But in the careless city of Lecce, for which he had done so much, and now given up his life, Albiria passed the time in frovolities worthy of her grandmother. We do not know enough of her to accept the uncharitable view of the French chronicler who says that she only delayed her second nuptials with one count of Tricarico long enough to bring into the world the boy she was expecting.

"Had she been of the same stamp as Sybil the Beautiful," says the cynic, "no such trifle as this would have stood in her way. Her second husband died in time to allow her to marry once more; on this occasion a Tuscan count."

Both she and her mother were buried in the Church of the SS. Trinita at Lecce.

Walter IV

The second Walter to become Count of Lecce, the fourth to succeed to the Brienne estates, was born in 1205 or 1206, and succeeded to the former title in 1210. His father had held not only Lecce (as appears from documents in which he is styled "Dei Gratia Comes Lytii"), but most of the Principality of Taranto as well, from 1201 to 1204, and many Leccese citizens had fought in the wars against the Emperor. After her third marriage Albiria and her child seem to have come back to Lecce for some unknown reason, and to have lived there, but she does not appear to have held the title, and died in 1212.

It was at the intercession of the Empress Constance, who still looked kindly on the grandson of Tancred who had treated her chivalrously, that little Walter was recognised as count, while still a small child, by

Frederick II. It appears that in this same year Frederick sacked and almost levelled Lecce because it had raised the Papal banner.

On the death of his mother the boy was sent to his uncle, John of Jerusalem, a man of middle age, who was one of the foremost warriors of his age. He had reached his three score years and ten when he entered on the fifth crusade, his nephew probably accompanying him in camp by this time, through Egypt and the Holy Land, and bearing arms for the first time. It is only certain, however, that Walter returned to Lecce in 1221 and put in a claim to his paternal estates. Whether he was invested with the titles on this occasion is another matter. His uncle returned to Italy in the following year to arrange an important wedding, of his own daughter Yolande to Frederick the Emperor, with the Pope Honorius III. at Verona, embarking from Brindisi for Northern Italy in the autumn. Frederick's conduct in the matter of this marriage was that of an ungrateful Machiavellian, but the old King of Jerusalem saw no rocks ahead, and rejoiced in his daughter's brilliant prospects. With a light heart he left Italy for a tour through Europe to rouse enthusiasm among her rulers for the sixth crusade. But his hopes were disappointed, and with wedding-bells ringing in his brain the idea crossed his mind of marrying again. His first experiment in that direction had been at sixty years of age; his second found him still young at seventy-three, when he led Berengaria of Castile to the altar in 1223 or 1224.

He then slowly retraced his steps through France and Germany, and arrived in Italy early in 1225, his wife and nephew with him. The former gave birth

to a child at Capua in April, and rejoined John a few weeks later at Melfi, so that they might both be present at the ceremony at Brindisi. The Archbishop of Capua had gone over to the East to bring back Yolande, already betrothed, and shortly after her arrival the magnificent nuptials took place. The church in which they were celebrated has been replaced by an ugly barn of a building, and one wonders why Lecce was not honoured on such an occasion, as by this time it must have ousted Brindisi in importance. The bride was fifteen years of age, the bridegroom twenty-nine. "She," we read, "was in the spring-tide of her charms; he, without being tall, had a perfectly proportioned figure, good features, an agreeable expression, and the fair hair of all the Hohenstaufens." Immediately the formalities were concluded, indeed as they left the cathedral, Frederick claimed the kingdom of Jerusalem—his chief inducement to the alliance—and set out with his young consort for his home, with never a word of adieu to his venerable father-in-law. John was justly incensed at the slight, and followed the pair when their precipitate departure was known, finding them at Foggia, where a stormy but unprofitable interview ensued. Then Frederick, for no particular reason, changed his plans, and returned with his wife to the Terra d' Otranto, where he stayed for a few weeks. It was probably at Lecce that he committed a folly which filled his brimming cup to overflowing, for while actually on his wedding tour he seduced a cousin of his wife's, who complained to her father and demanded punishment. The news, coming to the old King of Jerusalem, was the last straw. An added insult to the family pride after all it had suffered

during the past month was too much for human patience, and his treatment of Frederick in the interview which followed was not of the gentlest. But Walter, too, had his say in the matter. Only twenty, so far he had merely played a secondary part in this bickering, but while left to himself at Lecce he had indulged the passion for intrigue which he had inherited from his mother and grandmother. Regarding Frederick as a usurper, piqued, too, by being treated as a boy, Walter had arranged a pleasant little plot to dethrone his rival.

This coming to the Emperor's ears, he set about arranging how to poison Walter, and, finding it difficult, evolved a stratagem for assassinating him while playing a friendly game of chess together. The game began, the assassin was hired and waiting, the pieces were moving slowly across the board, when the old king rushed in, warned of his nephew's imminent peril and, seizing him by the arm, dragged him from the table. Then, sitting down in the vacant chair, he abused Frederick in the most insulting way his brain could conceive, ending with the hated epithet of "bastard." This last word was dreaded by Frederick like the plague. It was the cry of all his enemies. Silent and pale, he sat speechless before this attack by the aged Hercules, who with a blow of his fist could have sent him into eternity. So says history, adding slyly that an Arab historian who saw Frederick four years later in Syria said he would not fetch 200 drachmas on the slave market.

But John, brave as he was, knew better than to trust Frederick after this business, and he and Walter fled from the Terra d'Otranto northwards to Barletta, making their way thence to Rome through the Abruzzi.

John then stayed for some time in Italy with his wife, while Walter went to France. Leaving them to their usual interminable intrigues and negotiations, it is more interesting to see how Lecce was faring.

A few years before Yolande's wedding the city had been honoured by the most celebrated man of that day, *Francis of Assisi.* Shortly after establishing his Order of Friars Minor, he had sent some of them to commence work in Lecce, and when returning from the East, as Dante says:

> E per trovare a conversione acerba
> Troppo la gente, per non stare indarno,
> Reddissi al frutto dell' italica erba; . . .

he stayed a short time in the city to observe their progress, and in a house given by the Guarini family founded a Chiesa Minoritica. A charming little legend is told by Fatalò of his visit, of which I now give a translation:

"St. Francis of Assisi, as was the usage with religious mendicants, passed from house to house asking an alms: and one day found himself in front of a patrician's palace (to-day possessed by the noble family of Perroni, and believed from time immemorial in Lecce to have been long ago the home of our first Bishop, Saint Oronzo). He knocked at the door and claimed an alms for the love of God. Suddenly an exceeding comely page gave him a large white loaf and vanished. At the knock on the door a man-servant from within appeared, so Francis thanked him in God's name for having been given the loaf which he now held in his hand. But the man said the loaf had not come from their palace, whereupon it becoming apparent to St. Francis, and also to the inhabitants of the palace, that a miracle had been wrought by

Divine Providence, they one and all gave thanks to the Most High and, that others might hold the deed in perpetual remembrance, they caused to be carved over the arch of the door an angel in the act of descending from heaven and offering a loaf. And this very memorial may be seen in that palace even to-day."

Fatalò wrote this many centuries ago, but the statue still remains on one of the houses built by the Paladini, now forming No. 14, Isolario della Parrocchia della Luce.

Another incident of almost the same date was the outbreak of a serious epidemic among the large numbers of crusaders stationed temporarily in the district, waiting for the signal of departure to the Holy Land to be given. Frederick at last made a start in 1228, but being himself stricken by the new disease, was promptly excommunicated by the Pope, who must have been something of a Christian Scientist if he expected Frederick to be proof against contagion. It is more probable that his own spies brought reports of the Emperor's condition, which made His Holiness sceptical.

The Briennes again came to the fore. John—at nearly eighty years of age—was ordered by the Pope to form an army, and Walter joined him. Both had their own ambitions, one to become Emperor, the other King of Sicily. Both were mortally offended with Frederick, whose wife had succumbed at twenty-one to six years of cruel treatment. He, hearing of Italy's danger in Egypt, hurried home through the Terra d'Otranto, persuaded a body of German crusaders kicking their heels at Brindisi to join him, and marched up the Adriatic coast at full speed. On the

Liris he encountered the Papal forces under the Briennes, and routed them. The indefatigable John returned to France to raise another army with a view to relieving Constantinople, while Walter went to his Champagne estates.

The remaining sixteen years of Walter's life reads like a fairy tale. By his marriage with Marie de Lusignan he became a large landowner in Cyprus, by daring deeds against the infidels became Count of Joppa. His career is a long record of heroism and adventure in the Holy Land till, after the sack of Jerusalem in 1244, he was captured and taken to Cairo, subjected to excruciating torture and finally killed. He met death with the unflinching fortitude of his father and uncle, and will, like them, be handed down in history as a man to whom fear was unknown, as though indeed such a quality did not exist in his composition. These years are, however, lean years for the Lecce chronicler. All the city's bravest were away in the East and little of interest was happening at home.

Manfred

(1229—1268)

Whether it was after Frederick's great defeat of the Briennes and the Papal army in 1229 that he seized the county of Lecce is uncertain. At all events, he had it when his son Manfred was in his teens, and created him Prince of Taranto and Count of Lecce. At Frederick's death, in 1250, Manfred found himself in Lecce as governor of the Terra d' Otranto, Apulia, and Calabria, but renounced the office after four years, receiving from Pope Innocent IV. in ex-

change the investiture of the Principality of Taranto, Tricarico, and Gravina. This agreement only lasted a short time, and then the pontifical party rebelled against Manfred in Brindisi, Nardò, Mesagne, Otranto, Oria, and Lecce. He reconquered them all, though Oria opposed him for several months. Nor is it remarkable to any one who has ever seen that enormous cliff of impregnable masonry frowning over the surrounding fields.

He was crowned King of Sicily on hearing a false rumour of his half-brother Conradin's death at Palermo in 1258, fought fiercely for his throne, and became in the end the ruler of a larger part of Italy than any Italian sovereign since Louis II. Beyond the limits of Naples and Sicily he held Corfu, Durazzo, and a strip of the Albanian coast which came to him as part of his wife's dowry. (He married Helen Comnenus in 1259.) After his wedding a great tourney was held at Bari, and two Lecce knights—Orlando Maramonte and Renzo di Persona —jousted with great credit in the lists. Another, Conrad Capece, is one of the noblest figures in the city's story, and with ten other knights on the field of Beneventum in 1266 swore to kill Charles of Anjou the usurper. But in this battle all the fortunes of Southern Italy and Sicily were changed, and Manfred was slain. It is again necessary to consider European politics at this moment to realise Lecce's position. The Emperor considered himself justified in hawking the crown of Sicily round Europe while Manfred held it, on the ground that the latter had not established his claim. It was offered to Edmund of England among others; and finally accepted by Charles, Count of Anjou, sovereign Count of Pro-

vence through his wife, brother of St. Louis of France. Crowned by the Pope in 1266, he marched to take possession of his lord's grant, and hence occurred the great battle of Beneventum.

From this date for sixteen years Sicily was the prey of an unsympathetic foreigner, and sank to its lowest ebb. Naples fared better, and became capital of a new dynasty, which held the continental lands after the island had been lost. Spain's connection with Southern Italy began in Manfred's time, for his daughter Constance (Sybil, Constance, and Isabel seem to alternate in royal families of the day) had married Peter of Aragon.

Lecce, as usual, was a centre of disaffection. Conrad Capece was still on the warpath, still holding to his vow to kill Charles of Anjou if chance permitted it. The new king pursued his formidable rival into Brindisi, and in 1269 occurred the next sack of Lecce, an event which has occurred with such monotonous frequency in these pages.

Hugh of Brienne

(1268—1296)

It was to recover this disturbed inheritance that the only survivor of the Briennes came about 1268 from the wars in Palestine. He was the youngest of Walter IV.'s three sons, and was as ambitious as any of his predecessors. He had indeed already claimed the regency of Palestine on the ground of his mother's rights in Cyprus and Jerusalem. At every port on the Adriatic and Ionian seas the flower of French chivalry was gathering in little groups to

uphold the new French monarch's throne, and amongst these was Hugh of Brienne. Conradin, who was no more dead now than he had been when Manfred had seized his crown ten years before, was advancing with a strong force from the north. Sicily was in rebellion, and the Saracens of Lucera were under arms. Small wonder then that Charles should show himself generous to one who had served him so well when the bloody field of Tagliacozzo had been won, and the Suabian death-knell sounded. He restored to Hugh the greater part of the domains which his grandfather and great-grandfather had held before him—Lecce, San Donato, Tripuzzo, and Terenzano in the Terra d'Otranto—adding to them the estate of Burelli in Calabria as compensation for the isolated fiefs of the county of Lecce in 1271. It is a relief to turn for a moment from military records and discuss the position in which so many years of warfare had placed the Brienne estates.

When first he became Count of Lecce his Italian estates brought him in something between five and six thousand pounds annual rent in our money. But with the eventual idea of becoming King of Cyprus he used every endeavour to increase the value of his property so as to have a regal income at his command. The Calabrian estate was too far removed from Lecce to be easily managed. He therefore hastened to exchange it for places nearer at hand. He actually asked Charles for a sum of money down in lieu of sundry lands he had been given, but of which he had been unable to take possession for various reasons. By this astute move he made over £7,000 in hard cash, and shortly afterwards persuaded the King to award him yet another

fief. Thus step by step his property in Italy had advanced in value until even on taxation returns (and was ever a Norman honest in such a case?) Brienne dared not place his annual rent-roll at less than £7,500 a year! Of this the estate of Lecce seems to have provided considerably over half.

When we find that the Brienne estates were worth £12,000 a year, by his income from these two properties alone he had nearly £20,000, and this does not include a large and rich domain in Cyprus, or the great duchy of Athens, of which he became guardian late in life. These figures of course refer to the purchasing power of money at the present day, but are taken from a reliable source, and they place his revenue far above that of any feudal lord of France or any other land at the time. Philippe de Courtenay, for example, who became Emperor of Constantinople, had only a paltry £7,500 a year!

Then of Hugh's autocratic power in the Terra d'Otranto many stories are told. A great favourite of Charles of Anjou, he was so sure of his position that he never hesitated to crave any boon that occurred to him. Should any neighbouring baron step over his boundaries, all the power of Naples was immediately called into action, but should Hugh himself elect to trespass abroad, all the power of Naples would be felt against the injured party in a court of law. So we read of some unfortunate noble who had been unjustly driven out of his lands, vainly attempting to have a summons taken out against this omnipotent despot. The trial dragged on for years. On the other hand, Hugh, rich as he was, was not above begging on occasion. Thus he borrows the admiral and fleet from Brindisi to transport himself

and family to Greece for a short visit, and to call again to bring them back when required. He is equally agreeable to using royal ships for moving horses and stores. Indeed, there was no trifle, however small, that the great Count of Lecce and Brienne did not deign to ask of his master.

Yet all through his career the throne of Cyprus was his goal, and he even thought at one time of attempting its conquest by force. However, the Pope seems to have prevailed on Charles of Anjou to use his influence with Hugh against the venture. It is most likely that his interests were turned in another direction by his marriage with a sister of the Duke of Athens, and that henceforth this fertile Achæan state became the object of his desire.

With the opening of the war of the Sicilian vespers in 1282 Hugh the landlord again became Hugh the soldier, and set out from Lecce for a two years' campaign. The French allies—though supported by Genoa—lacked naval strength, and were defeated by seamen from Sicily and Catalania. Peter of Aragon joined the party of revolt in Sicily, landing at Trapani shortly before Charles of Anjou was called away from the scene of war to France on urgent business. In his absence a great attack was made by sea on Naples, led by the capable Calabrian admiral Roger of Lauria. Charles's heir, most of the Angevin generals, and Hugh of Brienne were among the distinguished prisoners. The captured men-at-arms were massacred indiscriminately, and the same fate nearly befell their leaders, but finally the latter were released on parole, broken as soon as it suited them.

Brienne returned to Lecce, which he found in a sad state, impoverished by the ceaseless levies of men and

money for war. Shortly after his arrival, King Charles's death in January 1285 left Southern Italy at the mercy of a terrible foe, and before the spring was out Roger of Lauria appeared with his invincible fleet. He easily captured Gallipoli, and laid waste much of the neighbourhood. Lecce, it need hardly be said, did not escape. From May 9th to June 11th of that year the town was deserted by the terrified citizens, who had fled in all directions to more safe shelters on the news of an enemy's approach. Yet it seems probable that the foe was not Roger of Lauria, but rather some wandering band in search of loot. It is difficult to put oneself in the position of Lecce citizens in 1285, but one cannot believe that they could have found life worth living. A glance backwards through these pages, incomplete as is their record, hardly shows any period equal to the life-time of an old man in which the city was not sacked by some foe, usually a savage and merciless one. And it is more to be regretted that a glance ahead—into centuries when humanity is supposed to have progressed considerably—is little more satisfactory. The city seems to have been so exposed to attack in its flat plain between the seas that nothing could save it.

Hugh, during his residence there, considered the problem in all its aspects. He built better walls and fortified them according to the latest military practice. The citizens' spirit being thoroughly cowed and broken by repeated calamity, he decided to form a more reliable garrison. With this object he tried to persuade as many as possible of his vassals to live for a certain proportion of the year within the city, and even to get statutory powers to compel them to do so. But in both endeavours he was unsuccessful.

None of the neighbouring barons dare leave their castles and estates for a moment. Lauria had left strong garrisons at Taranto and at Brindisi, while a large squadron under Bérenger de Villaraut was known to be in the neighbourhood, and devastated all the littoral from Cotrone to Brindisi in the summer of 1286.

The war-cloud, however, soon moved south-west into Sicily, and Hugh followed it, this time in the guise of a sailor. He was captured once more, but escaped by paying an enormous ransom, so enormous that even his resources were crippled thereby. With a temporary truce, he again had an opportunity to set his house in order. A message had arrived from Greece telling him of the death of his brother-in-law, William de la Roche, Duke of Athens, whose wife was thus left a widow. From what we know of Hugh's ambitions already, one fears that his visit of condolence to the stricken dame was not the disinterested effort it seemed to her. "He passed several days in consoling her," says the story, "and put so much warmth into it that she became enamoured of him." At the end of the next year they were married, and Hugh thus became guardian of the Duchy of Athens on her death in 1294 or 1295. Still, it is hard not to forgive so picturesque a figure for an act of only normal Norman astuteness, and the spectacle conjured up of this ambitious middle-aged Hugh—the terror of his neighbours—spending a few days consoling the inconsolable widow, is too amusing to be criticised.

The three years intervening before his second wife's early death he spent in his new territory of Greece, which was indeed a heritage he might well have desired. It had been carved out of the Eastern

Empire a hundred years before by one Otto de la Roche, a simple squire of Franche-Comté. Under his successors it had become prosperous and valuable. North of the Isthmus it comprised the ancient states of Attica, Boeotia, Phocis, and Locris; south—a great part of Argolis. Few among European princes were more powerful at this time than Hugh had now become, and the French spoken at Athens was as pure as that of Paris. Greece had not in those days fallen so low as she has to-day. Although not so flourishing as before the Roman Conquest, there were few more civilised and industrious countries existing in the Middle Ages. Athens was still a rich and populous city. The surrounding country was dotted with numerous villages. The land was highly cultivated, irrigated by canals, and covered with vineyards and groves of orange, lemon, fig, and olive trees. Cotton, silk, and Attic leather kept the local manufacturers busy, and found a ready market abroad. The trade of the Duchy was considerable; and, lastly, the taxes paid by the Greek landowners and merchants, whom the Dukes had wisely left independent, assured them of a revenue which even kings would have envied.

Hugh's last battle was in Lecce. In July 1296 Charles II. appointed him Captain-General for Apulia and the Terra d'Otranto, with special charge of the defence of Brindisi. But Lauria landed secretly at San Cataldo one night, was at Lecce before any warning had reached the city, and had little difficulty in overcoming all resistance. Again the city was delivered to the sword, Hugh dying of his wounds before he was taken prisoner. So it was by another hand that Brindisi was defended.

Walter V

(1296—1311)

The third Walter to hold the title of Lecce, fifth of his name of the Brienne house, spent a less proportion of his life in the Terra d'Otranto than any of his predecessors; and of the fifteen years that he was Count, from 1296 to 1311, the greater part of his time was occupied in fighting. His short career is, however, too interesting to be omitted from this story. His accession to the title found the war of the Sicilian vespers still in full swing, but it had now entered a new phase. Walter's exploits had already won him a reputation for daring among the Angevin veterans, and on his father's death he joined many other Apulian nobles in avenging their wrongs on Sicily. In the autumn of 1299 he went to France on recruiting bent, and returned with three hundred picked warriors who had sworn to conquer Frederick's general or to die. Under the name of "Chevaliers de la Mort" this little force joined the Duke of Calabria at Catania.

Meanwhile Lauria had gone to Naples to seek reinforcements, and had made young Prince Robert promise to remain shut up in Catania till his return. In the neighbouring fortress of Gagliano (near Etna) was a youthful prisoner, one Morelet. The crafty officer who was acting as gaoler conceived a notion of persuading Morelet of his sympathy, so that a letter should be written in the captive's name to Prince Robert, advising him to march on Gagliano, of which the gates would be opened to him. Robert was ambitious of fame, and fell into the snare. He dispatched Walter of Brienne at the head of a small

attacking party. The venture was a dismal failure. Brienne was taken prisoner, and the wretched Morelet ended a miserable existence in suicide.

This reverse being followed by others, greatly injured the Angevin cause, and the Sicilians who had abandoned Frederick's party now hastened to rejoin him. For three years more the Pope, Charles of Anjou, and Robert of Calabria, made unheard-of efforts to conquer Sicily; but the resistance of the young king tired them out, and in 1303 a brilliant peace was concluded, leaving him the crown he had so well defended. This settlement gave Brienne his liberty. He returned to France, and married Joanna of Châtillon, daughter of Count Walter de Porcian, to whom Philip the Fair had confided the sword of the Constable of France. For many years he remained north of the Alps, and did not return to Italy till 1308.

The only record of any connection with his Lecce domain during this period is in a message sent by him to his vassals there in 1301, asking for £650 odd to settle a debt which necessity had obliged him to contract while in prison. It is impossible that he can have been actually poor at this time, but his estates had been sequestered. The letter was sent to his steward, and prayed that if he were absent the money should be paid to Oddo di Bernardo, Lauria's envoy. After a few months in Italy, spent presumably at Lecce, Walter became Duke of Athens on the death of his cousin, Guy de la Roche. Without delay he sailed to his new possession, and almost immediately had to fight for it.

The despot of Epirus and the Prince of Wallachia, supported by the Emperor's lieutenants, had crossed

his northern frontiers. To oppose them he decided to engage a celebrated band of mercenaries known as the Catalanian Grande-Compagnie, who had been ravaging the Eastern Empire for five years. First formed to defend the Emperor Andronicus from the Turks, they had remained in Asia Minor ever since, until their cruel habits had at last caused them to be ejected. Five thousand had been living in Gallipoli (it is unlikely that Gallipoli near Lecce is meant here), where they held in check all the Byzantine army. Walter's summons found them in Thessalonica; and the whole force, 6,500 strong, accepted his terms of service, which seem to have been lavish to a degree. They spent a year in a leisurely crossing of Thessaly, but on reaching the scene of war soon made short work of their antagonists.

Arrived in one of those well-favoured lands so agreeable to their tastes, they showed no disposition to bid their employer farewell. Persuasion having been tried, he had to resort to force to drive them out of his territory; and in a great battle on the banks of the Cephissus he was defeated and killed. Queen Mary of Enghien obtained his skull, or, as some say, his skeleton, from the Catalanians, and had it buried in the Bishop's Palace at Lecce. Over it she erected a monument without any inscription. In 1634 this was still to be seen near the altar of the barons of Cellino, but no trace of it remains to-day.

Walter VI

(1311—1356)

The last Walter of Lecce and Brienne is by far the most romantic character in all the city's annals. He

it was who by a *coup de main* held Florence with a dictator's iron hand when Florence was one of the lustiest democracies in Italy. Plays have been written about him and poems galore, for his is a thrilling history, and he is perhaps Lecce's most famous son.

Authorities differ as to the date of his birth, but it was probably about 1299, so that he was still a child at the time of his father's death. Joanna did not allow herself to be prostrated by grief, but returned to Naples from Athens, and at King Robert's Court her two children—Walter and Isabel—were brought up.

All her efforts were devoted to regaining the lost Duchy of Athens, which the fierce Catalanians still held. Her father, the Count de Porcian, led an army against them, but without success. Much money was swallowed up by this fighting, and Joanna drew freely from her own income, as well as from the estates over which she held guardianship during her son's minority. Yet, though everything was being done with a view to reinstating the family heritage in its former splendour, Walter seems to have taken umbrage at the way in which his expectations were being mortgaged, and in 1320 we actually read of his bringing an action against his mother on this account, immediately on attaining his majority. Ungrateful wretch, is the natural thought on reading the affair in de Simone's book, but the French biographer—by no means a panegyrist—makes light of it. Walter may have been asserting no more than his formal rights on taking possession of the estates. The case was tried by twelve commissioners nominated at the behest of King Philip "The Long," at Naples.

Joanna will go down to posterity as a brave and high-spirited dame, who risked much for her son's future. Proud and ambitious as she was, she probably instilled into him that insatiable love of power which later made him the marvel of Europe. Her career is less clouded by intrigue than was that of Sybil and Albiria in an earlier period, but in each case there was a long period of exile in a foreign land, a beseeching of chivalrous knights to rescue lost lands from a usurper. Joanna died in 1354, and was buried in the Franciscan church at Troyes, where her son erected a statue over her tomb with this quaint inscription :

"Cy gist Madame Jeanne de Chastillon Duchesse d'Athènes de Brene et Liche qui fut fille de Monsieur Gaucher Seigneur de Chastillon Comte de Porsien jadis Connetable de France laquelle trespassa l'an de grace MCCCLIV le XVI janvier. Priez pour l'ame de ly."

Documents of the period tell with some accuracy the extent of the county of Lecce in those days. It was held "by paternal inheritance and not by favour of King Robert of Naples, as Paoli would have us believe." The area was about forty-eight miles long and sixteen wide, with twenty-six villages, of which Genuino gives us twenty-four by name. They are : Aquarica, Burgagne, Turchiarolo, Terenzano, Trepuzzi, Squinzano, Campi, Santa Maria di Nove, Carmiano, Arnesano, Monteroni, San Cesario, Lequile, Caprarica, Castri, Cavallino, Fasolo, San Donato, Lizzanello, Pisignano, Vanze, Struda, Segine, and Roca.

Walter, even in boyhood, had, like his father, control over the revenues [*Apodixarius*] of his province, and it is recorded of his sojourn in the Terra d'Otranto

that he obtained permission to rebuild the walls of Lecce, shattered long before, in Hugh's day. He also had judicial proceedings with the inhabitants of S. Pietro Vernotico, and later he exempted the city of Lecce from inclusion in the levy to defray the cost of repairing the neighbouring fortress of Brindisi.

In 1322 King Robert made him marry one of his brother Philip's daughters, Princess Margaret of Anjou and Taranto. Like Yolande's a century before, the wedding took place at Brindisi, where the Briennes had a magnificent palace, which no longer remains, but in 1700 was still to be seen in all its glory, and had Roman baths incorporated in the mediæval structure. Living for the most part at the Naples Court, he rapidly acquired great influence over both King Robert and his son, Charles of Calabria. In 1326 he was sent to Florence, which had appointed Charles as its Seigneur for ten years, and lived in the Casa dei Mozzi by the Arno. His entry into Florence with his young wife was an occasion of great rejoicing, the citizens flocking to meet him.

For five years he lived the gay and easy life of a favoured ambassador.

Robert's aid in battle meant much to the people of Florence, and his envoy received every mark of flattery and respect that the subtlety of man could devise. But his dream was rudely interrupted in 1331 by bad news from Greece. Roger Maramonte, his lieutenant there (probably a Lecce citizen, if there is anything in a name), had to report that his little remaining territory was being attacked by the Catalanians, still a terror to the surrounding countries. Without losing a moment, he called upon all his allies and sympathisers for their aid—the King

of France, his vassals in the Terra d' Otranto, and others. The Pope, too, was willing to help, and proclaimed a crusade in his favour to the Archbishops of Otranto, Corinth, and Patras. Then there was Catherine, the widow of Philip of Anjou, who had her axe to grind. She had already lost most of the property she held in Greece, and now saw the rest in jeopardy.

At Oria, near Lecce, she and Walter arranged a treaty, in which it was stipulated that the latter should have a third of any of her lands that he could reconquer. This was not his first attempt at recovering his Duchy. Some three years before, he had almost completed arrangements for an expedition, which Charles of Anjou's sudden death had prevented.

Crossing from Brindisi in four ships hired from Genoese owners, he took Corfu and landed in Greece. His army consisted of 800 French cavalry, 500 Tuscan foot, and a contingent from Lecce and the Terra d' Otranto. The Catalanians were routed in the first encounter, and Walter took possession of Arta. His opponents feared another pitched battle and resorted to guerilla tactics, tiring him out with skirmishes and feints, till at last one day they surrounded and defeated him. Thoroughly disheartened, afflicted too by the loss of his only child, who had been killed during the fighting, he boarded his ships and returned to Apulia, having lost many men and crippled his resources.

For some years after this he lived in Lecce, but his ambitious spirit would not allow him to enjoy the peaceful slumber of a feudal baron's existence in times of peace, and in 1339 he was once more on the war-path, fighting in France under the standard of Philip

of Valois against the English. In 1342 he was again back in Italy on the threshold of the most romantic epoch of his life. Though in no way part of Lecce history, something must be said of those stirring events.

In Florence, sixteen years earlier, as envoy from Naples, he had been extraordinarily popular. Charles of Calabria—whose position he had thus so well filled—was but a poor soldier, and had wasted his time in riotous living during his period of office in the city. Walter, on the other hand, had been slowly acquiring a military reputation on various European campaigns. So that when Florence and Pisa found themselves at strife about affairs in Lucca, it was only natural that men's thoughts should turn towards the adventurer now returned to Italy. Probably he offered himself as general, certainly he lost no time in arranging terms, and in May was busily recruiting at Naples. A short and brilliant spring campaign made him the hero of the day, and Malatesta da Rimini was already displaced from the office he had held hitherto. Intriguing on every side, playing to the gallery, executing every burgher who opposed his wishes, he soon rose to despotic power, and on September 8th was appointed Lord of Florence for life—

"amidst the acclamations of the lowest sections of the mob and the paid retainers of the treacherous nobles. The Priors were driven from their palace, the books of the Ordinances destroyed, and the Duke's banner erected upon the People's Tower, while the church bells rang out the 'Te Deum.' Arezzo, Pistoia, Colle di Val d'Elsa, San Gemignano, and Volterra acknowledged his rule; and with a curious

mixture of hypocrisy, immorality, and revolting cruelty, he reigned as absolute lord until the following summer, backed by French and Burgundian soldiers, who flocked to him from all quarters. By that time he had utterly disgusted all classes in the State, even the magnates by whose favour he had won his throne, and the populace who had acclaimed him; and on the feast of St. Anne, July 26th, 1343, there was a general rising. The instruments of his cruelty were literally torn to pieces by the people, and he was besieged in the Palazzo Vecchio, which he had transformed into a fortress, and at length capitulated on August 3rd. The Sienese and Count Simone de' Conti Guidi, who had come to mediate, took him over the Ponte Rubacante, through the Porta San Niccolo, and thence into the Casentino, where they made him solemnly ratify his abdication.

"'Note,' says Giovanni Villani, who was present at most of these things and has given us a most vivid picture of them, 'that even as the Duke with fraud and treason took away the liberty of the Republic of Florence on the Day of our Lady in September, not regarding the reverence due to her, so as it were in divine vengeance, God permitted that the free citizens with armed hand should win it back on the day of her mother, Madonna Santa Anna, on the 26th day of July 1343; and for his grace it was ordained by the Commune that the Feast of St. Anne should ever be kept like Easter in Florence, and that there should be celebrated a solemn office and great offerings by the Commune and all the Arts of Florence.' . . . One of Villani's minor grievances against the Duke is that he introduced frivolous French fashions of dress into the city, instead of the stately old Florentine costume, which the Republicans considered to be the authentic garb of ancient Rome."[1]

[1] From "Florence." Mediæval Towns Series, pp. 57–8. By Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, M.A.

None took a more prominent part in this meteoric career than Giovanni, bishop of Lecce, whom Walter made his Chancellor. This prelate seems to have had but little regard for the feelings of clerics, and to have overridden the decisions of the ecclesiastical courts in a most high-handed way, until he fell, in July 1343, as the result of a conspiracy instigated by Bishop Acciajuoli, which then blazed into rebellion. Faithful to the last, he apparently remained as Chancellor with Walter during that fateful August, drew up the deed by which his master resigned his lordship of Florence, and fled with him finally from the city when all was lost, thus contradicting the old Italian saw:

Il dolce pioverá dopo l'amaro,

as de Simone aptly quotes in commenting on the story. One instance of the Bishop's behaviour in the law courts may be cited.

As was no rare occurrence in those days, one Comus Vanni happened to seduce a certain "Agnesia filia olim Boni," under promise of marriage, but the gifted saint (so the cynical chronicler has it) repented of his rashly made vow, and refused to make her his wife. The unhappy girl he had deceived forthwith haled him before the Baglione of the city, and Vanni—"proponendo quod laicus judex de matrimoniali causa cognitionem non habet"—took the case to the ecclesiastical Curia. Agnes did not appear for sufficiently good reasons; the priests excommunicated her for contempt of court, and she passionately appealed to the clemency of the Duke, who denied that her case should be tried in the civil courts. We can well imagine to-day what this decision must have meant to the Bishop of Florence and the clerical party in

general, what sore hearts there must have been against the Duke, what jealousy and gnashing of teeth against the Bishop of Lecce, who as Chancellor had signed the decree. Such squabbles were constantly arising between Church and State, the Church wishing to control not only the social limits of marriage but even the civil contracts and settlements. This was only one drop in the brimming cup of Walter's many indiscretions, yet here he appears as the champion of the unfortunate against the narrow intolerance of bigoted ecclesiastics.

Many memories remain of Walter at Florence, and his arms may still be seen in the Bargello—but already we are forgetting Lecce in the adventures of her titular lord.

He made his way there from Florence as fast as human power could carry him, taking a boat from Venice down the Adriatic. However, he does not seem to have settled down in the city, crossing almost at once to Naples to beg assistance against the Florentines. He was just too late. Acciajuoli had forestalled him and had already gained the ear of Queen Joanna, who had been hitherto favourably inclined to her romantic middle-aged kinsman. She was a mere child, an excitable, sensuous girl, who hated her husband and had already an understanding with her cousin Louis of Taranto. Of her frivolous brain the sly ecclesiastic—well versed in every flattering wile, and not too particular about points of virtue—soon made short work. His triumph was an easy one after his strenuous efforts of the preceding months which had ended in Walter's downfall, and when the latter rode anxiously into the Palace courtyard at Naples he found the oily face of the Florentine bishop

in the place of power, and the hand of every man turned against him.

Defeated and dispirited, he wended north to Avignon and to Paris in search of an ally. Yet at every court the envoy of Florence had preceded him. The Pope had been persuaded, but in King Philip he found a sympathetic listener, and abode many years in his friendly city.

It was not till 1352 or 1353 that Walter returned to Lecce for a few quiet years before his last campaign, probably in the company of his second wife, Jeanne de Brienne d'Eu, last descendant of old King John of Jerusalem. Any intentions he may have had as to leading the life of a retired country nobleman were abruptly dispelled, and he had to fight to defend his territories in the Terra d'Otranto. Francis of Caserta, in concert with Louis of Taranto, had succeeded in occupying the county of Lecce by force of arms, and up to Walter's arrival had been ravaging the district. The rightful owner attacked Caserta, and obliged him to shut himself up in Taranto, but found the siege of that strong fortress too much for him without heavy and elaborate engines.

After this there was continued trouble at Brindisi, which was divided into two factions after the manner of Guelfs and Ghibellines—the parties of Ripa and Cavalieri. Filippo Ripa, being in the ascendancy in 1353, had cruelly and systematically massacred the Cavalieri and then fled to Greece. Outlawed by Queen Joanna, he nevertheless returned to rule the city. Walter decided to enforce the law and also to take possession of Brindisi. The siege began, Ripa found himself hard pressed, and persuaded the inhabitants to give them-

selves up to the Prince of Taranto, thus frustrating Walter's schemes.

When not engaged in these wars he busied himself with Lecce's local affairs. In August 1352, by a deed of gift to the Celestine monks, he founded in that city a church and convent for them, under the name of S. Maria della Annunziata and S. Leonardo.

Returning from Otranto on one occasion after a visit to the East, he discovered the ruins of an ancient city on the Adriatic shore only a little less extensive than those of classic Hydruntum itself. On a site slightly higher up were the ruins of a fortress of Greek construction. Seeing the position was well suited for a landing-place and for defending the fringe of his territory, he decided to build a citadel there, which he named Rocca ("in the French way. 'Franci enim arcem roccam dicunt,' as Galateus and other old Salantine chroniclers tell us"). With a view to making it a new market for Lecce trade, he placed there a camerlengo or quaestor from that city, who superintended building operations and brought settlers from Lecce and neighbouring villages. Rocca prospered much, and rose to the summit of its Lilliputian glory in the times of Giovannantonio del Balzo Orsini, who, when he tired of royal state and all its weary pomp, took up his abode there. In 1544 Ferrante Loffredo, governor of the provincial garrison, being no longer able to defend it from barbarian incursions, alarmed also at the amount of smuggling carried on there, destroyed the place utterly, even the walls and citadel being razed by royal decree. Its homeless inhabitants rebuilt a new village in the neighbourhood, which they christened Roca-Nuova. Roca-Vecchia, as the old site is now called, is annually the scene

of celebrations by the inhabitants of Roca-Nuova, at which sundry mysteries are performed. Walter's last actions before finally setting out for France in 1356 were to send a thousand men, commanded by Ludovico Maramonte and Niccola Prato, as garrison to Athens, and to write his will, by which he left to pious objects alone the sum of £17,000.

In May of this year King John II. of France made him Constable, and with this rank he entered on the campaign against England. On September 19th was fought the great battle of Poitiers. Fortune favoured King Edward; Walter was taken prisoner. Abandoned by his French soldiery, Walter found himself in sorry plight, tried to escape from the mêlée, and was struck in the back. He fell heavily from his horse; a Florentine mercenary, who may have had some old score to settle, recognised him and stabbed him with his dagger. So at last the vengeance of the city of Flora came, and he who had spilt so much of her blood thirteen years before, fell by a humble blade from Arno's banks.

His body was recovered, and lies buried in Beaulieu Abbey in his own county in Brienne, beneath a tomb bearing this inscription:

"Cy gist tres excellent Prince Monsieur Gautier Duc d'Athenes, Comte de Brienne, Seigneur de Liche, et Connetable de France, qui trespassa MCCCLVI en la bataille devant Poitiers, quand le Roy Jean fut pris."

After this long line of Brienne soldiers, who from 1200 to 1356 had been "Seigneurs de Liche," there comes a break, and the Enghien family from Belgium succeed to the title. Their doings—and especially city affairs during their reigns—occupy the next chapter.

CHAPTER V

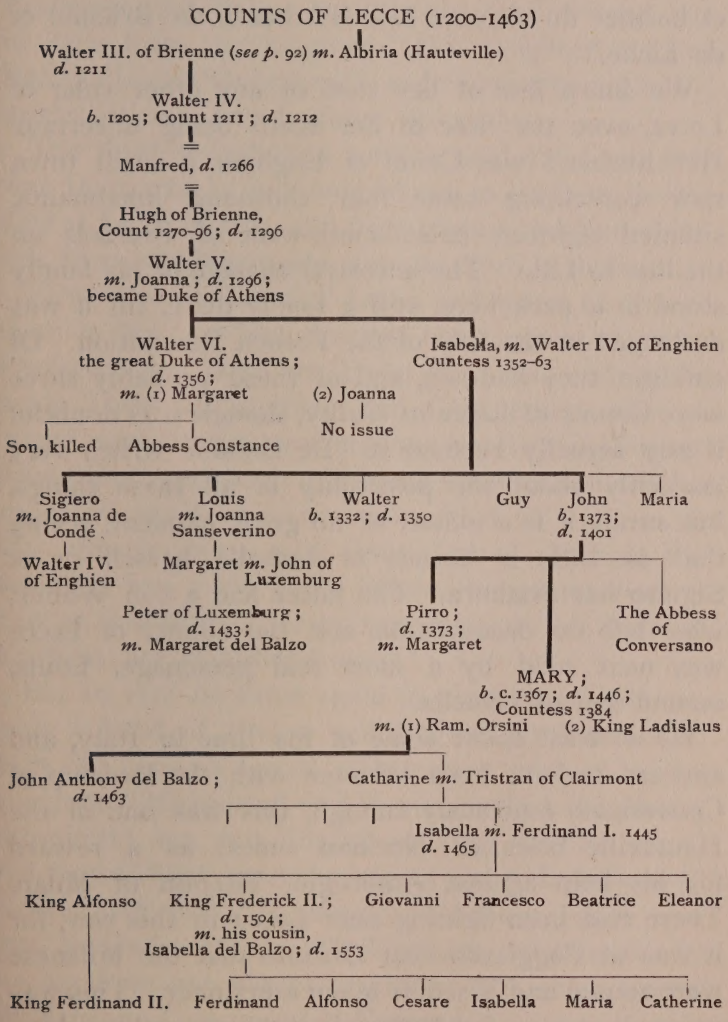
LECCE'S LATER COUNTS

(1356—1463)

At the death of the great Duke of Athens, Ludovico Maramonte and Nicolò Prato, who were in command of the garrison in Greece, handed over his sceptre to Joanna II. of Naples. She chose for a governor of the duchy Nicolò Acciajuoli, a brave Florentine captain and a devoted adherent of the Angevin cause. The gallant officer was, no doubt, some relation of the oily prelate whom we met a few pages back, and who scored so successfully for his city with the child-queen of those days. Acciajuoli took possession of the duchy almost at once in the Queen's name.

Meanwhile, what of the Italian estates? Walter left no male heir, his only son being killed in the Catalan War. Beatrice of Anjou, his first wife, bore him a daughter, Constance, who became Abbess of the Convent of St. Bernard at Conversano in Apulia in 1350. Other writers would bestow on him a daughter Isabella of his second marriage, who in marrying Jean d'Enghien brought him the Lecce property; but de Simone points out the fallacy of this statement, and proves that it was Isabella his

sister who, by espousing Walter III., Lord of Enghien, changed the ownership of the title. The wedding took place in 1320, the same year in which Walter of Brienne was at law with his mother over family



[NOTE: Thick line denotes succession.]

property and mortgages thereon. To his sister he gave the estate of Praesse, in France, with an estimated rent-roll of £80 a year, and she apparently succeeded to all his estates in 1356, for in a decree of 1361 she is described as Duchesse d'Athénes, "seur et heritier du defunct Duc d'Athénes de Brienne et de Liche."

We know less of her than of any other ruler of Lecce, even the date of her death being uncertain. Her husband was Count of Enghien, a small town now containing some four thousand inhabitants, situated eighteen miles south-west of Brussels on the line to Lille. The ancestral château of his family stood in a park here, still a lovely place, till it was destroyed in the fury of the French Revolution. Of children they had six, and of these probably three were Counts of Lecce in reality, though it is doubtful if any actually claimed it. De Simone writes very learnedly about the possibility of all these things, but surely it is a matter of no great moment, seeing that so little is known of Isabella herself or of Sigiero her firstborn. The latter had a son Walter, who left no descendants, and the county of Lecce was next held by a more real personage, Louis, second son of Isabella.

He at least spent some of his time in Italy, and appears to have been invested with the lordship of Conversano (curiously enough, this was one of the Hauteville titles in Norman times) as a reward for his help against Ambrogio, Visconti of Milan. There had been fighting near Lecce in this war, for it was at Poggiardo near Otranto that the Milanese were routed and Visconti taken a prisoner. This was no small victory, for Ambrogio had been gaily seeking

his fortune in the kingdom of Naples under the banner of St. George, and with a "company" of 12,000 men. The number sounds exaggerated. Louis was also incidentally Count of Copertino in this part of the world, and fought for Queen Joanna against Francesco del Balzo, beating him, and driving him in exile from the kingdom. His daughter married into the Luxembourg family, and eventually succeeded to the Brienne and Enghien properties.

The third of Isabella's sons to hold the Lecce title was John, who is only noteworthy to us from having died at Lecce in 1373, and from having had two children, Pirro and Mary, who are connected with the city.

Pirro became Count of Lecce, and when he arrived there in May 1376 for the first time, accompanied by Francesco del Balzo, the Duke of Andria, and by his uncle Louis of Enghien and Conversano, was received with great acclamation by the inhabitants. About four years later his friend Francesco del Balzo appeared again in a new rôle, that of suitor. It has already been said that Queen Joanna had banished him a few years before, though we read of him as resisting Lecce in the company of Louis of Enghien, her right-hand man!

But in 1378 he came again to attack her dominions with a band of Breton and English adventurers to fight the Queen's forces. They were commanded by one John "Montauto," or "Montacuto," so the Italian chroniclers say, but English spelling worries them, and they add that his real surname was "Hawchwood" transformed into "Montegu" or "Montegue"; also that he came of an old Northamptonshire family sprung from one Drogo, a warrior who accompanied William the Conqueror to England.

The exact identity of John Hawchwood, or John Montegue, is very difficult to determine. The first and natural inference is that we have come across that celebrated condottiere Sir John Hawkwood, the leader of the famous "White Company," which has become the subject of a well-known historical novel. Hawkwood became known in Italy as "Giovanni Acuto," an apt rendering of a difficult name to a Latin tongue, and this may have led to the Italian historians confusing with Montacuto. He entered Italy in 1361–2, but does not appear to have visited Apulia until 1382, when "the Pope requested the French Government to place him at the disposal of Charles of Durazzo, who was fighting against Louis of Anjou for the crown of Naples. This they declined to do, but allowed Hawkwood to go to Naples on his own account with 2,000 horse (Oct. 22nd)."[1]

The Duke of Anjou then gradually retreated into Apulia, presumably followed by Hawkwood and his followers, with the main body of Charles's army, amounting to some 16,000 men. There was a skirmish at Barletta, a battle at Pietracatella, and then the Duke of Anjou died. Hawkwood shortly afterwards returned to Tuscany, abandoning the affairs of Naples towards the close of 1383.[2]

If, then, we are prepared to ignore the date given by the local chroniclers, it is possible to claim for Hawkwood the part of leader of the Breton force (and there were Bretons in the "White Company") concerned in this assault.

On the other hand, John de Montague or Montacute,

[1] "Dictionary of National Biography."
[2] Leader-Scott's "Giovanni Acuto."

third Earl of Salisbury, was a descendant from Drogo; was alive from 1350 to 1400; and was fighting abroad between 1369 and 1391.[1]

To further complicate matters, neither of these Englishmen appears to have been killed outside the walls of Lecce, in or about the year 1378!

However, whoever this mysterious English free-lance may have been, he had 6,000 troops, and Balzo hired them for six months. They were near Rome at the time, and had a long march thence into Southern Italy by way of Altamura and Canosa.

And now for Balzo's real motive. Margaret of Taranto, his first wife, was dead, so he bethought him of an ambitious alliance. Mary of Enghien—a mere girl—was now the heir-presumptive to all the dominions of her powerful family. Only her brother's life stood between her and the title. Could he but win her—or rather, cajole her guardians into giving him her hand—here was a match worthy even of the great Duke of Andria. Perhaps the maid was obstinate—she certainly displayed character enough in later years: at all events, his envoy had little success. A cleric, the Bishop of Andria, was the chosen vessel for this delicate mission. Indeed, affairs of the heart in those days were as often as not manipulated by men of the cloth.

But he could obtain no satisfaction from those two excellent worthies at Lecce—Giovanni Acaya and Pasquale Guarino. These two were not only her guardians, but confidential friends. The Bishop returned to Del Balzo with his message; the Duke was furious, and set off towards Lecce with Montague and his army.

[1] "Dictionary of National Biography."

Pirro now prepared to defend the city, choosing Ludovico Maramonte as captain for the approaching war. To Ludovico Prato, with a force of 400 lance, he entrusted the defence of the castle. The feudal vassals with their men-at-arms now began to pour into the city from all sides, as was incumbent on them by the terms of their service. The din and clamour of smiths and armourers was still in the air, and preparations were barely complete when Balzo's drums were heard in the distance. Pitching his camp just outside the walls, near the beautiful monastery church which Tancred had built two hundred years before, the Duke soon began to trouble the citizens with his engines of war. Maramonte had the greatest difficulty in keeping himself within the city, for from his adversary's position, where now the flowers of the Campo Santo are blooming, the northern quarter of the city, well fortified as it was and still is, was sadly exposed. He dispatched a faithful soldier towards the enemy's camp. Disguised, and assuming the part of a fugitive, this man was taken prisoner by the Bretons. He then, as had been agreed in the city, related how the Leccese intended to make a sortie to revictual the garrison. Montague, completely deceived, fell into the trap, and hid himself with a picked force in a place now known as Tafagnano, lying between Marine and the landing-place of San Cataldo. Here, the prisoner told him, the besieged would pass on their expedition. Maramonte was carefully watching for any signs of his spy's return, and there being none, concluded that the enemy's troops were divided. He then dispatched a squadron of horse, commanded by his son Carlo, against the main encampment near the

monastery. For some reason best known to themselves, the Bretons took the newcomers for their own followers returning from the ambuscade, and allowed Carlo's cavalry to approach. Then the foe was recognised; a panic took place in the disordered camp, and such turmoil followed as the cavalry charged that a complete rout was the only possible end.

Balzo was quartered in a house round which the battle was raging and was saved by the presence of mind of a valet who let him down from a window by means of a rope as the Leccese thundered at the door. He then slipped into a shed unseen by his opponents and hid in an oven till all was over, afterwards escaping disguised as a monk. Meanwhile news of the disaster had reached Montague waiting at Tafagnano, a few miles away. Rapidly dividing his force, he hurried back with part of it to succour his employer, still leaving some men behind to kill the victims who never came. But it was this little party at Tafagnano who next fell to Maramonte's sword, and Montague was met by Carlo as he approached Lecce. His men, harassed and disheartened, were caught between the two victorious sections commanded by father and son, and completely destroyed. Montague himself lost his life on this field, and it was nightfall when the anxious citizens saw the procession of armed men advancing out of the gloom into the city. Prisoners there were many, Bretons and Britons, wounded for the most part and very weary. Lecce was still a storm-centre and used to war, but for all that, its inhabitants had not slept soundly these last few nights with foreign banners waving in sight of their walls. What thought Mary, we wonder, at the proximity of this fierce suitor,

who was now fleeing along a dark road with bare feet and a rope round his waist?

There was great rejoicing in the city that night, and as it happened to be St. Eligio's day in the calendar, the captured banners were given to the church bearing that saint's name in Lecce. Here they hung for centuries, till at last came a day when these memorials of the great fight with Balzo and his mercenaries fell to pieces, and then all that remained to record these events was a painting on the church wall covered up by whitewash in recent times. One of the Enghien standards fell into the enemy's hands during this battle, but was gallantly recaptured by a Leccese citizen of the Porta San Biagio quarter. As a reward for this his family was allowed to marry into any baronial family of the city, though he was not himself of noble birth. Considering the bitter feudal class distinctions of those days, it was indeed a high honour, but he seems to have borne it worthily, some of his descendants marrying into noble houses. It was moreover established by law that in future wars the standard of Lecce should always be entrusted to a citizen of the Porta San Biagio.

Before passing to more peaceful subjects it is interesting to glance at the question of horsemanship in the district, as in the encounter just described cavalry played so decisive a part.

The keen fighting tradition which the earlier dwellers in Southern Italy—Calabrians, Messapians, Salentines, and Tarentines—always kept up was enlivened by the grafting on to it of the Norman feudal system. Then the obligations incurred by every baron and seigneur of these lands to provide horses and men made fighting so much a part of their existence, so

valuable a factor in every man-at-arms, that knightly exercises and hunting from being a pastime became a necessary part of life. Horses in these days were imported from Spain and the East to Lecce, dogs for hunting from Spain only. The Salentine dogs praised by Varro, useful enough as house-dogs, were ill-suited for hunting.

There seems to be no record of ancient breeds in the Terra d'Otranto, but de Simone gives a list of the best local studs and stables up to the nineteenth century, adding that in his opinion the Provincial authorities would do well to consider the improvement of horsebreeding in the area under their jurisdiction. As for horsemanship, Ceva-Grimaldi remarks (travelling in 1818):

"In justice to the Leccese it must be said that they have not followed the frivolities of fashion, that they still keep to their ancient practices, and that both in horses and riders they are surprisingly successful. They use the Arab bridle and prefer the local horses to English or Norman breeds."

Riding has always been cultivated in the Terra d'Otranto, and Lecce above all other cities in the kingdom of Naples was famous at the end of the eleventh century for the magnificence of its court under Count Robert, who, as we have already said, encouraged every form of knightly exercise. The tradition did not die out, and in the fourteenth century a Tarentine named Selicio amused himself by writing a book on equestrianism, in which he said:

"The Leccese have always made a special point of keeping at home for their own use superb riding and

race horses which are no small credit to the city. In Lecce horsemanship was always a famous subject for instruction, and, putting the ancients on one side, there are most excellent examples in our own times who have always kept at their side most excellent steeds, above all Cigala's, which are famous in the horse-breeding world. Such is their quality that, a few years back, one went to the royal stables of Spain and was ridden by the King himself. All were bred by Vespasiano Cavalerizza of Lecce, the best horseman in all the kingdom of Naples. But I have actually forgotten Francesco Alberici, so skilled an equestrian that for his proficiency in that respect he was deemed worthy of being included among the stable-officers of that same king, Philip the Fourth."

Queen Mary

(1384—1446)

Of all Lecce's rulers there is none who has such a reputation for popularity as Queen Mary, who for sixty years bore with her title that extra addition of a nickname which is a people's greatest compliment—in a measure that is, for who would envy Charles the Bald or John Lackland their names? It is when a nation so loves its head as to bring her down from her pedestal and greet her as "la nostra Maria," as Lecce did to Mary long ago, that one realises the value of a simple word. Mary of Enghien occupied a most difficult position. Her father died when she was six years old, her brother eleven years later, leaving her the possessor of large estates in widely separated parts of Europe. Athens and Lecce were now no longer a joint inheritance, but the territories of the Bourbon and Enghien families came to her.

She was a desirable match at a time when marriages were made, not in heaven, but by the politicians who gave her advice, and drew large salaries for doing so. Only seventeen when the responsibilities of a great landowner were thrust upon her, she had already been the helpless cause of a hard-fought battle. A fierce soldier old enough to be her father, by no means fresh to matrimony, and accustomed to brook no refusal, had come to Lecce to ask for the little girl whom the city loved; and the city said "No" to the Duke of Andria and his six thousand alien hirelings. Worthy Pasquale Guarino, thou didst well to keep "our Mary" from such savage hands!

But a spinster's life was not to be hers, and this same Pasquale had much privy talk with King Louis of Anjou as to the disposal of so precious a hand. A name was found. Mary may have dared to demur—though such was not the way of princesses in those days. Lecce cried out in protest, and finally she was married to another great Italian noble, Ramondello Orsini, in 1385, the year after she had become Countess of the city. Her husband was son of Nicolò and of Maria del Balzo. Their united dominions included more than half the kingdom of Naples. Their married life lasted twenty years, and they had four children, of whom the eldest, Giovannantonio, eventually become Count of Lecce.

The year after her first husband's death the unfortunate Mary was again besieged in Lecce, and her rich territory occupied by Ladislaus, the King of Naples. For reasons unknown to us she became his queen, and went with him to Naples to live for the seven years that elapsed before she became for

the second time a widow. Then the new sovereign of Naples, Joanna II., seized her predecessor and those of her children living with her, and cast them into prison to await her royal pleasure. But patience does not seem to have been a weakness of the widows; there was one Tristan de Clairmont within hail, of whom she had good reports, and who married her daughter Catherine. So before a year was out Mary was back in Lecce again, and received a right royal welcome from its inhabitants.

Her second period of residence in Lecce was to be a long one—of over thirty years—and was not without disturbance. Luigi Sanseverino, the neighbouring Count of Nardò, attacked her in 1417 without success. In 1419 she enlarged her estates by purchasing the Principality of Taranto from James of Bourbon, husband of the Queen of Naples, for £6,000 odd (20,000 ducats). As she had held this property when married to Orsini it is to be assumed that she had been deprived of it at the time of her imprisonment. Joanna only fifteen years later dispatched an army under Louis III. of Anjou against Mary and her son, to rob her of her territories of Lecce, Taranto, and Venosa. Louis gradually wore down resistance, until he held all the county of Lecce between Gallipoli, Castro, Rocca, Oria, and Taranto, where Mary herself was living at the time. He marched against Lecce, and pitched his camp near the monastery of SS. Nicolò and Cataldo, just as Del Balzo had done in the affair of 1380. But again the city was too strong for a besieger, and after eleven days' fruitless siege he moved off elsewhere. Giovannantonio recaptured firstly Brindisi, and then gradually regained possession of the whole state. His mother returned to Lecce,

and spent the remainder of her life there in peace, dying in her eightieth year on May 11th, 1446, and being buried in the old church of Santa Croce under a great marble tomb. Over her grave were statues representing the many virtues by which she had endeared herself to her people, statues of Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Courage, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Such is a bare outline of Mary's long career, so closely interwoven with the fortunes of her city. But to this slender record can be added much concerning the life of the day in Lecce, much that makes Mary herself a creature of flesh and blood rather than a name in a genealogical table. First of all it is necessary to consider the inhabitants themselves—a very interesting study in the fifteenth century. For just as it was in most European countries a time of intellectual revival, of slow-moving forces westwards, so even in distant Lecce the spirit of militarism was gradually giving way to that of commerce and the arts. True, fighting continued for centuries after this, even till Garibaldi's days, when United Italy, by the fact of its existence, closed this crimson record; and the period of Lecce's greatest prosperity had not come. It may possibly be said that Lecce's prosperity is still rapidly rising, and that its future is a very rosy one.

Nevertheless, the fifteenth century is the time at which we begin to notice a new element in Lecce streets and hear strange tongues in the market-place. Lecce has become a merchants' rendezvous, and we will pick out a few of the commonest types. Florence, a city which must have borne Lecce a grudge ever since the Duke of Athens' days, had sent many of her

sons there a century before this, some on business, some who had ties of blood with the place. For instance, among those building houses in Lecce were the Pigli, who had a tomb in San Giovanni d'Aymo; the Carnesecchi, who also built a tomb there and made it common to all Florentines dying in the city; the Peruzzi, Giugni, Ammirati, and Risaliti. The Florentine nation had an altar in the church of S. Maria delle Grazie, with a picture by Domenico Passignano (1557–1628) representing their patron saint John the Baptist. They had an old Parrocchia (San Giovanni Vetere) on the site of the present Piazza San Giovanni dei Fiorentini. This old church was demolished early in the present century, and thus is broken a pleasant link with a bygone day, when the wealthier children of the city of Flora built a tomb where all who were stricken in an alien land might find a last resting-place with kindred of their own blood.

Venice too had her colonists, and they had their church close to the market-place, where they plied their busy trade. A visitor to Lecce to-day is struck by the Lion of St. Mark so boldly carved over a stone doorway, the entrance to a chapel dedicated to the patron saint of the Venetians. These merchants were not so early in the city as their rivals from Florence, and seemed to have been most in evidence during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Their journey down the Adriatic was easier than many which their daring flotillas risked, and the market for their wares a good one. By 1543 they had become so important a colony that an old chapel was offered to them. They rebuilt it, dedicated it to St. Mark, and lavishly endowed it. In token of gratitude, the

Venetian consul also presented to the Bishop of Lecce a wax candle of five pounds weight. In 1600 was established the "Congregazione di San Marco de' Veneziani" here, and a chaplaincy still exists. The chaplain must be a Venetian, and the gift lies with the Venetian consul, after the downfall of the Republic represented by the Austrian vice-consul at Otranto. The investiture (made by the Pope) is by "positionem birecti." When Venice came to form part of the kingdom of Italy in modern times this authority came to be assumed by the Sindaco of that city.

Besides the "Queen of the Adriatic" there was another port celebrated in those days, and mentioned, by the way, in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice"—Ragusa to wit. Her traders seem to have been greedy beyond belief, and are recorded to have fleeced the Leccese unmercifully on their frequent visits.

Genoa too, a great maritime power then and since, contributed her quota. Many famous families had scions in Lecce—the Fieschi, Fornari, Trezaroti, Negri, Santi, Interiani, Spinola, Lambadoria, Leoni, S. Pier di Negro, Adorni. So numerous were their houses—mostly those of busy merchants—that they were allowed a special court of their own for the transaction of their lawsuits.

Then there was a little colony of settlers from Mesagne, near Brindisi, who seem to have kept apart in the little court still preserving their name. The Knights Templars, whose headquarters for the Terra d'Otranto were at their Ospizio in Brindisi, had a branch in Lecce with a chapel.

The Greeks and Albanians who settled here later had certainly not become a noticeable feature in city

life at the time, but there must have been a tinge of the East in the market-place perennially. Undoubtedly the most self-contained of all the little groups of foreigners in Mary's time was to be found in the Lecce ghetto. There were colonies of Jews in Oria, Brindisi, Nardò, Alessano, and Gallipoli, who, like their countrymen all over the Kingdom of Naples, and indeed all over Europe, suffered diverse treatment at the whim of the populace. They were encouraged, tolerated, honoured, hunted down, but invariably fleeced. Lecce, an eminently commercial city, had enriched itself by trading with them. The barons and seigneurs did not disdain to mingle in this traffic nor to take the lion's share when it came to dividing the spoils. The people hated them, making nothing out of them as the nobles did, and lost no opportunity of having the knife into them on every occasion of tumult, rebellion, or change of government which presented itself. This happened, for instance, in 1494, twice in 1495, in 1505, and so on. In 1510, during a popular riot against them, their synagogue was attacked, seized, and consecrated by the Bishop of those days, Marcantonio Tolomei, to the Catholic faith. Both ghetto and synagogue stood near the Palazzo Persone, but earlier still were on the site now occupied by the large church of St. Irene.

In Queen Mary's reign it was enacted that the Jews should be differentiated from Christians by wearing red, and the quaint language of her decree is worth reproducing:

"Item perchè la Chiesa Cattolica et sancta vole et comanda, et tucti altri liegi civili voleno che li iudei masculi et femine degiano essere conosciuti da christiani per alguni segni et vestimenti. Et per alguni

erruri chi solenu succedere: dicta Maiesta vole et comanda: che omne iudeo masculo o femina de anni sei in suso forastieri oy citatino de Leze li masculi debiano portare un segno russo a mode de rota rotundo sul pecto sopra la menna per una pianta per la forma et grandeza e scripta alla corte. Et le femine un segno russo rotondo sopra la pecto et de le menne per una pianta portandolo avancti sopra tucti l'altri panni per poterese vendere de omne uno, et essere indicato ca e iudeo et iudea tanto se andasse vestito con mantello quanto con ioppa, et se andasse a iupparello et a gonnella de femina. Et chinde fara lo contrario cadera alla pena de unza una per omne volta. Et chi lo accusara ne havera tari uno, et se non havesse da pagare la pena: essere frustato per Leze."

So ran good Queen Mary's law, setting apart the chosen people that they might be exposed to affront and insult, fining them if they did not wear the badge of the oppressed, and lastly recording that if they had not the wherewithal to pay the fine—"they should be flogged by Lecce." Such was the state of affairs under a just and humane ruler. What must it have been where none cared whether the Hebrew race were utterly destroyed or not? In other respects Mary made some excellent laws, which Mrs. Ross quotes in her book. Strangers who pitched their tents in Lecce were exempt from taxes for three years, the aged and infirm paid none at all. Assassins, after being whipped, were to be hanged. Cloth merchants were forbidden to:

"Transmutare li numi alli dicti panni . . . se sono Ragusini chiamarli Ragusini et non panni Veneciani."

("Change the names of their cloths . . . . . if they

are Ragusian, call them Ragusian and not Venetian cloths.")

Horses were not to be galloped in the streets of the town to the risk of other people, seeing that there was plenty of room outside the walls.

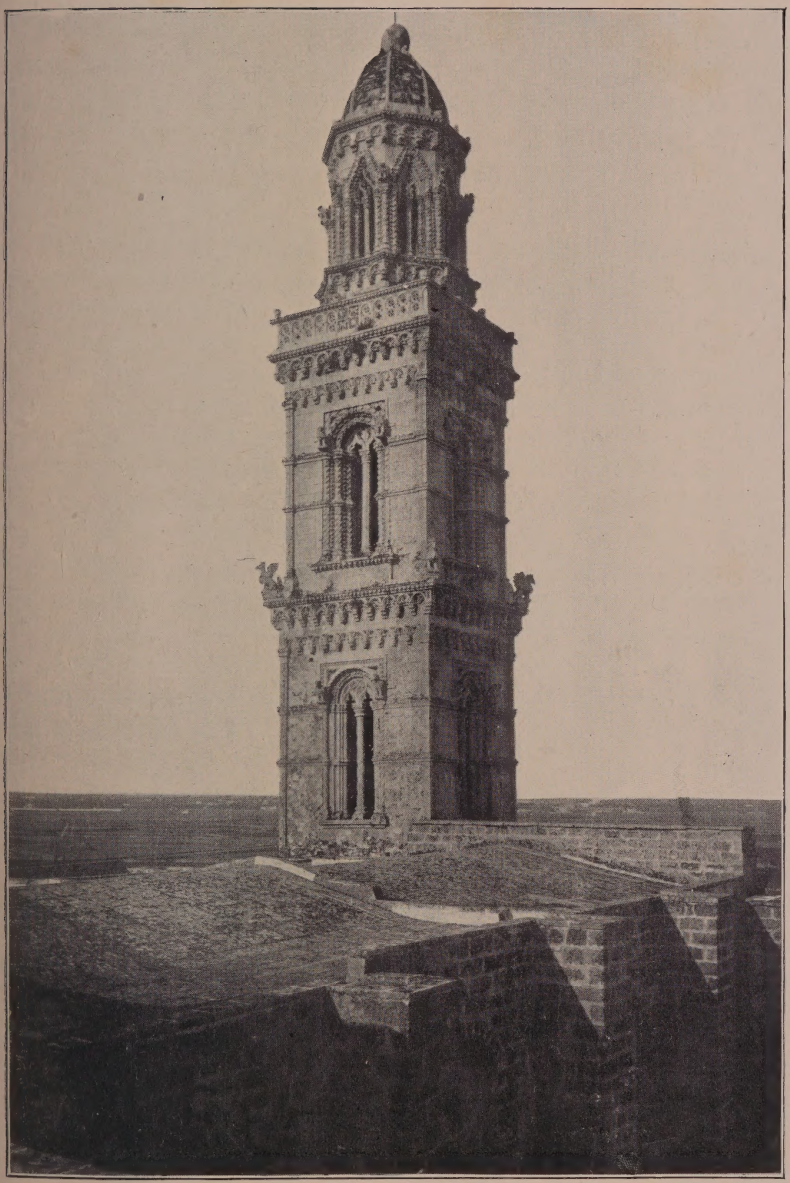
Considerable alterations had already been made before this in the method of administering justice in Lecce, by Balzo-Orsini, Mary's first husband. He was so powerful that he did not hold a royal vassal's position under the King of Naples, nor did he tolerate the administration of justice in his territory under the royal name. So, abolishing the local Giustizierato in his city, he established a Magistratura there in 1402 with full jurisdiction over all his States. He named it the "Concistorium Principis," and it was composed of four judicial doctors of law, an advocate, a procurator fiscal, a camerario, or maestro di camera, a clerk, and a maestro di atti. The four justices had a stipend of 300 ducats (about £51) per annum each. Lecce produced several noted lawyers about this time, among whom was Francesco Ammirato, who may possibly have married Maria and Ramondello.

The Concistorium lasted on till in 1463 Ferdinand of Aragon converted it into the Sacro Consiglio Provinciale. De Simone prints the very flowery document by which the alteration was made, but it is of no great interest.

Giovannantonio Del Balzo

(1446—1463)

For the first few years of Mary's sway a Leccese occupied the pontifical chair. Boniface IX. came of



12. THE CAMPANILE, SOLETO
(Late fourteenth century)

p. 156]

the noble family of Tomacelli, and was Pope from 1389 (November 22nd) to 1404. This was during the period of the dual pontificate, in many ways a disgraceful episode in church history, and his tenure of office was neither heroic nor philanthropic.

"In order to defend himself against the oppressive exactions by which Clement VII. was exhausting the countries subject to his obedience he was compelled to resort to new financial expedients. Under him Rome lost her last relics of municipal independence. The opposition of the University of Paris was unable to prevent a fresh election at the death of Clement VII. in 1394, and the astute Pedro de Luna took the name of Benedict XIII. The numerous endeavours for unity made during this period form one of the saddest chapters in the history of the Church. Neither Pope had sufficient magnanimity to put an end to the terrible state of affairs, and all efforts to arrange matters were, without exception, frustrated, till it seemed as if Christendom would have to get accustomed to two Popes and two Courts."[1]

In certain matters of church reform Tomacelli seems to have taken a more creditable part, and also attained some note as a builder, rebuilding the Castle of S. Angelo at Rome in the form of a tower, which was ruined by the explosion of a powder-magazine in 1497. It is significant that the two finest Gothic buildings in the Terra d' Otranto were erected during his term as Pope—S. Caterina at Galatina and the Campanile at Soleto. It was not till three hundred years later that Lecce had any further connection with Pope-making (see p. 188).

[1] Dr. Ludwig Pastor's "History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages," vol. i. pp. 164-5, etc.

Mary's successor and son, Giovannantonio—or, as we should say, John Anthony—has left no very abiding mark on history. He occasionally figures in local wars during his mother's reign, but the sixteen years of his rule are devoid of recorded event. He died at Altamura on November 13th, 1463. With his death the history of the Norman county of Lecce closes, after having been in existence for four stormy centuries, covering the period which is generally known as the Middle Ages.

But before passing into a new era there are sundry oddments from the lumber-rooms of history that help one to picture life in Lecce at the end of mediæval times, and to some extent complete the sketch given in the past few pages.

The vision we have already had of the strife of tongues in the piazza recalls the Lecce fair, a very ancient institution dating from time immemorial. The institution was commonly called "Panieri," and in the seventeenth century was still frequented by merchants of every land under the sun. John Anthony lengthened its duration to three days in 1442, and twenty-six years later it became a function lasting no less than eight days, from which it may surely be inferred that Lecce found much profit or perhaps much gaiety therein. Its name was changed in the eighteenth century to "la Spasa di Monsignore."

Another feature of the city's life is to be found in the bell-tower, which seems to have been a very real signal five hundred years ago. Every isolated monastery had its alarm-bell at that time, and many towns also. An old writer, Durante, says:

"There are six kinds of church bells: the tintinnabulum in refectory, the cimbalum in cloister, nola in choir, nonula in clock, campana in belfry, signum in tower."

Romano in his "History of Molfetta" relates how in his city at two hours of the night a watchman mounted the tower, and sounded a bell every fifteen minutes which was answered by the "excubitores" from the towers on the Adriatic shore by the sound of bagpipes. There is something intensely romantic in this idea, of waking up in the small hours of some crisp winter morning to hear the clear note of the bell hard by, and then of listening with straining ear for the far-distant, eerie wail from the instrument which is of all others most haunting and weird. Here one comes again on that strange spirit of the seaboard provinces, the very antithesis of that which sent our sturdy English fellow tramping round his beat when Charles was king, with his cry of "All's well" that only roast beef and ale could produce. A ringing of bells and a skirling of bagpipes—here is old Southern Italy in all its poetry and charm.

Lecce annals tell of no bagpipes, but when Infantino wrote "Lecce Sacra" in the early seventeenth century a man was paid by the city as sentinel. Each evening when Ave Maria had died away in the Cathedral choir, and the place sank into silence and twilight, a little bell warned this watchman that it was time for him to climb the long flight of steps to the top of the campanile and take his lonely perch on the "grey cliffs of lonely stone," as Ruskin said of another tower, "rising among sailing birds and silent air." The hours passed on as he kept his vigil, the distant

Adriatic and the farther distant Taranto shore lay on either horizon, but in the tortuous streets below him the people of Lecce slept in comfort while he watched. Have you, O reader, climbed up among the lacework of the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels, higher and higher into the clouds till at last you stand in an open space enclosed by the delicate ribs of the flèche, so small that your shoulders touch on either hand, so unprotected that you cling to support lest the wind should blow you down among the flower-stalls hundreds of feet below, and have you never felt the romance of the thing? If your head is steady, you will feel sentimental, methinks, and wish to write a sonnet to something; if it is not, you will feel vastly giddy. But this minion of Lecce, how did he feel? Had all those months of moonlight cooled romance, were his thoughts always intent on his cliff-beacons, or was he thinking of the little matters of his daily life? We leave him to his silent post and wish him a sad good-night.[1]

Other towers there were in the city below and in the fields surrounding it, towers where the feudal barons lived, and into which the frightened peasants flocked like poultry when the watchman from Lecce gave his warning signal. All those in the town have now perished save that from which the Via Torre de' Carretti takes its name—"built in 1471, restored in 1818," as an inscription records.

[1] Montaigne, the famous essayist (1580–1), has something to say of this system of warning. "All along the coast towers are built a league distant one from the other, and whenever any sentinel espies a pirate ship he gives warning by firing a gun to the tower next to him. So rapidly is intelligence sped by this method that it has been found that word may be passed from the extreme point of Italy to Venice in an hour."

Lastly, the greatest house in Lecce was the palace of the Counts themselves, in which they lived till 1435, when Queen Mary sold it to the powerful Guarini family, who in their turn disposed of it shortly later, divided as three lots for sale purposes.

A royal decree then sanctioned the opening of a new street through the property, the Strada Nuova, and the palace occupied the site of three of the houses now standing there. In one of them there still exists the chapel of the Counts' palace, two columns of the atrium, and two capitals of the doorway on to the street.

It is a remarkable thing that hardly any buildings remain to us of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries in Lecce. Tancred's fine church is still standing, all unprotected as it is outside the walls; but of the next period we have no memorials. Churches there were many—as, for instance, Brienne's foundation of Santa Croce—but all seem to have been rebuilt or even in some cases removed to other sites.

With a possibly authentic story, translated from an anonymous fragment in the municipal archives, I will conclude this chapter.

"In the reign of Queen Mary of Enghien in this our city of Lecce there lived a poor cobbler, named Giovanni d'Aymo, who kept the Porta di Rusce. Now there came into the city by that very gate a Flemish pilgrim bound for the Pardons of Saint Catherine and Saint Mary of Leuca, and who promised to enrich him. He said that in a deserted church dedicated to St. Orontius outside the city walls he knew of a great store of treasure and priceless things, of an earthen vessel full of jewels, and of silver and gold in ingots and in coin. Wherefore at night-time

they went to the place described, and digging down found a great stone. This they lifted, and five palms' length beneath was the grave with the vessel and the treasures, which for three days and nights they privily carried into the city. On the last night while the pilgrim still stood in the grave Giovanni dragged the stone flag over him and dragged it upon him so that he died. He then set out forthwith to Venice, returning many times so that he might thus get rid of his ill-gotten riches. Now this having been brought to Mary's notice, Giovanni was imprisoned, and on the scaffold confessed his crime. Whereupon he was made to give as a loan the sum of thirty thousand ducats to the Queen, keeping for himself what remained over. Having no sons, he founded the Hospital, Church, and Convent of the Dominican friars—called for that reason 'Saint Giovanni d'Aymo,' and to this foundation he gave many possessions, houses, and other things, as may be seen from his will."

It must be remembered in justification of this story that Lecce had been pillaged so frequently, and that property had been so insecure there for centuries, that treasure may well have been hidden thus, and that a pilgrim may well have discovered the secret. Galateus, for instance, writes of a very similar case at almost the same time:

"One Marsilius, a poor countryman dwelling in Lecce, found a great store of money in the ruins of Balesium: and this is no fable, for it became known to the Countess Mary of Lecce, who straightway laid her hand on the treasure."

In these stories we see the popular Queen at her worst, and she must have been a mere girl in the

first case. Saint John of the Flagstone is a picturesque scoundrel indeed. There would be many applicants for saintship from Park Lane to-day if the honour were so easily to be bought, for this holy man expiated his sin on the scaffold without damage to his person for only half the price of a mere modern baronetcy, and by a little extra expenditure ensured everlasting prayers for his soul.

When Mary had absolved him from earthly punishment for his evil deeds he erected in the courtyard of his house a chapel which he dedicated to his patron St. John the Baptist. This done, he asked Boniface IX. for a faculty to found a monastery of the Dominicans, and on November 9th, 1389, the Pope granted him remission of his sins, and also the desired Bull, stipulating only that he should proceed in agreement with Leonardo, the Bishop of Lecce. No time was lost; the pious founder converted his own large house into a monastery, and soon the Dominicans arrived. Having provided for their bodily needs, an earnest care for their souls took hold of him: he hastened to add a larger church to his little chapel, and built it "with cross vaults in the French manner." His next step heavenward was to endow a hospital for the infirm poor and aged, and to place it under the monks' direction. Then in 1394 he died.

Such is the story, and such was the life of S. Giovanni d'Aymo. His sin was wrought in a moment when avarice had blazed into passion, and it was not till he felt rope round his neck that he confessed the deed. His royal and virtuous mistress seems to have displayed a remarkable greed of gold, and this perhaps makes Giovanni's subsequent bequests the

more generous. In modern times we should scout the idea of admitting such a one to canonisation; but we cannot help feeling that the good works wrought by the Dominican brothers, and the Sisters of Mercy who used their house after they had gone, almost to our own day, must have made a soft corner in Lecce hearts for him who at dead of night killed the poor pilgrim from Flanders. De Simone tells of much trouble in later administration of this hospital, of Courts of Governors, and constant disputes; but all the charm of the story lies in its extravagant ideas of religion and clerical absolution—ideas so prevalent in the Middle Ages, which we now leave for a more enlightened day.

CHAPTER VI

LECCE UNDER SPANISH RULERS

(1463—1799)

To understand the new dynasty which by its advent had drawn so sharp a dividing line between Lecce of the Middle Ages and Lecce of the Renaissance, one must consider the history of Italy and Aragon at the time. Queen Joanna of Naples had invited to her scandalous court in 1420 Alphonso of Aragon and adopted him. When she died, fifteen years afterwards, he claimed her crown partly on the strength of his adoption, partly on the ground of the ancient rights of Manfred, to whom he had succeeded in the female line. The rival claimant was René of Anjou, brother of another adopted son of the Queen's now dead. There was much fighting in Italy till 1442, when Alphonso defeated the hitherto victorious René, and became King of Naples. His reign was marked by such favours to arts and letters, and his treatment of his enemies was so liberal, that he gained the surname of the "Magnanimous." He lived in Naples till his death, in 1458, and handed over his kingdom to Ferdinand, a natural son.

All his other dominions—Aragon, Valencia, Cata-

lonia, Sardinia, Sicily, and the Balearic islands—had been left to his brother John, King of Navarre. He legitimatised Ferdinand, and caused him to be acknowledged lord paramount of the kingdom by the Pope.

But, according to Sismondi and other historians, Ferdinand proved in no way worthy of his high position. So cruel was he, so miserly and perfidious, that his reign became one long series of quarrels with rebellious vassals. In 1445 he had married Isabella, granddaughter of Queen Mary of Enghien. When the last Count of Lecce died, in 1463, the Aragonese party in that city met together to decide whether to hand it over to the King of Naples, who had some claim by marriage to the vacant title. They did not delay long, and induced the city to give itself to Ferdinand, entrusting him with a treasure of 600,000 scudi (about £120,000), besides a very valuable store of gold and silver plate. In less than a month after John Anthony's death at Altamura he arrived at Lecce, and took up his quarters in the Castle. A fortnight afterwards he spent December 20th and 21st in receiving in audience the barons of the county, who swore fealty to him as their liege.

He seems to have enjoyed a much greater measure of popularity in this city than in the rest of his domain, and to have heaped favours on its citizens. His wife too in her earlier life had been beloved of Lecce when she lived there. It is related of her that in 1460 she came to the city disguised as a Franciscan friar to beg John Anthony's aid on behalf of her husband; and the story is said by Simone to be in Passaro's and Cardami's journals for that year, but I have been unable

to substantiate it. Two of their sons became kings of Naples afterwards—Alfonso II. and Frederick II.; John rose to fame as an Archbishop, and Francis became Duke of Montesantangelo; while of their daughters Beatrice married in succession two kings of Hungary—Matthew and Ladislaus II.—and Eleanor two great Italian nobles—Sforza, the Duke of Bari, and Ercole d' Este, Duke of Ferrara.

Lecce was sorely afflicted in two ways during Ferdinand's reign. Plague devastated the city in 1466, again in 1481 and 1520. On the first occasion we are told a miracle happened. The afflicted people were liberated by the appearance of an angel holding a burning torch over a chapel lying outside the city walls, on June 13th. This chapel was speedily made a church and dedicated to Santa Maria della Luce. If this legend is true, the one related already (pp. 65–74) about the martyr Herina must be false, but the matter is of no great importance. The Leccese erected a second chapel in memory of this attack of the plague. A writer in the following year remarks:

"Ne igitur tam clara Civitas sola ac sine viris . . . remaneat."

Ferdinand encouraged people to come and repopulate the city, and really seems to have been less black in Lecce than he was painted in Naples. The other calamity with which the Terra d' Otranto was troubled was a Turkish invasion in 1480. Otranto suffered first, and suffered heavily. Up to that year it had been a thriving and populous port, but now its power was to be broken by the Crescent. Twelve of the twenty thousand inhabitants are said to have been slain, others carried away to pine in distant harems.[1]

[1] For further details see pp. 322-5.

To this day the mothers sing to their disobedient children:

Li Turchi se la puozzono pigliane,
La puozzone portane a la Turchia,
La puozzona fa Turca da Cristiana.

("Let the Turks carry her away; let them carry her to Turkey; let them change her from a Christian to a Turk.")[1]

To this day we may see all over Otranto the enormous stone cannon-balls, weighing as much even as two and a half hundredweight, fired from the Moslem ordnance; to this day we are shown the spot where eight hundred of Otranto's braves were decapitated at one time.

Lecce withstood their assaults, and finally Giulio Antonio Acquaviva at the head of the Neapolitan troops drove them out of the district. But he too fell, and lost his head during the battle, so that the first news to arrive at his native town, Sternatia, was the appearance of his terrified charger still ridden by the headless trunk which that very morning had left the place as a living man.

Alfonso of Aragon on this occasion took the great bells from the campanile of the Duomo at Lecce to make cannon-balls, but Ferdinand restored the metal.

The French invasion of Naples in 1494 is a landmark. A recent writer has said that here "mediæval history ends and modern history begins." In mediæval times Europe was supposed to be presided over by the Pope and the Emperor, but towards the end of the fifteenth century new ideas of nationality came into being. Charles VIII. of France at the time of

[1] Ross's "Land of Manfred," p. 257.

his marriage was already the most powerful king in Europe. His ambition was insatiable, and one of its chief objects was the Neapolitan crown. Sixty years before, Queen Joanna's inheritance had been disputed by her rival favourites of Anjou and Aragon. Anjou was now absorbed in Charles's kingdom and he felt that with Anjou he should also have absorbed Naples. Only twenty-four years of age, weak of mind and feeble of body, he nevertheless possessed every instrument of power. A rich and well-ordered kingdom, a brilliant and numerous army, lay to his hand. Visions of Charlemagne and his paladins crossed his brain, with dimmer thoughts of driving the Turks from Europe and freeing the Holy Sepulchre.

It was to this young monarch that there came in 1492 some Neapolitan exiles with suggestions that the Aragon house should be dethroned. Sforza of Milan offered his support, Charles set his house in order, and in August 1494 entered Italy with a magnificent army of over thirty thousand men and the finest artillery that Europe had seen.

Old King Ferdinand had just died; of his sons Alphonso II. succeeded him, Frederick took command of the fleet, while the young Ferdinand his grandson headed his army. In a few months Charles was in Naples, having encountered practically no opposition. Not a single battle was fought in opposition to the cruel and daring tactics of the French soldiery. Charles then settled down for a period of feasting and jousting in Naples, sending his subordinates to ravage and subdue the surrounding provinces.

In the Terra d' Otranto there was an unseemly rush of cities and villages to renounce allegiance to Aragon and make terms with France, Lecce and Taranto

being in the majority. Gallipoli, Brindisi, and Otranto, however, remained faithful to the Aragon throne. Brindisi and Taranto were of course most important strategic points when all Europe was waiting for a general conflagration. Otranto first gave itself up, then suddenly performed a rapid change of front and returned to its old love. In all the kingdom there were only two cities left faithful to Aragon (except those in the Terra d'Otranto)—Reggio and Ischia. Brindisi after some time began to waver. It was badly defended and without a trained commander; Aragon's star was by no means in the ascendant.

At last a deputation was sent to Charles to treat amicably for surrender. The King was intoxicated with success—perhaps not only with success—and scoffed at the idea of parleying with the syndics of one single distant town. He sent them home dissatisfied and hopeless, but on arrival unexpected news greeted them. Ferdinand had sent Brindisi a letter of encouragement and exhortation. He implored the city to resist the foreigner and remain faithful to his house. After much debating and cautious talk Brindisi again espoused his cause. Over at Gallipoli the citizens knew there lay another little oasis of Aragon sympathisers, and there they sent messages to arrange for joint operations. Meanwhile a league was concluded in support of their party in Europe, for Charles's power in Italy was already being looked on with anxious eyes from many quarters. A body of Venetian soldiers under Antonio Grimani landed on the Adriatic coast, and at once marched against the French, who were despoiled of Manopoli by force of arms and of Polignano by agreement.

Camillo Pandrone, Alphonso's viceroy, who had

been living at Lecce, had had to vacate his office and take refuge in Brindisi when war broke out, and had been replaced by two Frenchmen—the Duke of Asparra and Gilbert of Brunswick. The Brindisi people were molested not only by French besiegers, but by bodies of hostile Italians from Lecce, Taranto, and Mesagne, while at Gallipoli too the Lecce contingent was nearly as troublesome as that of the foreigners. Brindisi was particularly strongly fortified, and its possession therefore of the greatest importance. Frederick at last decided himself to make his way there, and ordered his wife Isabella, then living at Bari, to rejoin him there. In April (1495) she wrote to the city claiming its protection, which was warmly proffered. A safe-conduct through the French lines was obtained for her, and soon afterwards she met her husband and family within its friendly walls. Frederick followed her, that is to say, in a few days, with a battered remnant of the force which he had led through the Abruzzi—three thousand Basque and Italian infantry, five hundred cavalry. As they descended into the Apulian plain they had been surprised by the French and defeated, so that it was not an altogether joyous meeting in Brindisi town. Frederick's brother Cesare was among the few survivors, weary and disconsolate. Don Cesare seems to have been a born intriguer, and no sooner had he settled down than he began to negotiate secretly with the French viceroy at Lecce, proposing an interchange of prisoners and offering a challenge to battle. Brunswick imprisoned the envoy who bore the message, but so high was the feeling in the city that he had to release him, fearing a people enraged at an infringement of their code of honour. Indeed, they wrote to the citizens of Brindisi

privately on this matter, and on their own account concluded a local armistice. For some time they carried on their mutual trade, absolutely ignoring the two foreign factions whose respective standards floated above their ramparts. Asparra became at last furious at this disregard of his authority. Disowning the truce, he set out from Lecce to harry all the country-side round Brindisi, and met its Aragonese defenders near Mesagne. A skirmish followed, and Pandrone, the fugitive viceroy from Lecce, was killed by a peasant of that village during the fighting. Mesagne was an exposed position, and so useful that the French determined to remain in possession if possible. Asparra in person left Lecce with an adequate force, and took up his quarters there, but one fine day overshot his mark. He had become more and more daring in these constant skirmishes, and on this occasion actually reached the very walls of Brindisi. The Aragonese were stupefied for the moment, then they rapidly came to their senses, fell upon him and routed all his men. Abandoned by all, Asparra fled for his life in despair, till at last a Neapolitan knight caught him up by furious riding and persuaded him to yield his sword. Out there in the bare plain that bright summer afternoon the few hot words were spoken that freed Brindisi for the time being from a very difficult situation. Asparra was a prisoner, and Gilbert of Brunswick remained in Lecce to uphold the power and authority of France.

The latter was created Count of Lecce, Matera, Oria, Mesagne, and Otranto by Charles in this year, but did not enjoy the honour for long. His king found more pressing matters to attend to than drinking-bouts and tilting at the ring in Naples, so departed from that

pleasant city for his own land towards the end of May after an absence of nine months. He left behind him as viceroys the Duke of Montpensier at Naples, George de Sully at Taranto, and others in different places, with a view to their managing the affairs of his realm without too much attention being required from Paris.

To Don Frederick in Brindisi this seemed an auspicious occasion for another attempt at regaining his lost property. Uniting the men of Brindisi, Otranto, Gallipoli, and Monopoli, he landed at the harbour of San Cataldo near Lecce with a small fleet. As his arrival became known in the city, the banner of Aragon was once more raised on the walls, and Brunswick shut himself up with his men in the castle. Don Frederick marched in with flags flying and drums beating, to be hailed as king; his queen had been brought there before him and was waiting to greet him. Without delay he besieged the castle. It was only a short time before Brunswick gave himself up on condition that his life and his soldiers' were spared. They were led as prisoners to Brindisi and thence to Mesagne, where they met their comrade Asparra, who had been in durance vile since the affair outside Brindisi walls. The French forces in the Terra d' Otranto gradually concentrated in or around Taranto, and their united strength being defeated there, the district from Taranto to Grottaglie was once more in the hands of Aragon.

The reign of Frederick was not destined to be peaceful in any way. In 1500 a treaty was secretly concluded at Granada between Louis XII. of France, who now held the Duchy of Milan, and Ferdinand the Catholic, who had become King of united Spain,

to attack the kingdom of Naples in concert, and divide it between them. Frederick had seen Milan fall, and trembled for his own throne. He offered his kingdom as a fief to France, and fully trusted Ferdinand the Catholic, his kinsman and ally, knowing nothing of what was transpiring behind the scenes. He regarded the army of Spanish soldiers in Sicily under Gonsalvo di Cordova as a friendly force. In the following summer these, the two greatest monarchs of Europe, put into execution their treacherous scheme. At the end of June the French were in Rome and Gonsalvo in Calabria. Frederick saw that things were desperate. Ferdinand his son wrote in July to Gallipoli, and told the citizens to be prepared to welcome a Turkish force which might arrive at the harbour of San Cataldo, near Lecce, at any moment, and to give them any assistance that lay in their power. Other letters followed this, and may be found in the State Record Office at Naples. Frederick seems to have treated with the Turks before this on other occasions; and many men were imprisoned in 1492 for an affair of the sort, notably the ambassador Nuccio Andrano of Lecce. But Mussulman aid availed nothing. Ferdinand shut himself up in Taranto, and awaited the end of the siege. It came speedily; for Gonsalvo followed Hannibal's example, carried his boats overland to the Mare Piccolo, and assailed the stronghold from both sides. Frederick surrendered to France, and died there after three years of by no means arduous confinement. Ferdinand was given a free pardon; but as he left the city and came into the Spanish general's power, he was taken prisoner and sent to Spain.

The Spanish army now marched northwards through

the kingdom to meet the French on the frontier which had been defined at Granada, and to perform certain ceremonial acts now that the country was subdued and divided. Jealousy appeared, the wording of the treaty was disputed, war broke out between the two nations, and in a series of defeats France was gradually driven out of the kingdom, leaving Spain in absolute possession.

During all this warfare it can hardly be expected that Lecce progressed far in other directions; but at least two facts of interest stand out for notice. The introduction of printing into Lecce took place fifty-ninth among the seventy cities of Italy which it reached before 1500, Subiaco being the first of all. The oldest book recorded as having been printed in the city is said by Enrico Warton and by Oleario to be the "Quadragesimale de Peccatis" of Fra Roberto Caracciolo, written in 1475 and printed 1490.

Then this same cleric himself is a personage of the greatest importance, not only as a Lecce citizen, but as one of the great preachers of Italy. He was born in the city in 1425 of an old and influential family, the lords of Arnesano, and bore the title of Caracciolo di Leone. He became first a Minore Observante, then a Conventuale, and again an Observante. He was also at one time Bishop of Aquino, and later Papal Nunzio. His fame as a preacher[1] was due in part to his firm attitude as leader of the Franciscan obscurantists, and he devoted his talents to a fierce

[1] For contemporary appreciations of his preaching see Ermolao Barbaro, Giovanni Pontano, etc. For biography see his Life by Domenico de Angelis.

and fanatical exposition of their reactionary tenets in opposition to the fast-flowing stream of the new Renaissance Humanist school represented by Poggio and Valla. He was popularly known as Robert of Lecce; and his reputation extended far beyond the walls of that city to Florence and the cities where new views of religion and philosophy were fast developing.

Dying in his native place on May 6th, 1495, he was buried there, in the church of St. Francis of Assisi (see p. 339); but his tomb is placed in an out-of-the-way place behind that of the Jesuit Fathers Realino and Paradiso.

Another feature of city life dating from about this period was the arrival of a number of Albanians from over the sea, followers of their great leader Scanderbeg, who died in Italy in 1466, or refugees from his desolated country. They had been known in Lecce even so far back as Queen Mary's days; and a document bearing the date 1500 is preserved among the city archives by which the King enacts that Lecce is not to be troubled with the poll-tax due from Greeks and Albanians.

Up to this point we have not touched on the question of education in Lecce, and now have arrived at a time when Italy was in the full tide of her Renaissance. The revival of art and letters reached Southern Italy late, and did not find there the rapid success which it enjoyed in the vigorous republics farther north, or in the Papal dominions.

Yet before 1500 the Accademia Pontaniana was founded at Naples by Giovanni Pontano, and among his colleagues was Antonio de Ferraris from Lecce, who, as was customary in those pedantic days,

adopted the classic name of Galateus. The curriculum seems to have extended beyond the common limits of letters and philosophy, and progress was rapid. Galateus had not forgotten the claims of his native city, and from a letter of his to Crisostomo Colonna we hear of the "Accademia Lupiensis." Fashioned much on the lines of the older institution at Naples, the members assumed classic names and even christened their lecture-rooms after celebrated people and places from antiquity. De Simone imagines that this busy home of scholarship was founded with a very different object—in fact, to form a loggia or rendezvous at which the interests of the House of Aragon might be promoted under the guise of encouraging philosophers and rhetoricians. It was a most natural thing that in this region, where the fate of a dynasty hung in the balance, there should be a centre of activity for wire-pullers to check the enemy, spy wherever necessary, strengthen the feeble-kneed, and put heart into the stalwarts. Under the guise of a school after the model of Pythagoras, twenty centuries before, was a political club almost exactly similar to the Circolo Patriottico Salentino which followed it for equally good reasons three hundred and fifty years later. Galateus is an extremely interesting figure in Lecce history, and I shall have more to say of his writings in a subsequent chapter. He died at Lecce in 1517.

Another literary light was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, Abraham ben Rabi Meïr de Balmis by name. He was born in Lecce, and lectured much there in philosophy, also at Venice and Padua, in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. He published translations from Greek and Arabic of the works of

Aristotle and other writers, and an original pamphlet, "De Demonstratione." His "Mitene Abraham" made him a famous man among his contemporaries. His wife was converted to Christianity by the preaching of Caracciolo.

(1501—1528)

Before settling down to the longest period of peace that Lecce had ever known, one more outbreak of war was to shadow her horizon. Again France and Spain were struggling, but on this occasion all Europe was involved, for Charles V. had succeeded Maximilian as emperor, and had disturbed the balance of power. Germany, Spain, Naples, Holland, and much of the New World owned his sway, and France feared that her hold on Milan was doomed. England, France, and the Pope joined with the principal powers of Italy—Venice, Genoa, Florence, Ferrara, Milan, Mantua, Lucca, and Siena—in what promised to be a death-grapple with the Emperor. Gaston de Foix, commanding the allies, soon made himself master of nearly all the kingdom of Naples, and the Prince of Orange—a French nobleman fighting on the other side—shut himself up in the capital, letting the war drift into Apulia. The province of Lecce remained faithful to the Imperial cause, and its conquest was entrusted to Gabriel Barone, a noble of the city who had gone to France with King Frederick many years before, when the Naples crown was seized by Spain. After his master's death he had been begged by Louis XII. to enter his service, so having renounced his adherence to the House of Aragon, accepted the offer.

Local writers tell us that the French kings held Barone in high esteem, and one mark of it was his mission as ambassador to Venice. In attempting to reconquer the provinces of Bari and Lecce he was to be aided by the Venetians, and soon entered on his task. Having subdued Melfi he raised his standard over Trani, Barletta, Bisceglie, Molfetta, Giovinazzo, Bari, Mola, Polignano, and Monopoli, entering the Terra d' Otranto at the head of eight hundred horse. In company with him was the Venetian Provveditore Antonio Ciuranno, who commanded a squadron of Greek cavalry supported by twelve Venetian galleys coasting along the Adriatic in touch with the army. Alfonso Castriota, Marquis of Atripalda, was Governor of the province at the time. He considered Lecce an insecure place, so dispatched his household and goods to Gallipoli, and claimed the aid of his feudal barons to destroy the deserter. Men and money were offered him, but he took the money only, and decided to hire five hundred Albanian free-lances with whom to march to Ostuni and oppose the allied forces. However, the Albanians seem to have played him false by hoisting the French flag and scattering in search of plunder, so that he must have wished that his men-at-arms had been recruited from Lecce as were their leaders. Barone held Ostuni, Brindisi, Mesagne, and the Mediterranean seaboard, while to Castriota remained Lecce, Taranto, and Gallipoli. The latter general had fled to Gallipoli after the Allies had beaten him at Avetrana.

Barone had a grandson, Marcantonio, in Lecce. This youth was good-looking, well-mannered, chivalrous, and brave and had much influence with the Lecce citizens. Gabriel communicated with him secretly,

and finally succeeded in smuggling a considerable body of soldiers—four to eight hundred according to different historians—into the city at night. They passed silently in, taking up the positions arranged for them by Marcantonio, and as soon as the sun had appeared in his full strength Gabriel himself clattered up to the gates with a strong force of cavalry. The place was completely surprised, and could offer no resistance. Barone now reorganised his army, placing Castellano at its head. To his brother Raffaele he gave the command of two hundred infantry, made Marcantonio colonel of three thousand, and created Guarino, the lord of Poggiardo, governor of the city. Then having also strengthened his cavalry he proceeded to the assault of Taranto, which was garrisoned by royal soldiers commanded by the Count of Noja at the head of the city forces, and by other feudal lords of the province with their men-at-arms, concentrated there under the Prince of Bisignano, Pierantonio Sanseverino. The besieged attempted a sortie, but fell into an ambuscade and suffered a crushing defeat from Gabriel, leaving many prisoners. After this blow Taranto only just escaped falling into Barone's hands, there being much plotting within the city.

Meanwhile in Lecce folks were conspiring to make the city revert to the Catholic cause. In Giacomantonio Ferrari's lawyer's chambers a little band of stalwarts assembled night after night to discuss ways and means. Ferrante Paladini was there, Sigismondo Castromediano, lord of Cavallino, his brother Thomas, Archdeacon of Brindisi, Antonio Bozzicorso, Marquis of Arnesano, Filippo Matthei, Andrea Francesco d' Ayello, lord of Melpignano, Alfonso Sarlo, lord of

Ussano, Giovanni Maria and Giovannantonio Guarino, Alfonso and Giovannantonio Mosco, Paolo Francesco and Frederico Ferrari, Giovannantonio Raynò, Leonardo Carnassa, Jacopo and Falco de' Falconi, Frederico Giovanni and Luigi Tafuri, Ciccio Coletta, Ottaviano Saetta and Francesco Orimino. A bare little list indeed, but one conveying much to a student of Lecce's chequered fortunes. Five pairs of brothers are among the conspirators, and nearly every great name in Lecce history is represented. In every war from Norman days up to modern times we find the same families sending their sons to council-chamber or to battle, and more than three hundred years later another Sigismondo Castromediano leads the patriotic party in the city. Their efforts were crowned with success. Castriota had come into the neighbourhood while Barone was safely encamped outside Taranto, and, like his rival, had made elaborate arrangements for having the gates opened to him. In broad daylight his thousand men marched into the streets greeted with ringing shouts of "Death to the French!" and "Long live the Emperor!" In the great square of the city Giovannantonio Ferrari, who for so long had made his house a rendezvous for the Catholic cause, unfurled the Imperial banner. No attempt was made at doing these things covertly; the news travelled at once to Barone at Taranto, and without delay he marched on the rebel city. But the blood of the Leccese was up, they hated the French soldiery and the treacherous turncoat who commanded them. Barone was routed this time, fled towards Rocca, but was attacked there and forced to yield. By this time only Nardo and Castro of the towns in the Terra d' Otranto remained in the hands of the Allies, and

before long Spain resumed her uninterrupted sway of all Southern Italy without further serious molestation. This campaign, which ended in 1528, cost Lecce not only the lives of many of her most gallant citizens, but also the sum of 15,000 ducats, about £2,500 in our money.

With the exception of this stormy period in its first quarter, the sixteenth century in Lecce was an era of considerable progress, and during the long reigns of Charles V. and Philip II., extending from 1515 to 1598, life in the city became more tolerable and civilised. Patriotism its sons had never lacked, a taste for commerce had developed long before this, but the civilising and humanising influences of education and religion had never yet had a chance of development uninterrupted by war or pestilence.

This development was indeed partly made possible by the strong measures which Charles took for safeguarding the city. Constant attacks by African corsairs forced him to think of some better way of protecting these defenceless coasts and eighty-three towers on the Adriatic and Ionian shores of the Terra d'Otranto were erected at his direction and fortified with cannon. At the present time those which are still standing are used for *dogane* or transformed into lighthouses, as in the case of those at Palascia, near Otranto, at Melendugno, near Cape S. Maria di Leuca, and at Penne, near Brindisi. He also ordered the existing castle at Lecce to be enlarged and new fortifications to be built round it, entrusting the work to a famous military architect and citizen of Lecce, Gian Jacopo dell' Acaya, who designed the Castle of St. Elmo at Naples, those at Capua and Cosenza, and one on his own ancestral estate in the neighbourhood. The city

walls were also rebuilt, on a more ambitious scale than hitherto, with twenty bastions and a deep moat. Much of these walls still remains, but part has been incorporated into later buildings and gardens, and a certain amount demolished. It was during these operations, in 1539, that Walter V.'s church of S. Croce had to be removed from its original site to make way for the additions to the Castle, and after all the work was finished, in 1548, that the Leccese erected the great Triumphal Arch at the Naples Gate of the city.

Charles does not seem to have interfered in any way with the judicial machinery of the province, already much improved during the Aragon régime, and did no more than confirm the privileges of the Provincial Council. In matters educational rapid progress is to be noted. Galateus had died in 1517, and it was about forty years later that a second Academy was founded in the city by Scipione Ammirato, who was to become famous as a writer, and of whom I shall have more to say in another chapter. This institution may or may not have had a political object, and existing documents are not very clear on the point. However, de Simone quotes from an old writer an account of its condition which is so amusing that I give a rough translation :

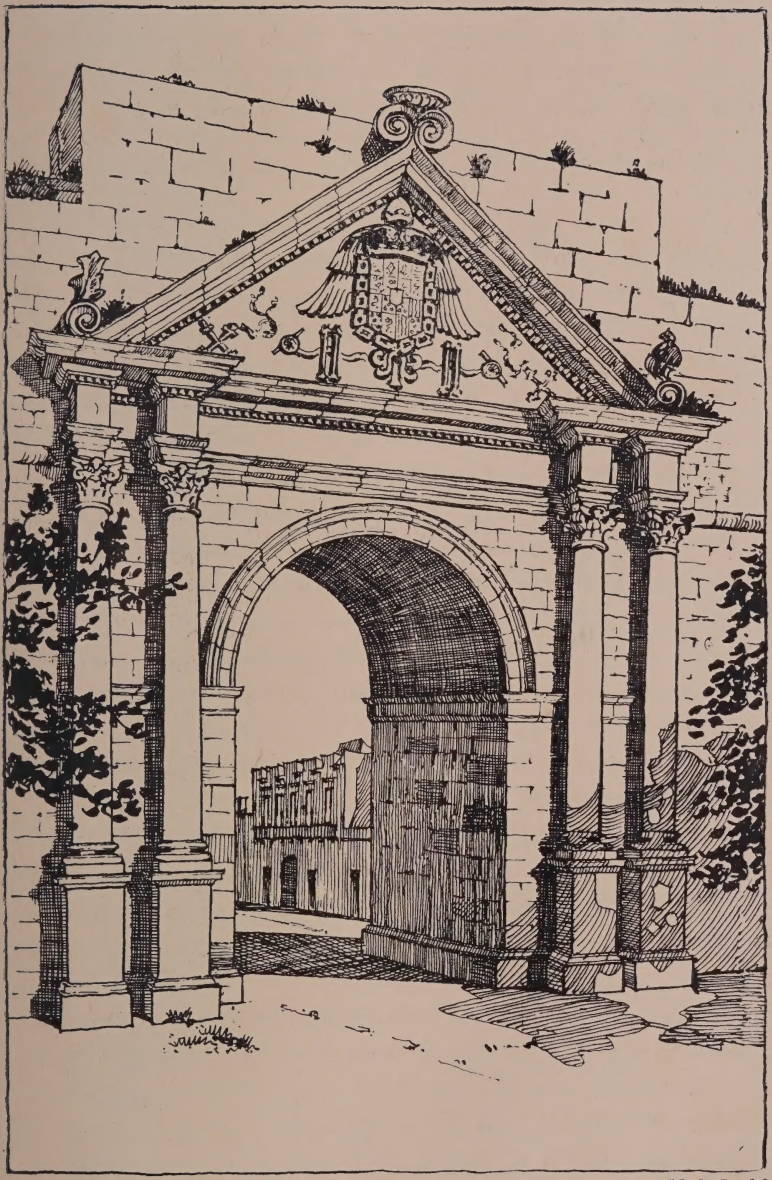
" Loving one another whole-heartedly, often meeting together at dinner, and sitting through the night till they trespassed on daylight itself, no cloud obscured their horizon and no cause of quarrel arose. . . . Moreover, as they mixed with many who did not belong to their Accademia these latter too learned from them the correct manners of life, and themselves became polite and refined. In time it happened that a

Carnival came to be held for twelve days, with much show of taste, at which two excellent comedies were produced. And the city was greatly delighted thereby, and it appeared marvellous to all that such youths, for the most part sons still living in their parents' homes, could attempt so ambitious a display and yet succeed so brilliantly."

This Academy, known as "Dei Trasformati," seems to have waned after Ammirato's death, and died a natural death towards the close of the century.

In 1558 the authorities of the city and district petitioned King Philip of Spain that public schools should be established in Lecce for the youth of the province. By an order of October 6th in that year from the King at Arras, the Viceroy was instructed to make the necessary arrangements and to apply for a faculty.

In another respect the growth of humane ideas is very noticeable. A worthy lawyer of the city—Donato Sala by name—had died in 1490, and by his will left a sum for founding a Spedale for foundlings, dedicated to San Nicolò. But charitable bequests seldom are quickly executed, and it was not till 1534 that the institution really became an accomplished fact. For thirty-four years the municipal authority administered it; then, as the Church became more and more powerful, she gained control of this charity too, and it became connected with the Spedale dello Spirito Santo by a Bull of Julius III. A number of women were paid as searchers for the little waifs, others brought them up according to their needs. How crying was the need for something of the sort may be imagined when one reads what Ferrari has to say of this cultured and wealthy city in 1544.



M. S. B. del.

13. THE NAPLES GATE, LECCE

(By permission of *The Architectural Review*)

p. 184]

"Children not born of legitimate nuptials were abandoned in the middle of the public highways and fields, left to be devoured of wild beasts and dogs, or to perish of their own accord without even being able to know whether they had received Holy Baptism."

In 1650 the city was ordered to pay 50 ducats a month (about £8) towards educating these children, and at the beginning of the next century more than two hundred were being maintained. By that time the expense was becoming so heavy that the Spedale dello Spirito Santo had to give up its charge into other hands. We last hear of the Foundling Hospital in Napoleonic times, when the whole place was remodelled and the staff was reduced to one solitary custodian, who received any children brought to him, presented them to the city officials for registration, and then consigned them to foster-mothers. Round each of their necks the foundlings had to wear a little lead seal, the boys till they were eight years old, girls till they were ten. After a few years this rather degrading stigma was abolished, and the little waifs were in no way differentiated from the happy legitimates with whom they played. It is the same kind feeling for unfortunates which has prompted many thoughtful Boards of Guardians in England to-day to abolish the hated uniformity of garb among workhouse inmates.

Perhaps the most striking event of sixteenth-century church history in Lecce was the arrival of the Jesuits in 1574, a small body led by Father Bernardino Realino da Campi. Forty years before this the Society of Jesus had been founded, and its growth had been extraordinarily rapid between 1560 and the date of the first appearance in Lecce. In 1563 its members

numbered 3,500 in eighteen provinces. Content to begin in a small way at Lecce, they drove out the Greeks from the church which the latter occupied, commenced to hold their own services there, and speedily created a party in their favour in the city. The Mettola, Prioli, Fedele, and Antoglietta families lent them powerful support, and a fat legacy from Raffaele Staivano furnished the means for building the fine church still in existence, though the other buildings connected with it form the Tribunali at the present time. One of the Jesuits' chief objects was education, and in their first year they opened three schools, following with chairs of rhetoric, philosophy, theory of teaching, and ethics, as soon as their new premises were completed.

One of their pupils had a stirring career. Sabatino de Ursis was born in Lecce in 1575 and became a Jesuit in 1597. His training completed, he was sent as a missionary to China and lived there many years. Father Ricci had already broken the ice, but de Ursis can have found no bed of roses awaiting him in the opening years of the seventeenth century when he landed on so little-known a shore. Like many missionary pioneers, preaching and expounding his faith formed but a small part of his work. He studied Chinese language and history as thoroughly as his limited opportunities would allow, taught the people of his acquired knowledge as he learned it, and devoted his spare time to experiments with hydraulic machinery. In 1620 he died of consumption at Macao after a decade of hard and probably depressing work, but work which paved the way for missionaries who followed the Jesuits in the nineteenth century. His published works are recorded by Sotwel.

One more improvement in Lecce at this time may be mentioned. Up to 1539 the streets had been in a disgraceful condition, as they were in English towns at the same date, but in that year President Scipione de Summa began to pave them. His successor, Ferrante Loffredo, carried on the good work, but a reaction seems to have set in, and at the end of the seventeenth century we again read of the streets being like a swamp. So in 1692 it was decreed that paving must again be put down, and a tax was levied on corn and cattle for three years from 1693. The clergy, as usual, were exempt, but in this case co-operated in bearing the cost. In the eighteenth century this tax was again levied, and three "Paving Deputies" were appointed.

The Seventeenth Century

The seventeenth century in Lecce was more devoid of incident than any which had preceded it since the Dark Ages. Following the long reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. came three more, which lasted from 1598 to 1700—those of Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. The first was a pious, unambitious man, and under his rule Spain lost much of her enormous power in Europe and America. Under his successor the Thirty Years War in Europe and constant fighting with Holland in the Far East or elsewhere, caused the viceroys in Southern Italy to be very much left to themselves. Their administration was hard and tactless; Naples blood was hot and reckless. The people were indolent and poor, taxes were heaped upon them. At last the storm broke. A poor fisher-

man named Tommaso Aniello—Masaniello for short—led the revolt. Young and ardent, he soon gained the only too ready ear of the city. A dispute had arisen in 1647 over the payment of a tax on fruit which afforded a pretext. The popular feeling was strongly in his favour, and for a week he was master of the city. But excitement turned his head. He was no Napoleon to rise from the ranks and control the destinies of a nation, and the Spanish garrison was well organised. Masaniello's head was turned, he was confined in a monastery and assassinated, while Naples came back again to the iron heel of Spain. Lecce had taken a prominent part in this insurrection, but Boccapianolo, the vice-duke of Arco's envoy in the Terra d' Otranto, had sternly quelled the attempt. All through this century there took place gusts of civil war in the city, and on one occasion, in 1646, Pappacoda, the Bishop, armed all the priests.

An event in church history forms the most striking feature of the period. On March 13th, 1615, there was born at Naples one Antonio Pignatelli, son of Francesco, Marquis of Spinazzola, and of one of the Carafa family. His career was a long chronicle of triumphs, culminating at the chair of St. Peter. He was early admitted to the prelacy, and became successfully vice-legate of Urbino, inquisitor of Malta, and governor of Perugia. Yet his insatiable ambition found its progress too slow, and he felt inclined to abandon his ecclesiastical profession altogether. Then came other appointments. He became nuncio to Florence, then for eight years to Poland, and next to Germany—an office which usually was followed as a matter of course by the cardinal's hat.

"But whether," says Contarini, "from the influence of inauspicious stars or from disinclination towards him in the government of Clement IX., instead of being rewarded he was recalled and dispatched as bishop to *Lezze* on the extreme boundaries of Naples. Under these circumstances he was compelled to exert the whole force of his mind, and the most manly firmness; all the court was in fact astonished at the moderation and resigned spirit of which he gave proof. With a supernatural serenity he even returned thanks for their appointment, 'because he should now no longer have to endure the heavy burden of the nunciature.'"

Contarini says that Clement IX. *banished* Pignatelli and Clement X. recalled him; the Roman authors say Clement X. did both. De Simone makes him Bishop of Lecce from 1671–1682. We have little record of his life there, and only know that it was a great building era, and an era in which the Church must have been passing prosperous in the Terra d' Otranto. He obtained his cardinal's hat in 1681, and was next Bishop of Faenza, legate of Bologna, and Archbishop of Naples within a few years. He was now marked as a possible candidate for the Papacy.

At the conclave, after Innocent XI.'s death, his name was mentioned, and when Alexander VIII. passed away he was elected after a five months' palaver. The result was, however, quite unexpected, and was caused by the support of the French clerics—the feeling being for a mild and peaceable man. "All the cardinals," we are told, "were wearied out."

The new Pope laboured to follow Innocent XI., but substituted clemency for harshness. His connection with Lecce justifies a few extracts from Contarini depicting his character and methods.

"All confessed that this public audience was a powerful check on the ministers and judges; for the means of approaching the ear of the prince were thus afforded to all, and made it easy to disclose to him things which had previously been concealed from the papers, either by the authority or the craft of those who surrounded them."

Another reform came with the introduction of a Bill respecting nepotism, which set a limit on the amount of Church revenues to be conferred on any kinsman of the Pope. Contarini laments that Innocent had no nephews who might feel some pride in their uncle's greatness. The reformer's next step was to abolish the sale of public appointments.

"He thus deprived gold of its power, and made it once more possible for virtue to attain to the highest places."[1]

"The Pope has nothing in his thoughts but God, the poor, and the reform of abuses. He lives in the most abstemious retirement, devoting every hour to his duties, without consideration for his health. He is most blameless in his habits, and most conscientious; he is also extremely disinterested, nor does he seek to enrich his kindred; he is full of love to the poor, and is endowed with all the great qualities that could be desired for the head of the Church. Could he only but act for himself on all occasions, he would be one of the first of popes. . . ."

"Those great and resplendent virtues were seen to be obscured by the craft of the ministers, who were but too well practised in the arts of the court."

[1] "Relazione di Domenico Contarini K." Roma, 1696, 5 Luglio. (Report by Domenico Contarini) Venetian archives, 18 leaves. This report is quoted by Ranke in the Appendix to his "History of the Popes." Document No. 153, in the 1908 edition.

These crafty schemers made capital of the Pope's reforming zeal by diverting it into less dangerous channels. They suggested a hospital at the Lateran. Innocent rose to the bait, and the energy he had divided between relieving the poor and checking clerical abuses was thus concentrated on the former object alone. "Questo chiodo fermò l'ardente volontà del papa di riformare," says Contarini (which is, being interpreted, "That nail effectually stopped the Pope's eager progress in reform"). He seems to have carried out numberless good works besides this, but lived much too long to suit the college of cardinals. There was no love lost between Innocent and them.

As a politician he also made his mark on European history, and acquired a reputation for being almost too conciliatory. He was on good terms with Louis XIV., and recommended Charles II. of Spain to appoint him as his successor.

He died on September 27th, 1700, and is undoubtedly one of the most interesting personages connected with Lecce, the city where, as bishop, he gained the experience which blossomed out so luxuriantly when he mounted St. Peter's throne.

There seems to have been little change in civic life in Lecce during this century beyond development on existing lines. The foreign element remained a conspicuous feature, and we have some record of the Greek community who, as we have seen, were turned out of their church of San Nicolò in 1575 and moved to San Giovanni del Malato, afterwards created a Parrocchia under the title of S. Nicolò de Greci. De Simone has written a monograph on Greek settlements in Lecce and the Terra d'Otranto, in which he quotes from an Appendix to Panettera's

Chronicles a record of many Greek families arriving there in 1636, and on other occasions up to the end of the century. In most cases these people came from districts specially oppressed by the Turks. Some settled in the city, others only remained there until they could make arrangements for moving to some other place in the province. In 1682 a Greek archbishop officiated on St. Thomas Aquinas day in San Giovanni d'Aymo, and ordained many Greek clergy of the neighbourhood. Father Luigi Tasselli, a Capuchin, of Casarano (author of "Leuca Sacra," a valuable book in the absence of more reliable histories), was preaching in the East about this time, warmly advocating the Pope's primacy. On returning to Lecce he published a book dealing with ritual difference between the Eastern and Western Churches in 1664. He died at a great age at Casarano on March 20th, 1694.

In spite of constant civil wars during a part of this century, it must have been a period of wonderful prosperity for Lecce, seeing that so many of its most famous buildings were then erected. The records of their erection will be considered in a subsequent chapter on the characteristic local architecture, which consists almost entirely of remains of churches and palaces of the seventeenth and eighteenth century baroque period.

The academies, which were forming a part of political Lecce as well as being educational centres, were augmented somewhere between 1678 and 1683 by the addition of another to their number, the Accademia degli Spioni. The "Accademia Lupiensis" of Ferrari's time had probably ceased to exist, that of the Trasformati was still flourishing. Platonic

philosophy, Cartesian geometry, and Greek poetry appeared on its curriculum; also Latin, Italian, and local history. Again, however, we find these educational institutions serving as centres for political sedition, and the Accademia degli Spioni took a prominent part in the plots at the beginning of the War of the Spanish Succession. The second Charles of Spain died in 1700, and left his monarchy to the Duke of Anjou, Philip of Bourbon, who became Philip V. of Spain thirtieth King of Naples. On the other hand, there was a claimant in the person of the Archduke Charles of Austria, whose cause was supported by England, Holland, Portugal, and Savoy. The Allied forces, under Count Daun, took possession of the kingdom of Naples on July 7th, 1707, in the name of the Archduke, now Charles VI., King of Naples. Meanwhile there had been strenuous times at the Accademia degli Spioni at Lecce, which was working on behalf of the allies. Two of the weaker brethren had betrayed the rest; a charge of treason was brought, and on the night of October 26th, 1706, most of the members were arrested, a few saving themselves by flight.

Among the former were Giusto Palma, two of the Ales, and Errico Marescallo, who were taken as prisoners to the sea-fort of Brindisi, where they remained for five months suffering untold misery, and at last were liberated by the aid of the Governor of Taranto. Those who saved themselves by fleeing the country were the Abbot Domenico de Angelis, and many others, notably Gustavo Paladini, who suffered more than most of the rest, as two of his fiefs were confiscated. They bore their confinement bravely. Palma, indeed, escaped death through im-

prisonment, and one of his kinsmen, bearing the historic name of Oronzo, succumbed to the dagger of a political assassin in his native city. Giusto had been one of the founders of the Accademia degli Spioni, was President at the time of his arrest, and remained so until his death. He was a skilful writer, both in prose and verse, well versed in the lore of the district. One of his principal works was an edition of the chronicles of "Messer Antonello Coniger," but unfortunately the book is very scarce, as he discovered so many errors after publication that he recalled all possible copies and burned them, intending to issue a revised version. His death, however, prevented this hope becoming realised, and the few remaining specimens bear the date 1700, and give Brindisi as the place of publication.[1] In 1707 he published Ferrari's book on Lecce,[2] with a preface of his own, and dedicated the volume to Francesco Antonio Personè. A man of wide culture, he was no mean student of astrology, and left his mark on Lecce educational life of his day. His grandnephew Giancamillo, Archdeacon of Lecce, was a Doctor of Theology and also a very versatile scholar, many of whose works are recorded by de Simone.

The Eighteenth Century

The city was now producing many writers, and was at the height of its prosperity in the region of art. Architects and sculptors were combining in the rich baroque churches and palaces; local painters were

[1] "Apologia Paradossica della Città di Lecce di M. Jacopo Antonio Ferrari." See Bibliography.

[2] See Bibliography.

busily at work on altar-pieces and votive pictures. Yet existence in Lecce in the eighteenth century was not without incident, and every now and then a little cloud arose on its placid horizon. Perhaps a place which had been such a cockpit in the past found respectability too humdrum.

Taking these diversions in order, the first arose from disputes about a bread-tax. Cardinal Grimani, the viceroy, issued an order on February 10th, 1710, suppressing all mills lying outside the city, establishing weighing-places at all the "posti" where customs were then levied, and granting a loaf of bread tax-free to each priest daily. If there was one thing on earth about which the Lecce temper was sensitive it was the bread-tax. The Church in Italy, at any rate in the kingdom of Naples, was becoming very powerful at the same time that in England it was rapidly losing its hold on the popular mind. It was at the same time becoming more and more arrogant. Instead of inviting the co-operation of the municipal authorities, the Episcopal Tribunal of Monsignor the Bishop, Fabrizio Pignatelli, hailed these gentry before them. There was the president, the Count of Montuoro, and the mayor, Donato Maria Brunetti. Both were men of position and eminence. They knew that the city was behind them, and they resented the tone of the ecclesiastical summons. So they took no notice, and were promptly excommunicated by Pignatelli. Here is the democratic spirit which is to be found in every little hot-headed town in Italy, always ready to fly at its neighbour's throat at the least suggestion of an insult. Lecce heads were hot, and only required this spark of provocation to begin the fray. A miserable clerk of the Curia was

caught smuggling grain out of the Porta di Napoli and set on by the rabble. Two plucky priests ran to his aid, and a scuffle ensued, in which several folk were badly damaged. The President then ordered the arrest of several Curiali, but they fled into the nearest churches.

Matters were now becoming serious enough to be noticed at Naples, and on February 27th a dispatch arrived asking for some account of these doings; but the Bishop maintained a haughty silence. A month later another followed, confiscating the episcopal revenues. The royal officials tried to enforce it, but were powerless, and the clerks chosen for the work took sanctuary at various altars. An attempt was made to commute the unpopular tax for five hundred ducats in August, and in November 1711 a desperate step was taken. The authorities were ordered to imprison the Bishop. How this was to be done was no easy problem. The quarrel had lasted so long and become so angry that anything was to be apprehended. There lay the orders from Madrid, orders which admitted of no shuffling. One night, when the city was for the most part in bed, a picked body of soldiers surrounded the episcopal palace and performed their duty. But the clerics had not been idle. The clang of bells—that terrible sound, which as the tocsin heralded some of the most awful deeds of blood in the French Revolution, the sound which in so many Catholic countries has been the signal for inhuman carnage—broke over the sleeping city. How great a volume of noise might be thus produced is easily imagined by any visitor to Lecce to-day who is a light sleeper, when he hears the bells of thirty churches tell the hour to echoing stone-paved streets.

But Lecce feared Spanish musketry more than clerical ire, and Pignatelli was carried a prisoner to Naples, and thence to Rome. When daybreak broke after his arrest, placards were found by the excited citizens posted in various prominent places excommunicating the President and fifty-eight other persons, and putting both city and diocese under an Interdict. All the churches were closed, and the rites for burial of the dead refused.

The Municipality soon opened a sort of burial-office near the Porta San Biagio, and shortly afterwards others in different parts of the city. In the middle of December four royal chaplains arrived from Naples to officiate in the Church of the Trinity, perform funeral rites in the same church and in the one belonging to the Castle, and to celebrate the Nativity festival in all the churches. During January there was a continual stream of conflicting orders—on the one hand from the Pope against the alien chaplains, on the other from Naples on their behalf. At last a letter was written to the Pope by Count Daun, the viceroy from Madrid, threatening to invade his States with forty thousand troops. At this His Holiness began to relent and mitigated the Interdict. The city then sent two of its faithful to Spain as ambassadors, to treat for a truce. They appear to have been unsuccessful, but at last, in May 1719, by orders contained in a Royal dispatch, the President removed the ban from the Bishop's return. Back came the unfortunate prelate to Lecce from Rome, arriving on April 23rd, and the very next day he removed the Interdict which had clouded the city for nearly eight years.

During this period an invasion of the Turks was

feared. They had already landed at Rocca, and in the scare which arose all the priests were armed by the Provicario Capitolare, as they had been on at least one occasion previously. They formed so large a body that their aid was not to be despised, and at this moment were swelling the ranks of the Lecce unemployed.

In August 1714 Giuseppe di Pompeo Paladini, the mayor, died. He was one of the excommunicated, and the gorgeous funeral which the people gave him was the signal for a great demonstration of popular feeling. All the nobility of the city carried torches, and all the citizens followed the coffin. Interdict there might be, but never had such a procession passed through Lecce streets to the Sedile.

In 1734 the house of the tax-gatherer Francesco Cardamone was sacked by the populace.

The Mayor, or Sindaco as the Italians call him, was a very important personage in those days. "He was venerated as a deity," says one writer, "and if by any chance he should suffer dishonour the whole city would avenge him with its blood." On various occasions when he found himself in a tight place the Mayor rang his alarm-bell, sure of a ready response from all quarters in a few minutes. Piccinni relates an anecdote of one holder of the office who was visited by an ensign of cavalry. This gallant officer had successfully blackmailed the preceding mayor, and now came to the new one with a request for forty ducats. He found, however, that his victim had no sympathy with his cause, and fled in discomfiture amid the jeers of many burgesses who had run up at the sound of the bell.

In August 1744 a royal command came to Lecce

among other places that each district and township must furnish a contingent of soldiers for militia regiments. The city supplied sixty-six, whose names were determined by lot in the house of Angelantonio Paladini, who was mayor from 1742–5. The King chose the Prince of Acquaviva as colonel, and among the four heads of battalions Benedetto Cicala and Gaetano Tafuri of Lecce. The Mayor ordered that before marching out of the city the soldiers should file past under his palace windows, but Acquaviva objected to this, and said so. Paladini was much annoyed and challenged the Colonel to a duel. He was neither sparing nor discriminating in his language, and kindly offered "to show him the stuff their Lordships the Mayors of Lecce were made of." Various influential folk intervening, this ridiculous quarrel was smoothed down, and Acquaviva agreed to his men marching past the mayoral windows. "So harmony reigned again, and the city resumed its wonted decorum." The Colonel proceeded to Naples and there told the story with much gusto, so that it became preserved for posterity. De Simone remarks that it goes to confirm the old saying that the Acquaviva and Paladini families make bad neighbours :

Acquavivi e Paladini son tra loro mal vicini.

The Accademia degli Spioni, which had borne so responsible a share in the revolutionary movement at the beginning of the century, and suffered so heavily by the arrest of its principal members, gradually dwindled till it ceased to exist about 1750. The citizens then realised the need of something to replace it, and founded another institution—the Accademia degli Speculatori—based on the ruins of the

old. The rules were approved by the royal authorities, and on September 30th, 1775, Ferdinand IV. granted the Academy permission to bear the Golden Lily on its arms.[1]

During the period now under discussion—from 1700 to 1799—there was a change of dynasty in the government which controlled Lecce. At the Peace of Utrecht Philip V. of Bourbon, King of Spain and Naples, in 1713 ceded both Naples and Sicily to the house of Habsburg, but after prolonged conflicts they reverted to his son Charles in 1734, under the style of "Kingdom of the Two Sicilies." Charles III. reigned for twenty-five years, and was succeeded in 1759 by Ferdinand IV., whose long reign—broken by the 1799 insurrection and by Napoleon's supremacy between 1806 and 1815—actually lasted till 1825. With the close of the eighteenth century we enter on a new era for every city in Italy, the era in which the chains of foreign despotism were slowly and painfully worked off after long years of servitude which had become habit.

[1] The Jews, whom we have already met in Lecce (p. 154), were finally driven out of the city by Charles III. in 1749, and never again appeared in the kingdom of Naples.

CHAPTER VII

REVOLUTIONARY LECCE

(1799—1866)

It has become customary in writing the individual histories of Italian towns to break off the story at the close of the Middle Ages, as though the Later Renaissance were of no account and Garibaldi had never existed. The reason is probably to be found in the fact that this date closed the most interesting part of their record, when art and literature were developing side by side with the democratic spirit of turbulent little States perpetually at war. An Englishman in Italy feels that he is treading on ancient ground, forgetting that his own cities of London, York, Canterbury, Chester are each as old as these places he visits abroad. Rome, of course, is unique, and so is Pompeii, but for the most part the memorials of the Middle Ages and Renaissance in Italian cities are in no way superior to ours in England during the same period. Yet who would leave English history in Elizabeth's time? In Italy, it is true, the vigorous struggle for independence or supremacy from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries is far more productive of interest

and result than the long period following, when Austria or Spain ruled with a heavy hand; when intriguing popes vied with scandalous queens in wire-pulling, and when, in so many places, art was at a standstill.

In Lecce the period of greatest prosperity and of greatest success in sculpture and architecture came just at the time when our own Wren was building St. Paul's and Hampton Court, and all the brilliant prospect of the great galaxy of English painters and writers was coming into view, but when Lecce itself owned the sway of an alien sovereign.

There is another reason for continuing our story into modern times. In all the glorious annals of so ancient a land, stretching far back into the dim realms of mythology, there is nothing so glorious as the story of Italy's long struggle for independence. The account of Garibaldi's defence of Rome and his escape with his dying wife to the lonely hut in the Ravennese marshes, with thousands of Austrian whitecoats in hot pursuit, is more inspiring than any tale of Horatius or any anecdote of Cellini. The patriotism which every visitor feels in the atmosphere of any Italian city to-day attracts him to a race which, though boasting a history more splendid than any country in Europe, has only in our day created a united kingdom by efforts as heroic as any deeds of knightly valour in the Middle Ages.

Each town treasures up the names of its patriots and martyrs who gave up their lives for the cause, calls its streets and squares by their names, raises their statues in every prominent spot.

. . . . .

(1799)

The general upheaval of Europe which followed the French Revolution soon made itself felt in Southern Italy. A native of Lecce was destined to play a prominent part in the outburst of 1799. Born in the city, of Gerolamo baron of Galugnano and Antonella Capece, Oronzo Massa decided early for the military profession, and became a lieutenant of artillery in 1780. He was promoted to a captain's rank, after travelling in Germany and France studying the latest methods of his profession, but left the service in 1795. He then married Serafina Vargas-Macciucca, by whom he had two boys. After three years of domestic worries he returned to arms in 1798, became Adjutant-General, and was then chosen General in the army of the Parthenopean Republic. To understand the position of Massa it is necessary to recall the state of Naples in 1799, when the Republic was proclaimed. The city and kingdom were in a condition of unrest long before this, and the younger patriots had suffered heavy penalties from Ferdinand—or rather from his queen, a much more important personage. Everything was ripe for revolution. The Court was corrupt and immoral, government was carried on by means of unlimited espionage, the impoverished clergy and monastic orders swarmed in every town and hamlet. While youthful enthusiasts were wildly supporting the new régime in France, Queen Maria Carolina was doing her best to bring about war with that country, incited by the beautiful Lady Hamilton, whose husband was English Ambassador. At this point Nelson arrived in the Bay fresh from Aboukir,

was fêted till his head swam, absorbed the opinions which were poured into his ear, and so hostilities commenced. The wretched army marched on Rome and was repulsed, while the Court fled to Palermo. On came the French to Naples, and at their entry, in January 1799, the Neapolitan Republic was proclaimed. But its life was short. Between the few choice spirits at the head of affairs and the ignorant populace, on whose sympathy their success depended, lay an unbridgable gulf. Carafa and other leaders were too humane and lenient; French support also was gradually withdrawn. The "Santa Fede" was formed in opposition to Jacobin ideas, and as it grew in power royalist spirits rose. In the middle of June Naples was recaptured and sacked by the Bourbon forces, though the Republicans still held the castles. General Massa was commanding in Castel Nuovo, and on the 17th asked for an armistice to discuss terms. By this time it had become evident to the French party that capitulation was inevitable, and terms were agreed on the morning of the 19th. Micheroux and Ruffo seem to have drawn up the terms; Méjean at St. Elmo and Massa at Castel Nuovo were on the other side. Captain Foote finally agreed to them on the 23rd. The document may be found in Lord Nelson's dispatches.[1] The most important clause is that promising a choice of safe-conduct for the garrison with their property to Toulon or of remaining unmolested in the city. The vessels for transporting the patriots were ready, they were arranging the last details of business before their departure, when on

[1] "The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, with Notes by Sir N. H. Nicolas, G.C.M.G." London: Henry Colburn, 1848.

the following evening the white sails of Nelson's fleet appeared off the point of Posilipo. A boat left the *Foudroyant* with a message for Cardinal Ruffo from Hamilton, who was on board with his wife, in which Nelson said that he had just received a copy of the capitulation and entirely disapproved of it. That very evening Ruffo—who was sick to death of fighting and honestly desired peace—went on board to discuss the question with Nelson and the Hamiltons. "Kings don't treat with their subjects," said Hamilton, and Nelson agreed. All Ruffo's argument was in vain. Nelson hated the French with an incredible hatred; he was already a mere tool in Lady Hamilton's clever hands. Ruffo returned to parley with his allies—Micheroux, the Russian and Turkish commanders. They were indignant at any suggestion of violating a treaty already signed by them so satisfactorily and ratified by Foote on behalf of England. Ruffo wrote to the Republicans, warning them of Nelson's state of mind, and Massa replied:

"We have given your letter that interpretation which it deserved. Staunch, however, to our duty, we shall religiously observe the articles of the treaty, persuaded that a similar obligation must bind all the parties who have solemnly intervened to contract it. For the rest we shall not allow ourselves to be either surprised or intimidated, and we shall resume a hostile attitude if it happens that you drive us by force so to do. Meanwhile, as our capitulation was dictated by the Commandant of St. Elmo, you will be so good as to arrange at once an escort to accompany our envoy to that fortress, to consult with the French commandant and give you eventually a more precise reply."

Nelson's own "Declaration" to the rebels in the two castles had been as follows:

"Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, K.B., Commander of His Britannic Majesty's Fleet in the Bay of Naples, acquaints the rebellious subjects of his Sicilian Majesty in the Castles of Uovo and Nuovo that he will not permit them to embark or quit those places. They must surrender themselves to His Majesty's royal mercy."

A recent writer, whom I have found very useful in regard to these matters, says:

"The question, as yet unsolved, is here, Who played the trick which resulted in the evacuation of the castles? And of the chief actors—Nelson, the Hamiltons, Ruffo, and Micheroux—how many were privy to the cheat?"[1]

Nelson's view, given in great detail by this writer, seems to have been that the treaty was invalid, seeing that Ruffo had, in his opinion, no authority to sign it on behalf of the Sicilian sovereigns. Weighing all the facts, however, it does not seem in any way doubtful that by yielding so absolutely to Lady Hamilton's whims Nelson was guilty of an act which clouds the memory of so great a hero. It was only a few weeks before Massa and the other generals were condemned to death practically without trial. An hour and a half only was allowed them to prepare for death, and when Massa was led out on to the terrace of the Carmine as the sun was sinking on August 14th, he

[1] "Naples in 1799—An Account of the Revolution of 1799, and of the Rise and Fall of the Parthenopean Republic," by Constance H. D. Giglioli. London: John Murray, 1903.

said to the executioner in bitter irony—"Make haste, for I have no time to lose." So died one of Lecce's bravest sons, leader of a forlorn hope and a victim of English treachery. In the interval between arrest and death he is reported to have stated that he had been deceived in making his capitulation, that he had trusted in the honour of five great Powers, and that he deplored the responsibility which he could not deny. "I," said he, "had powder, cannon-balls, cannon, men were not lacking—who was to prevent my holding out in the Castle? At the worst I could have left this world by blowing up the Castle, but I should not have died condemned as a Jacobin."[1]

A fact of interest is that Massa was reputed to be one of the finest swordsmen of his day.

During these events in Naples Lecce had not been by any means tranquil. Whether it was through sympathy with Massa, or whether it was simply the hot blood of her people always ready to join in revolution and turmoil as they had done in Masaniello's rebellion, whether it was really a nascent love of liberty for its own sake—the city had espoused the cause of the Parthenopean Republic.

"On February 9th of this year," writes Mrs. Ross, "a Tree of Liberty was planted in the Piazza S. Oronzo. On one branch hung the Phrygian cap, on another a yellow, red, and blue flag; but it was torn

[1] De Nicola, "Compendio," p. 456, quoted by Giglioli, pp. 346-7. The best Life of General Massa is by General Mariano d'Ayala—

"Vite degli Italiani Benemoriti della Liberta e della Patria, uccisi del Carnefici." Torino, Fratelli Bocca, 1883.

See also Giglioli as before, and works by Rossarol, Colletta, Vannucci, Ricciardi, Perrone, and Dumas.

down within twenty-four hours by an infuriated mob, hounded on by the priests, who declared the Saint was so offended by the sight of the accursed tree that he had turned his head in the contrary direction, and lifted up one foot with the intention of walking down off his column."

It was then invaded by a rabble of adventurers under the leadership of Bonafede Gerunda, a bailiff from the Taranto neighbourhood. De Cesari, another pirate-general, joined in the reaction in Apulia against the Republic, and helped in the lawless work of punishing its adherents.

When France regained her supremacy in 1804, thanks to Napoleon's wonderful victories, the King of Naples was forced by the Treaty of Florence to allow four thousand French to be stationed in the Abruzzi and twelve thousand in the Terra d' Otranto up to the River Bradanus, this last division under the command of Marshal Soult. These sixteen thousand men were stationed in the province to watch the movements of the English troops, and afterwards marched to occupy the whole kingdom of Naples.[1]

(1799—1821)

In January 1806 the Bourbons were driven out of the kingdom and Napoleon created his brother Joseph king, to be succeeded two years later by his brother-in-law Joachim Murat. It is interesting to picture the condition of the district at the time. The feudal system established by the Normans nearly

[1] For Napoleon's creation of the title "Duke of Otranto" in 1810 see p. 325.

eight hundred years before was still the curse of the country—feudalism of the same type as that which was the prime cause of the French Revolution. It is difficult to realise that a civilised European country could be in such a plight only a century ago.

Yet facts are indisputable, and may be read not only in histories—which in themselves lend a tinge of antiquity to an event—but in newspapers which our grandfathers might have read at the time had they wished. Naples perhaps, even then a large and flourishing city, was to some extent a law unto itself. There a democratic party may have struggled albeit in vain.

But in the fertile plains round Lecce and Taranto, all through the Calabrian mountains with their oak-girt villages, and on the bare hill-sides of Potenza, from every side came the same tale of oppression and degradation. One of the most unhappy aspects of the case was the position of the Church and her clergy. Trustworthy records tell us that a hundred thousand monks, nuns, and priests ministered to her spiritual needs in the kingdom. The proportion which this figure bears to the total population[1] is almost incredible, and sets one inquiring what reward it was—spiritual or temporal—which brought so many volunteers to the sacred call. It was the same inducement which fills modern society with professional men from industrial homes, workmen's or shopkeepers' sons, who aspire perhaps beyond their powers, and prefer to starve with a brass-plate on their doorway than to wax fat behind a bench or a counter. The same ambition led them on, for they knew that the

[1] One in fifty.

very Papal Throne lay open to him who had the ability to climb the toilsome way that led there.

So they set out on a clerical career, moved in some cases by this devouring ambition, in others by the certain knowledge that blind superstition would feed them and clothe them in a cassock. Ignorant they might be themselves, wretchedly poor they stood to be in any case; yet their work was casual and far from arduous; they were spared the worry of possible unemployment, and perhaps the still more irksome toil of the trivial round and common task which formed a peasant's life.

Allied with the forces of religion by a strange custom were the armies of beggars who swarmed in Naples and even in the country districts. A dole of bread, which from the Imperial hands had passed into those of the priests, ensured a few followers to every tonsured head, and provided a mass of opinion in their support which on occasion might be produced as an evidence of the people's love of Mother Church or *vice versâ*.

With religion at its lowest depth, and poverty in its most hideous form, was allied the appalling ignorance not only of the artisan classes, but actually of the noble families of the kingdom. Scions of ancient houses did not scruple to confess that they could neither read nor write. From the large amount of good literary work produced in Lecce during the three previous centuries we may safely assume that this lack of culture was not the rule within its walls; and what is known of its academies goes to bear out this view. Lecce suffered as much as any place from marauding invaders, yet always kept up a high traditional standard of art and literature. In less enlight-

ened cities, in Naples itself, and in the myriad starving hamlets of Calabria and the mountainous provinces, ignorance held the field. This is particularly apparent in some of the miracles which were seriously and frequently performed by the clergy before a credulous audience—miracles so manifestly artificial that no intelligent believer could have swallowed them.

The worst aspect of feudalism was its power of privilege and taxation, exercised not so much by or for the barons themselves as by the rapacious agents and lawyers who made exaction their livelihood. What the word taxation meant a hundred years ago in Southern Italy may be gathered from these examples:

Mills and ovens were so heavily taxed that bread became an impossible luxury—even macaroni was not free; and in 1809 forty-eight villages petitioned the Feudal Commission for permission to collect acorns.

"There was a tithe on hens, a tax for keeping them within doors, a tax for selling them, for killing them, on their eggs; in some baronies it was forbidden to dispose of them; in another the right of taking as many of them as the Baron required was asserted.

"On fish there were some thirty different taxes—about ten more than on mills. No article of food escaped seigneurial rapacity.

"Chestnuts were taxed; so were melons, wine, grapes, figs, honey, cheese, nuts, and grass. On every animal alive, on every animal sold, on every animal taken to water, on every animal's increase, the Baron claimed his due.

"Fuel was taxed as thoroughly as food: hearths paid

toll, while even pine canes and dead leaves did not escape exaction.

"Rain-water, perhaps owing to its proceeding, like the Baron's right, from heaven, was his exclusive property.

"The Baron had an exclusive right to snow, to the dung dropped in the market-place; on every sale at a fair he levied a percentage; every ladder, every tree, every balcony, every wall, every garden, was made a source of income.

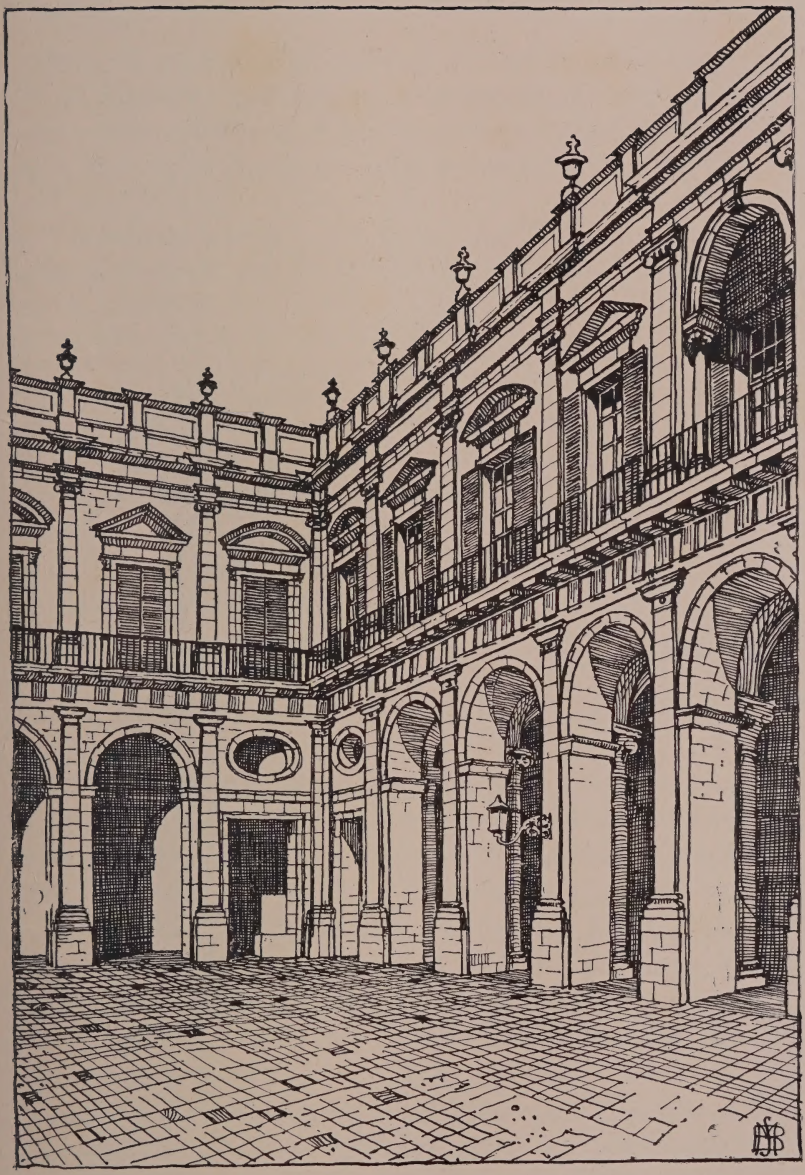
"At Tufara the peasant was made to pay for the notable privilege of throwing the 'immondezze' of the household out of his windows into the street, while at Conversano the cause of sanitation was dissimilarly advanced by the Baron, who exacted payment for the privilege of constructing a drain."

There were, besides taxes, other burdens to be borne, notably that of personal service, though it is a relief to add that the infamous right of "cunnatico" had been commuted to a money payment.

Against feudal oppression in early days the Università or town council, presided over by the Syndic, had been the people's bulwark, but gradually one after another fell under baronial hands, until in 1786 out of some 2,000 Università 384 belonged to the Crown, the rest to the Barons.

The administration of the country's finance was no better than might have been expected from what has gone before. Of the total revenues one quarter went to the Church, and another quarter to the nobles, whose share in paying the State's expenses was practically negligible.

To these manifold abuses may be added the scourge of brigandage. Brigands naturally flourished in a district where roads were practically non-existent,



14. CORTILE OF THE PREFETTURA, LECCE
(By permission of *The Architectural Review*)

p. 212]

where feudalism had checked commerce and municipal activity, and where the forces of law were powerless. With another quotation I will conclude this sketch of Southern Italy a century ago.

"Robbery by force of arms had become an all-engrossing, all but honoured avocation. It was the only lucrative one open to the man of enterprise, save only the Law and the Church. In all three an equal lack of conscience was essential for success, but brigandage called for one manly virtue, courage; the other two professions did not. It will therefore hardly be an exaggeration to say that it engaged the attention of the best element in the population."

The Napoleonic era in Lecce does not appear to have been particularly eventful. In 1808 the city was visited by Joseph Bonaparte, and in 1810 by his successor, Joachim Murat, who stayed in the Marquis Palmieri's palace.

The dissolution of the monasteries, however, had a considerable effect on Lecce, owing to the number and importance of the monastic establishments there. For instance, the monks of Santa Croce were expelled from their home after occupying it for three hundred and fifty-eight years, and by a decree of November 28th, 1811, the buildings were granted to the city for a "Sede dell' Intendenza." Many of the buildings required remodelling for their new purpose, and in this case plans were submitted to Queen Caroline in 1814 showing the proposed alterations. Ferdinand had a pretty taste himself for country-house building when not engaged in fishing and similar kingly sports, but anything connected with

State cares was gladly left to his wife. The present façade of the Prefettura looking towards the San Cataldo road was approved on plans dated 1817.

Certain changes were also made in the educational arrangements of the city, and a college dedicated to St. Joseph was founded.

Some trouble arose out of the establishment of the semaphore on the tower of the Church of Santa Irene. The Teatini clergy, whose house adjoined the tower, complained that they were annoyed by the constant passing to and fro of employees and others. In the end the French authorities made a new staircase with direct access on to the Via Regina Isabella. A quaint inscription was placed on the new staircase:

"Ut Clericorum Regularium quieti prospiceretur. Opus hoc a fundam. Magnifice extructum, Anno Reparatae Salutis, 1832. È vietato l'ingresso alle donne sotto pena di Scomunica per decreto di Mons. Vescovo, fatto in Santa Visita."

This, however, was not the end of the matter, and the clerics at last succeeded in arranging for transferring the semaphore thence to the tower of the Carmine Nuovo Church in 1843, where it remained till 1861 or 1862. Meanwhile the electric telegraph wire reached Lecce in 1858, and superseded the more antiquated system.

After Napoleon's fall in 1815, and the restoration of the Bourbons at Naples, there was a well-defined movement towards Liberalism and Constitutionalism in Southern Italy. On the one hand were the great and rapidly increasing societies of Carbonari, abhorred by Ferdinand, and already anathematised by

the Pope; on the other the newer bands of Calderari founded by the Prince of Canosa from the scum of Naples. When, however, this rabble was armed with twenty thousand Government muskets even a Bourbon could stand it no longer, and Ferdinand at last interfered. The system of government which Murat had bequeathed him was a great improvement on that of pre-Napoleonic times; but the French army which had supplied the element of force was now disbanded, released prisoners swarmed on all sides, and a large corps of Austrian soldiers remained in the kingdom. From every quarter came the complaints of dissatisfied feudal owners, who had lost their properties under the previous régime, and now claimed them again as their right. The creations of Joseph and Joachim, who had dispossessed them, also held their ground, and on Ferdinand displaying an inclination to sequestrate some of these grants he was sharply pulled up by Metternich the Austrian, who was almost as powerful at Naples as at Vienna. The Austrians stayed in Naples till 1817, and on their departure twenty-one regiments of provincial militia were levied. Up to this time the Bourbon restoration had been quietly accomplished, but signs were becoming apparent of that spirit of revolution which was to burst into flame three years later. Ferdinand was to be rudely warned that his subjects had no intention of acquiescing in a retrograde policy, such as they had borne in his earlier reign. The first symptoms came from the usually harmless provinces of the Adriatic seaboard. In Apulia matters were worse than in any other part of the kingdom. Crowds of soldiers disbanded after Tolentino returned to their normal occupation of brigandage, and

from every corner of the district reports came pouring in to the Minister of the Interior of a rising tide of robbery and violence. Every sort of malefactor flourished as the green bay-tree, from the ordinary barndoor purse-snatcher to the arch-scoundrels of such a character as Annichiarico, the Lecce priest, worst of them all.

Instances of many atrocities are recorded, but in Apulia things had become so serious that the very existence of the Government was threatened, and a strong hand was needed to deal firmly and quickly with the disease at its root. Englishmen had for some time occupied many of the most responsible positions as Ferdinand's advisers, Acton being a noteworthy example, if not a creditable one, and for this new undertaking General Church was selected, an officer particularly well suited for the work. He had served for some years in Southern Italy, under Stuart at Maida, with the Corsican Rangers under Lowe when Lamarque took Capri, on Bianchi's staff at Tolentino, and since as a Major-General in the Neapolitan service. He understood the people perfectly and proved thoroughly worthy of the trust Ferdinand had reposed in him. He was given full power to make any use of the royal authority he might find necessary for maintaining order in Apulia.

The most dangerous feature of the disaffection in this province lay in the hold which brigandage and crime had taken of the secret societies. Before Murat's death there were already two large associations in existence in Apulia—the Filadelfi and the Patriotti Europei. The latter was founded in 1814, the former perhaps a little later. Both had a military organisation, were

said to be affiliated to a society known as the "Grande Repubblica Europea" (which had its headquarters in Paris), and borrowed their rites from Northern Italy. When Canosa opened his counter-attraction in the shape of the Calderari, these societies naturally became alarmed and augmented their ranks by admitting all sorts of men, with disastrous effects on the tone of the organisations. Towards the close of 1816 both societies embarked on a policy of levying money contributions, enforcing their demands by terrorism. Fear now induced many members to join, and in the spring of 1817 their numbers had risen to thirty or forty thousand. In October of that year a still more violent brotherhood sprang up under the leadership of Ciro Annichiarico, the Decisi. Annichiarico was a priest and leader of the "masse" in 1799. He had been four years imprisoned for murder at Lecce, and on his release had taken to a career of crime. When questioned during his trial as to how many lives he had taken he characteristically answered: "E chi lo sa? Saranno tra sessanta settanta." (Who can tell? Some sixty or seventy.)

Since 1815 he had been a member of the "Patriotti Europei," but when he founded the Decisi in 1817 his unrivalled experience of seventeen years of crime at once attracted a large and congenial following, and by the next spring twenty thousand followers were enrolled. The ceremonies may best be described as "perverted carbonarism of a crudely criminal variety." Their officials included, with suggestive gruesomeness, a registrar of deaths and a director of funerals, while their diplomas were profusely decorated with skulls and crossbones, bearing at the four corners the lugubrious but appropriate words: "Tristezza, Morte,

Terrore, Lutto" (Sorrow, death, terror, and mourning). This strange document called on all members of "philanthropic" societies to give assistance to the bearer, described as "one anxious to conquer liberty, or death." Church reported to his Government that this society was frightful and unparalleled, its crimes appalling. The danger was all the greater because of the political doctrines bound up in the movement, and distress among the people was aggravated by famine. In Taranto, Otranto, Brindisi, Bari, and Lecce — indeed throughout the province — terrorism was complete.

"At dusk peaceful inhabitants closed up their houses, and while the brotherhood held their meetings they were protected by armed guards who patrolled the streets. Fortunate it was that among them were no men fitted to act as leaders, to organise revolution, and to lift the whole movement from a plane of criminal to one of political importance. In the town of Lecce, where the mercurial temperament of the inhabitants and the general revolutionary mania were at their worst, there were not less than twenty-five assassinations per week. Every month the list of homicides grew to more terrible proportions and, encouraged by impunity, other crimes became equally prevalent. Troops of men, masked and disguised in Pulcinella costume, wandered through the country in broad daylight, thieving, destroying, outraging women. The Governor of Lecce was fired at point-blank as he left the theatre one evening. Not only was money extorted, but persons were compelled under threats to sign contracts assigning away land and property. The clergy took a large share in the disorders, and when the bishopric of Lecce became vacant, two good and honourable ecclesiastics of the

province to whom it was offered declined to accept such a responsibility."[1]

It was at this crisis that Church arrived in Apulia. His duty was plain enough. Till Annichiarico was captured there could be no peace. The priest's influence was rapidly increasing, he was now a political revolutionary on a large scale, and he was supported by a large body of unscrupulous desperadoes. It was fortunate for Church that his force of law and order was recruited outside Naples, from Germany for the most part. After a period of open warfare the Decisi were at last broken up near Francavilla as a result of several engagements. Annichiarico was soon reduced to a few personal followers, and became a hunted outlaw. On February 8th, 1818, after a single-handed defence of some hours in a stone barn he was captured at last. He was immediately conveyed to Francavilla, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death.

"On his way to the public square, where the execution was to take place, through a throng of spectators and surrounded by a large body of troops, he continually turned to the onlookers, gesticulating wildly, desperately repeating all the secret society signs in his knowledge, but all in vain. If there were Patriotti Europei or Filadelfi or Decisi present, they did not respond to the mute appeals of their chief. The power of the secret society spells was for the moment broken."

Annichiarico's execution was so rapidly followed up that by the end of July Church had exposed some

[1] From "The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy and the Rise of the Secret Societies," by R. M. Johnston. Macmillan, 1904. This quotation is from vol. ii., and most of my information for these doings is from this source.

sixty heads in various centres of the province, and was able to report to his Government that the reign of these associations in Apulia was now over. He asked the Ministry to proclaim an amnesty as the best way of securing a complete purification, and on September 20th, 1818, this was accordingly done.

There can be no doubt that Church did completely succeed in restoring order in Apulia and in stamping out the three societies, but he could not change the character of the people. In spite of improved conditions the ingrained prosperity remained, and less than two years later the province once more fell into the hands of a secret society, though not this time the ruffians of the Decisi.

(1821)

In the rising against the Bourbons in 1820–1, instigated by the Carbonari and directed by General Pepe, Lecce played its part and contributed some of its citizens to political martyrology. Ferdinand promised a Constitution with his hand on his heart, swearing a tremendous oath at a Naples altar. His foolish subjects believed him, allowing him to visit Austria on a friendly mission, and were rewarded by the news of his return with fifty thousand Austrian troops. From this date till two years after Ferdinand's death in 1844 Frimont's whitecoats were a scourge to the kingdom and a menace to all aspirants for Italian liberty. How they were hated in Venice is well known to all, and the patriotic city of Lecce loved them no more than did the Queen of the Adriatic. Ferdinand had changed his title of King of Naples

and Sicily to that of King of the Two Sicilies. The combination was not a happy one, and much of the trouble of 1821 was due to ill-feeling between the two countries. He was succeeded by his son Francis I., and after a short reign of five years Ferdinand II. ascended the throne—he who bore the nickname of "Bomba" through twenty-nine stormy years while Italy was striving for freedom. His reign was one uninterrupted succession of internal struggles.

In Lecce the only event worth recording is the return of the Jesuits, who, after having been banished from the city for sixty-five years, were welcomed back there in 1832. The object was to entrust to their care the College of San Giuseppe, which had been founded during Napoleon's time in the monastery of the Olivetani. For sixteen years they remained in charge of this institution, leaving suddenly on the night of March 7th, 1848, when Southern Italy was in the throes of another revolution. After a short absence during the time of strife they again returned to their classical studies, and by a decree of March 1852 it was raised to a Liceo, and a sum of £510 was charged to the provincial exchequer to buy a house opposite the Church of St. Francis. Chairs of civil and criminal law were established at the same time, and a few years later others of medicine, chemistry, physiology, and anatomy were added to the classical and literary curriculum already in existence. The Jesuits reigned supreme till 1860, when, with the reappearance of liberty, they had to take their final departure. The college was then turned into a Liceo Ginnasiale, and named after Giuseppe Palmieri, one of Lecce's most prominent sons.

The Jesuits founded the "Accademia Salentina" in

the city in 1845 or 1846 on the lines of their other Academy in Turin.

"Bomba" visited Lecce on at least two occasions, in 1844, when he was lodged at the Prefettura, and in 1859, when he came with his wife, his eldest son (who became Francis II.), and many Court dignitaries. Here he was called upon by the two Archdukes of Austria, and here too he was attacked by the loathsome disease that brought him to the grave. He was attended by two Lecce physicians, Cav. Raffaele d'Arpe and Giuseppe Leone, and the latter accompanied the Court to Naples and Caserta, where he remained with the King up to the time of his death.

It is superfluous to explain the reasons which caused the revolution in Italy in 1848. So much has already been said of the abuses existing under the Bourbon government in Southern Italy, so often has mention already been made of outbreaks in the Terra d'Otranto, and so well is the history of these Italian wars known in England, that it is enough to print here a bare translation I have made of the official account rendered to Ferdinand by his minions when all was over.[1]

(1848)

"EXTRACT FROM A REPORT OF THE 'GRAN CORTE SPECIALE DELLA PROVINCIA DI TERRA D'OTRANTO,' DECEMBER 2ND, 1850, ON THE QUESTION OF THE POLITICAL CRIMINALS OF LECCE, MANDURIA, SAVA, ETC."

Reported by PRES. GUIS. COCCHIA. *Printed at* LECCE 1851.

"The unrestrained revolutionary ideas of those who hate the Royal authority are increasing. In Lecce

[1] Quoted by de Simone in the official Italian, translated by M. S. B.

there is established a Communal Commission, which on June 29th, 1848, assembled in this city the Deputies of the Circoli Circondariali. But they, or rather some of them, in order to go in still more unbridled fashion on the cursed road to anarchy, wished to be independent of the Communal Commission. They then announced this intention to the public by a printed manifesto declaring that they were now unshackled from their pledged agreements. And then from this foul source on the selfsame day there arose in Lecce yet another illicit and seditious association styling itself the Circolo Patriottico Salentino, which was formed from the above-mentioned representatives of the Circoli, who next proceeded to elect their leaders. For president they chose the absent D. Bonaventura Mazzarella, the same who had resigned his office as Justice for the district with impertinent boasting and insults to our Royal Governor. For secretaries they chose the guilty Castromediano and the absent de Ambrosio, Dondo, and Pino.

"On the 30th of the same month the Circle decided to remain in permanent session and to watch over the fidelity of the post on all roads in the province. They printed and published their 'Profession of Faith,' and therein proclaimed that they intended to watch over the citizens, their property, trade, and arts; to fight opposition by legal means, to guarantee the Constitution. They besought the aid of all in authority, of those responsible for public and national safety, of all influential persons; they protested that they existed, not for their own good, but that all should be constitutionally free; they invited all men to unite with them tranquilly and decorously for the lofty ideals which their Circle held; they said that an hour of difficulty and solemnity had struck, that they must meet the future shoulder to shoulder, and never let it be thought that their sacred cause should be trampled upon, and finally that they must never be perverted

by those whom they knew to exist only by servility, by atrocious deeds, and by offences of any kind.

"The same day they sent a letter to the Communal Authority, asking for a subscription list to be opened for the purposes of the cause; also letters to all the Communes who had not sent representatives, asking them to do so. All these things were printed in folio and signed at the foot by the President and Secretaries.

"On July 1st they communicated with the Mayor of Nardò, also appointed an executive committee for debate and another for military matters.

"On July 4th they constituted themselves a Committee of Public Safety, in a proclamation signed as before. On the same day they proclaimed their gratitude to the spirited and brave youths of Lecce who had quelled a mob of many persons at the house of Procurator-General Signor Rossi, believing that that functionary had abandoned his post.

"They also acknowledged a letter from Rossano dated June 26th relating to the events in Calabria and announcing victories over Royalist troops. They next printed the Memorandum signed at Potenza on the 25th on behalf of the Confederate provinces, *i.e.* Basilicata, Bari, Terra d'Otranto, Capitanata and Molise. On hearing of the doings in Naples on May 15th they too uttered a cry of horror—for the disbanding of the National Guard and the Chamber of Deputies, for the state of siege declared, and because the compact of April 3rd–5th had been revoked. This folio closed by empowering the deputies who were at Potenza to form a league with the Calabrians, to find means to mobilise a fourth of the Provincial National Guard, and to congratulate the Calabrians on their reported victories.

"On July 5th they wrote to the Circle at Gallipoli to say they had appointed a Commission with the object of finding out the real state of the diocesan finances,

of putting a stop to the first signs of anarchy in Sava and San Giorgio, etc., etc.

"On July 6th, in a folio of the same kind, they agreed that a deputation should be sent to the Captain of the Guard of Public Safety to ask him to keep them informed of any unrest observed in any quarter of the city and to keep the public acquainted with the result, in the assurance that they need have no fear. This entry concludes with the words: 'Only let us unite, and then we shall march forward.'

"On July 7th they decreed that the Mayor of Lecce should find money to pay the National Guard, and that a manifesto should be sent round the neighbouring villages to make a register of worthy patriots ready to march as volunteers, as they feared that the Guard of Public Safety was not of itself sufficient to oppose a large force.

"On July 9th, in a proclamation signed in Castromediano's unmistakable hand, it was declared that the news of the arrival of troops at Brindisi and Gallipoli was being verified; that to maintain order and to protect life, property, trade, art, and the Constitution, the Circle had decided to remain in permanent session, to resist worthily every cruel act which was committed as an example to make others dread, and not to stir from their post of duty unless they were driven from it at the bayonet's point.

"On July 10th a paper signed by all the deputies protested against the landing of Royalist troops in the province, said it was unjust that law-abiding citizens should be threatened by a troop which seemed to have forgotten that it was fighting brother Italians, adding that the presence of Royalist forces involved a fratricidal war, and that the province would hold to its peaceful intentions if the Royalist force would keep a reasonable distance away.

"Finally, on July 18th the deputies were invited to meet on the 24th with regard to a matter of grave

public importance. The President, Mazzarella, appears to have made a speech on that occasion to the Circle, in which he suggested that they should dissolve, but on a vote being taken, found all the others against him. The Circle appears to have disbanded about the end of the month.

"As for the arms which they collected as part of their preparations, Mazzarella ordered a cannon to be brought to Lecce which had been found in the Torre dell' Orso. On July 9th he wrote to the Commandant of the Fortress of Otranto:

"'Signore, I beg you to supply the bearer of this with cartouches, cannon-balls, and two field-pieces. He who disobeys is a traitor to his country.'

"This letter was consigned to four deputies, who set out and arrived at Otranto at five o'clock that same day. Filippo Cosentini, one of them, gave their message to the Mayor, asking him to inform the Commandant, and then awaited the result. On the following morning the Commandant read the Syndic's letter, and shortly afterwards Cosentini was called to his house. He then repeated the demands made on behalf of the Circle—six thousand cartridge-belts, two cannon, and ammunition in proportion, to oppose the Royalist troops. The Commandant asked to see the document and, having read it, said he did not know this Mazzarella. Whereon the deputies lost their temper, thinking they had come on a fool's errand. To their demands the old soldier replied with a proposal to communicate with the authorities at Lecce by telegraph, and thus exculpate himself from any blame. This having been done, an evasive answer was received. The Commandant then firmly refused, but the deputies pressed him at least to reply to Mazzarella's letter. He did so, but by this time the populace were aroused, and the cry was heard:

"'Viva il Re, fuori i Leccesi' (Long live the king, out with the Lecce men).

"Michelangelo Verri, a Lecce gunsmith, also went in search of ordnance. On July 5th he found two cannon near Castro, and measured them. Coming back next morning with others to help him, he carried off the smaller one, and on Sunday the 9th the larger one. The latter they left at Poggiardo, taking the smaller to Lecce. They gave out that they intended to oppose the Royalists by fortifying Lecce. A ship being in port at San Cataldo having ten cannon on board one day during this month, Signor Pondari offered to buy two for the city, but the price asked was too high, and the offer fell through."

So patriotism had its limits even in Lecce town. This is a narrative written by Government clerks, whose profession it was to be biassed, yet it gives us a vivid picture of events in the city in the summer of 1848. De Simone tells us something of the fate of various members of the revolutionary Circle;[1] but there is one figure who stands out head and shoulders above the rest, a figure who has a name recorded on the roll of Italian liberty, that of Duke Sigismondo Castromediano. He came from a family of German origin, the Chiliani of Limbourg, who had large territories given to them by William the Bad in 1156. At Cavallino, on this ancestral estate, Sigismondo was born on January 18th, 1811. He was educated in Lecce and took part in plots against the Bourbons in 1848, as we have seen. The times in which he lived were so bad that a recent writer has said that though the legal system appeared infinitely better on paper than that prevailing in the Roman States,

[1] "Lecce e i monumenti suoi," p. 363, note.

"the administration was such as would have disgraced a remote province of the Turkish Empire."[1] After the affair of 1848 things became far worse. The sycophants of the Court and the clergy poured poison into Ferdinand's ear and influenced him against every man of liberal tendencies. False testimony was used everywhere to procure convictions. Liberals were sent to the galleys in hundreds, and it was only by venal methods of bribery and corruption that even the innocent could escape. The police actually sometimes refused to release those whom the judges had acquitted, and—

"A wretched barber was fined 1,000 ducats for having in his possession a volume of Leopardi's poems, which was described as 'contrary to religion and morals.'"

After Castromediano's arrest he was tried and found guilty of high treason. So calm was his mind that he was seen to be asleep at the moment when his sentence was being pronounced. Noticing a young guard sobbing at his side, he said: "Cheer up; and if you do see me die to-morrow, it will at least be no more than seeing me sleep with an easy conscience to-day." He was condemned at first to death, then to thirty years of irons and close confinement, besides being subjected to heavy fines. The first part of his captivivy was spent at Procida, and Mrs. Ross tells us in her book how the old man described this terrible period in his life:

"After a year's imprisonment at Procida, among convicts of the lowest description, imbued with every

[1] "The Liberation of Italy," by Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, pp. 186-7.

Photo by Barbieri, Lecce

15. DUKE SIGISMONDO CASTROMEDIANO

(Leader of the *Risorgimento* movement in the Heel of Italy)

vice, the very refuse of humanity, the Bourbon Government suddenly sent the *Rondine*, one of their war steamers, to collect political prisoners in the islands of Procida, Ischia, and Nisida, and carry them to Naples. I suppose they thought we might still find means to conspire, or that England would attempt our liberation. On the deck of the *Rondine*, on a fine winter's day, I first saw Poerio. We embraced, and were as brothers from that moment. Forgetting our chains, we breathed the fresh air, which seemed to us laden with perfume after so many months passed in fœtid underground cells, and we dared to hope. Friends met again with joy, and strangers became intimate in a few minutes. But Poerio, already broken in health, though serene and steadfast, full of anecdote, sympathetic in manner and voice, with brilliant eyes and a most persuasive smile, *he* was the one we all looked to—*he* was our lodestar.

"On the 8th of February, 1852, we neared Naples as the sun went down, and saw boats full of friends and well-wishers started from the shore, waving handkerchiefs and striving to catch sight of brothers, husbands, relations, or friends, but the police boats soon drove them away, and we could only distinguish the white handkerchiefs waving in hundreds from the shore and the small boats, as we entered the military port.

"Like wild beasts we were driven and pushed into a low and damp storeroom in the arsenal, without any window. We had no room to move, much less to sit down, on the wet stones. Some fainted, and with one accord we shouted, while those near the door beat it with their fists and rattled their chains. At last a gaoler came and removed fifteen out of the fifty to a stable. For thirty-six hours we had been without food, and at length we bribed a soldier with a large present to give us some coarse brown bread,

bad cheese, and a few bottles of vinegar and water, miscalled wine.

"After the bell of San Martino had rung out midnight, there began a great noise of carriages, clanging of chains, hammering, and orders given in sharp, vicious tones. Soon after, the doors were opened, and by the light of flaming pine-torches we saw a double line of gendarmes and police, and many closed carriages.

"We were rigorously searched, our pockets, shoes, stockings, everything; our chains were violently shaken, pulled, and hit with a hammer—a painful proceeding, as the shins and ankles of some of us could testify. We were then handcuffed two, three, or four together, and packed into close carriages with a gendarme. Another police-officer sat on the box, a third behind, and one rode at each side. Thus guarded we traversed Naples at full gallop. Schiavoni fainted from weakness and the pain of his chains, but the fear of an attempted rescue drove our gaolers like a whip of snakes. At Avellino we halted, and there we knew our fate. We were sent to rot in the prison of Montefusco, as the commissionary, Campagna, announced to us with a cynical smile—Montefusco, the prison which Ferdinand II., the very man who now sent us there, declared in 1845 to be unfit for the habitation of brutes, and ordered to be destroyed in the name of humanity!

"Montefusco is horrible! Far, far worse than anything imagined by Guerrazzi or Victor Hugo. Excavated out of the solid rock in the side of a mountain, the cells are low and damp, and the darkness suffocating. One or two of my companions went mad, poor Pironti got disease of the spine, and Vuoso and Stagliano were crippled by rheumatism. Poerio and I nearly died of bronchitis, and Schiavoni lost an eye, while seventeen out of our number were injured for life by the weight of their chains. Those who

died of consumption or cholera, without medicines and without medical aid, died blessing their chains and Italy, and thanking God for delivering them from such torments.

"The history of our prison is one of blood. It was used for brigands and convicts of the worst description, who only left it in charge of the executioner. We found bones and skulls covered by a little earth in our cells among the broken potsherds and tiles, which cut our feet.

"It was bitterly cold when we arrived, and as our beds and bedding had not been sent from the other prisons, we passed the first nights huddled close together for warmth, with only our cloaks to cover us. We persuaded Carlo Poerio,[1] the most precious life amongst us, to take a place near the wall, behind a pillar, which rather shielded him from the bitter draught coming from an open grated window. He and Pironti, who were manacled together, lay down, and Poerio was soon in a deep sleep. We suddenly heard a noise and thought it was an earthquake, when we saw the wall bulge above the head of our beloved Poerio. In an instant, spite of chains and fatigue, some of us sprang to his side, and we carried him and Pironti with our handcuffed hands to a safe place. Hardly had we done so when the wall fell—a mass of putrid, decaying matter. Ah! how I loved him, my Poerio."[2]

In a moment of panic all of these prisoners were suddenly released by the Bourbons in 1859, and were sent off for transportation to South America. After the voyage had begun, however, they overmastered the crew of the vessel and made their escape to England, where they knew a sympathetic welcome

[1] Carlo Poerio, a famous leader in the "Risorgimento."

[2] "Land of Manfred," pp. 218 onwards.

would await them, not only from the numerous Italian patriots then in London, but from English people themselves. Nor were they disappointed. The sixty-eight Neapolitan exiles were enthusiastically received, and from none did they receive warmer support than from Mr. Gladstone, whose deep interest in any cause of oppression and striving after liberty was in this case strengthened by his love of Italy.[1] The Duke told Mrs. Ross that "quel grande" (that great man), as he called Gladstone, would probably not remember his visit to him in London, how he found the great statesman sitting engrossed in an Irish newspaper, to which he, Castromediano, had contributed an account of the Neapolitan prisoners. It is characteristic of Gladstone that he told his visitor how much he was touched by a sentence describing the wanton destruction by the gaolers of a pet nightingale which the miserable captives had tamed. The Duke returned to Turin to take part in the second war of independence, and collaborated with Poerio in the famous manifesto which the Neapolitan exiles presented to Victor Emanuel in 1860. During that year, after the Liberation, he went to Naples and took part in the annexation movement.

Another extract, this time from Castromediano's recollections, written in his old age, records what he considers the most perilous moment in his life.

"It was when he was summoned, with six fellow-prisoners who had asked for and obtained freedom, to hear, as he feared, his own pardon pronounced. For pardon was equivalent to dishonour; it was granted either in consequence of real submission and retraction, or in order to be able to blacken the character

[1] See Morley's "Life of Gladstone."

of the pardoned man by falsely asserting that such submission had been made. His fear was groundless. He had been led out, perhaps, in the hope that the example of the others would prove contagious. He was not pardoned. As he returned to his prison he thanked Divine Providence for the chain which left him pure."[1]

The city of Lecce contributed other citizens to the National cause besides this fine example of heroism. In the "Corpo Volontari" some battalions were enrolled, known as the "Cacciatori di Mongiano," formed of youths from Calabria and Apulia, in the first of which were 293 volunteers from the Terra d' Otranto, and of these fifty-nine were citizens of Lecce. In the National war, six years later, a central precautionary committee was established at Lecce, of which the ex-deputy Giuseppe Libertini was president. He was a brave patriot and had been one of the Provisional Government at Naples in September 1860, afterwards refusing with rare delicacy the rewards offered him by "Dictator Giuseppe Garibaldi."

Castromediano returned to Lecce after spending some time in Naples, and for some years was the most important influence in the moderate party there. For a short time he was Deputy for Campi Salentini. He had given practically every penny he had to the cause, and Silvio Spaventa (then Secretary-General for Home Affairs), finding that he was actually working for his bread, offered him £100 a year pension from the public funds. But the proud old Duke would not accept the grant. At the time when Mrs. Ross saw him (her book appeared in 1889) he seemed

[1] Quoted in "The Liberation of Italy," p. 188.

to be in great poverty. About this time he acted as organiser and curator for the Lecce Museum, completely rearranging it and putting it on a better footing.

"Rarely," says Mrs. Ross, "have I been so impressed by any one as by this kindly, gracious, simple old man. He had the goodness, although very ailing, to come in from his country place, Cavallino, two miles distant from Lecce, to show me the Museum; but I must confess that my attention often wandered from the vase on whose beauty the Duke was expatiating to the speaker himself. Far above the ordinary height, and still upright in spite of eleven years of cruel imprisonment under King Ferdinand, the old man's fine face and silver hair had an inexpressible charm. . . ."

"No wonder the people of Lecce bare their heads when the tall figure of 'Il Duca' passes slowly along, leaning on his secretary's arm, for he is very blind."

Having retired to his old family seat at Cavallino, he shut himself up in one modest little room, and was only seen from time to time by a few friends. It was they who persuaded him to write his reminiscences,[1] published shortly after his death, which took place at the great age of ninety-four, on the night of August 26th, 1905.

The story of Lecce has now been carried into very recent years, yet in this sketch of the city's past there is no more heroic figure than that of the old patriot Duke who so lately passed away. Surely it is a strange and withal an encouraging feature when a city with a record like Lecce, stretching away into the

[1] For other literary work by Duke Sigismondo Castromediano, see Bibliography.

distant ages till all count of time is lost, can show a "proper man," a man whose life vies with those of any conquering Cæsars or courtly knights in the brave days of old.[1]

[1] For some account of another "Risorgimento" veteran, a contemporary of Castromediano's, see p. 328.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BAROQUE PERIOD IN LECCE

At the beginning of this book the unique position of Lecce has already been mentioned as an almost unaltered example of a baroque city. It has been shown how later building has with a few exceptions been confined to suburbs, and how, thus, the aspect of the place has been little changed since its great architectural period in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Before proceeding to a critical analysis of the merits of Baroque a glance at the condition of Lecce on its introduction, and a consideration of subsequent events affecting its progress will explain many things.

For it is natural, on finding a city suddenly plunging into a craze for erecting churches and palaces, to seek for some explanation of such a movement. Why, for instance, should Lecce produce a dozen important buildings between 1540 and 1590, and then lapse into architectural inactivity—comparatively speaking—for seventy years? Why should a second period ensue from 1660 or so, and as suddenly cease about 1720?

. . . . .

These questions are answered in some measure by history. The last war to menace the peace of

16. A "BAROQUE" CHURCH IN ROME

p. 236]

the city was between Charles V. and the French. Up to its conclusion, in 1528, the citizens had hardly ever experienced fifty years of freedom from siege, skirmish, or revolution. Under Charles, however, there was some prospect of security.

We do not know his motives for interest in Lecce, whether he regarded it as a strong place strategically, and therefore not to be neglected, or whether he was moved by sympathy for its hard lot in the past. In any case his methods were practical enough. Having protected the coast by a long line of fortified towers, he turned his attention in 1539 to the old castle of Lecce, erected by Brienne two centuries earlier, and selected dell' Acaya, a local military architect of already established reputation, to remodel and enlarge it very much as we now see it. This extension involved the destruction of the church and monastery of the Celestini, also founded by Brienne, and thus a new church became necessary, destined to be the most bizarre building in the city. The church of the Paolotti and the chapel of Santa Maria della Porta were also partly demolished in the erection of new walls and bastions.

At this time Lecce was undoubtedly a considerable town, but no tangible relics of the period exist except Tancred's fine church of S. Nicolò e Cataldo outside the walls. The Roman remains recently excavated, though of course centuries older, were unknown even thirty years ago. However, in the little chapel of San Sebastiano near the Duomo, we probably see the oldest surviving building of the city, erected in 1520 to commemorate a plague. Not to be outdone by the Emperor's enthusiasm, a zealous Governor was emulated to pave the streets, a work which occupied

two years, and was very necessary. The Venetians at the same time obtained permission for their little church of San Marco to stand in the Piazza, and at once set about its erection and endowment. An earthquake in 1546 destroyed a Dominican house outside the walls, and the friars entered the city to found the Carmine church and monastery, while two years later dell'Acaya was chosen to rebuild the Dominican foundation established by Giovanni d'Aymo on the site of the Rosario church. The beautiful little chapel of Santa Elisabetta must be of approximately the same date as San Marco and San Sebastiano, to judge by its detail. Lastly, in 1548 the grateful inhabitants honoured Charles V. for his favours with the huge triumphal arch illustrated in fig. 13. Within ten years, then, the aspect of Lecce had greatly changed, and in this group of early buildings the elements of the later baroque are to be seen, although the details of San Marco, Santa Elisabetta, and the Castle are most delicate and restrained in character, recalling the style of Florence.

The next influence to affect the city was the arrival of several religious orders: St. Philip Neri founded a hospital there in 1548, the Jesuits in 1574, the orders of the SS. Crocefisso and of S. Giuseppe about the same time, the Teatini in 1591. The most important of these bodies was without doubt the Jesuits, who turned out the Greeks from their little church and set about rebuilding a larger one in 1575. They were thus responsible for the building of a new church by the Greeks in the same year, a poor little sanctuary, indicating that this persuasion was neither wealthy nor numerous. The churches of the Teatini and the Gesù, on the other hand, are perhaps the

Photo by Barbieri, Lecce

17. THE SEDILE, LECCE

The Venetian chapel of St. Mark on the right)

p. 238]

finest in Lecce, large, sumptuous, and of excellent design. Of the same date is the Sedile in the Piazza S. Oronzo, the most baffling architectural problem of the city; and it may safely be said that it has no counterpart. The church of Sante Maria delle Grazie, nearly opposite, appears to have been erected in the first decade of the seventeenth century, and so may be reckoned as belonging to this epoch.

After fifty years of intense building activity comes a break in the list of public buildings. Many of the palaces no doubt belong to this period, but the only certain examples in progress are the two large churches of the Benedettini (Sant' Irene) and the Celestini (Santa Croce). The latter was completed in 1639. Another order, the Teresiani Scalzi, opened an aristocratic nunnery, apparently in 1630. This comparative stagnation is accounted for by the prevailing unrest in Southern Italy up to the middle of the seventeenth century, culminating in Masaniello's insurrection in 1647. Lecce was the scene of much civil strife, and on one occasion the priests were armed in view of the threatening outlook, due almost entirely to dissatisfaction with overbearing and thoughtless Spanish viceroys.

The second building era in Lecce is almost exactly coeval with the career of Sir Christopher Wren in England, and marks the highest point of ecclesiastical supremacy in Lecce, from about 1660 to 1710. During this half-century the Church was fortunate in its bishops, Aloysius Pappacoda at first; then three of the Pignatelli family in succession: Antonio (who became Pope), Ignazio, and Michele. Pappacoda was a strong and commanding character. It was he who armed his clerics in 1646, and he who, when the

question of enlarging the Duomo came up, decided upon rebuilding. This great work, commenced in 1658, opened the second period and occupied twelve years. Zimbalo, a local architect selected after much discussion, thus began a most prosperous career, and three years later laid the foundations of the campanile. At the same time two other churches were started: Sant' Angelo and Santa Maria degli Angeli (commonly known as San Francesco di Paola). Zimbalo was also working on Santa Croce, now rapidly approaching completion after a century and a half of building; but how much of it, and how much of the Prefettura is his handiwork, forms a very nice question for critics.

It was, however, thirty years before the rush of church and palace building came—a good time for Lecce architects. Zimbalo placed the new statue of S. Oronzo on the column which Brindisi had presented to his city, designed a fine fountain (now demolished) for the Piazza, and in 1691 received his last great commission, for the Rosario church.

Meanwhile Cino, his clever pupil, had also fallen on his feet. His first work was the Alcantarine church, followed by the Seminario (1694–1709), the Sacramento church (1703), and the rebuilding of the Carmine on a large scale (1711).

To this period also belong the churches of Santa Chiara, San Matteo, the Bonfratelli, the elaborate façade of S. Nicolò e Cataldo, and the Porta di Rusce. It was certainly the most prolific building era Lecce has ever seen, and indeed the city was at the height of its prosperity. Its most famous literary men were dead, but literature was not an altogether lost art, while painting and sculpture were the willing hand-

Photo by Barbieri, Lecce

18. S. IRENE, LECCE

p. 240]

maidens of architecture. The Church's period of expansion was over, yet the decline had not begun, and the Bishop of Lecce was a formidable personage. Nor was all money in the hands of the Church alone. The many aristocratic families who had lived in the city for generations were now erecting palaces in their beloved if narrow streets—palaces where their ancestry was lavishly displayed in crest and device, and the Spanish viceroys followed suit. Again the city fathers turned their attention to paving the streets, which had occupied their wise heads in the days of the earlier building revival.

But, as before, a fifty years' gap suddenly follows. We have no record of any building of importance (except the completion of the Rosario in 1728) till Bishop Sozi-Carafa—another ambitious cleric—commenced the Duomo choir in 1752. Yet this cannot be properly called a building epoch, for no really great work marks it out. The ornamental structures on either hand as one enters the Piazza del Duomo are also Sozi-Carafa's work, but are not monumental, and the Porta San Biagio (1774) is very weak in design.

This survey of the historical influences affecting Lecce during the baroque period thus brings us to two conclusions.

Firstly, that its baroque buildings may be divided into three classes: the little group commenced by Charles V. (1539–1549); the examples from the last quarter of the same century (1575–1600), largely the work of religious orders; and the fully developed series of churches and palaces erected between 1660 and 1710.

Secondly, that these curious bursts of energy are

due to corresponding periods of peace and prosperity in the history of the city, while the intervening years are usually marked by civil dissension or the presence of a hostile army.

. . . . .

Before proceeding to analyse the baroque style of Lecce in detail, or to compare it with contemporary work in other towns, it is desirable to define the meaning of the word "baroque," which will be found in any French dictionary to signify—"rough, rude, uncouth, in bad taste." As a technical term among architects it conveys a meaning of over-elaboration, of ornament misapplied, proportion disregarded, and detail used regardless of structural functions. The baroque period in Italy stretches from the times of Palladio in the late sixteenth century to the earlier part of the eighteenth, and includes buildings of the most varying description. It is generally believed to owe most of its extravagances to a spirit of reaction against the pedantry of Vignola and his purists. Men tired of the endless rules which limited the imagination of the day, and in breaking away from conventional shackles overreached themselves, rendering their buildings an eyesore to more enlightened and refined followers.

Such is the prevailing view of "baroque" among the majority of people to whom it conveys any meaning at all. It is an unpopular style, and stands in much the same light for critics to-day as "Gothick" did when Wren was studying the elements of English architecture. An architect who has no idea beyond the pages of his well-thumbed Gibbs or Chambers, recoils from the very mention of the name in holy horror, and will not suffer his eyes to behold the

Photo by Barbieri, Lecce

19. CHURCH OF THE JESUITS, LECCE

p. 242]

unclean thing. There is a very strong feeling in the profession in favour of copyism pure and simple, a feeling just as strong now as it was in Palladio's day; and among the disciples of this cult any style of architecture must first receive the benediction of fashionable approval before it can be recognised at all.

But it has always been so. A man who can count his ninety years can also mark off on his fingers a revival in England of almost every historic style since the days of Thomson and Burton, with their minds steeped in the spirit of the Acropolis. The feeling in Wren's day against Gothic is no less strong than the counter-feeling in the times of Pugin, Scott, and the Gothic revivalists. For a style of architecture to be unpopular is no hall-mark of inferiority, and to begin this chapter with an assumption that every baroque building is architecturally bad is as unjust as to condemn a prisoner with sole regard to public feeling.

Let us proceed to arraign our prisoner at the bar, and to put ourselves in the position of an unbiassed jury. His name we know. He comes of a family under a curse; he is in the pitiable position of a mediæval Jew. He has no friends, and every man's hand is against him. And the charge? He, this Lecce architect, has erected sundry buildings which are admittedly baroque—he admits it himself—and as such is worthy of eternal condemnation. So speaks counsel for the prosecution. Let us, if we can, listen without prejudice to his defence.

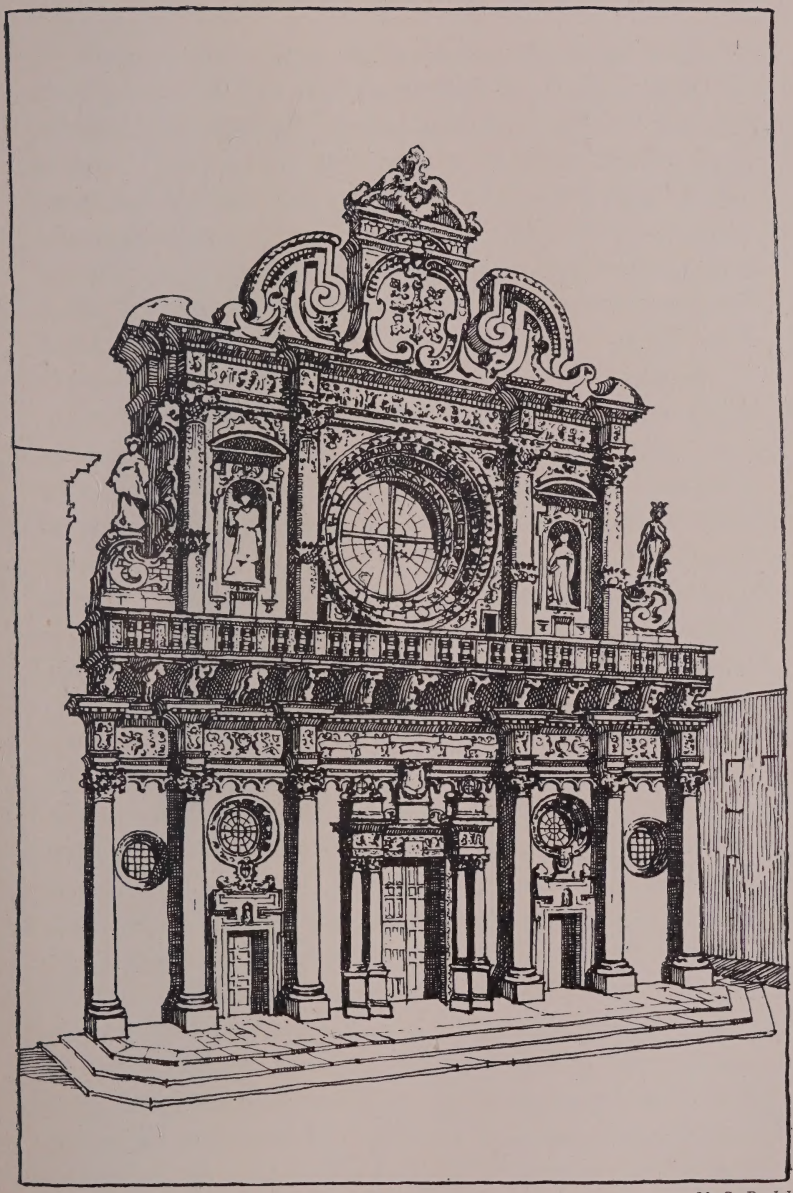
The first accusation referred to his kindred, the baroque architects of Italy, that great body of men who built in this style for a century and a half. Of

all Italian cities there is none where we may better study this architecture than in Rome, where it is intermingled with ancient and modern buildings of every type. And in Rome, above all places, baroque forms so entirely a part of the place that the city without it would be a mere museum of broken columns and oddments of buildings, with an occasional mediæval church or modern shop to vary its monotony. Rome without baroque! The thought is impossible.

He who tosses his coin into the waters of the Fountain of Trevi, who stands admiring at the foot of the Capitol or Trinità del Monte steps, who bares his head in the Gesù church, or marvels at the magnificence of the Lateran façade—is he prepared to deny all these things as a part of Rome? Will Rome satisfy him if denuded of half her fountains and terraces, of half her open spaces, of most of her palaces and churches?

Is he prepared to disallow the portico of Santa Maria Maggiore or S. Andrea del Valle as model architectural designs? If so, and only if so, he is a purist, and is allowed to make as good a case against our style as he can. But will he go to Venice and still remain a purist? Can he pass the Salute and feel unmoved by its beauty—beauty which has touched the most callous? Yet the Salute is the very embodiment of baroque.

In Genoa the magnificent staircases and courtyards of many palaces are equally admirable. The purist, too, is limited by the paucity and isolation of earlier examples, and by the fact that so few of them are mature. No man on earth would dispute the perfect loveliness of Michelangelo's little chapel at Florence, nor the excellence of the same artist's Farnese palace



M. S. B. del.

20. S. CROCE, LECCE

(By permission of *The Architectural Review*)

p. 244]

seen in the depth of light and shade, the strength of sculptured figures and forms, on the majority of baroque façades. The architect of these buildings might be a renegade painter, so much does he think of his composition. His interior walls, too, are often treated decoratively with panelling as frames to paintings, the treatment by which alone a painting is seen to best advantage.

He seeks for no ghostly mystery of dim religious light, but like the Jesuits, who in Lecce and Rome at any rate helped to further the progress of baroque, he makes a great pretence of showing everything in bright sunshine and says nothing of what lies behind his fair-faced plaster.

Baroque has its weak points. They are many and obvious, but are not universal.[1] Some examples are bizarre beyond belief, and transgress every architectural canon held even by the Latitudinarians of the profession. Yet no critic judges a style as he does a chain, and it is not my intention here to look for the weakest link, but to attempt a sane verdict on the baroque style of Lecce, and to compare it with the contemporary examples in Rome just mentioned, as typical of most of Italy.

. . . . .

That Lecce baroque should closely resemble the style of Rome or Northern Italy is not to be expected by any one who realises the varying economic and social influences at work in the two cities, to say nothing of the vast difference in their architectural history.

[1] From sundry recent articles in architectural papers, and from the appearance of an unblushingly baroque church in Kingsway, one is inclined to believe that architects are becoming more sympathetically inclined to the style.

21. THE CATHEDRAL, LECCE

(The *Vescovado*, or Bishop's Palace, on right)

p. 246]

In Rome, for instance, an architect seeking for inspiration found himself surrounded by an admirable collection of antique examples and by the slow-dying atmosphere of classic times. Some relics of early Christian days remained to him, but of the Middle Ages only a few churches. The Renaissance, though not abundantly commemorated in its early stages, was able to show St. Peter's, the Farnese, and a number of fine churches, bound to have a bearing on all subsequent design. In Rome, therefore, the tendency for an unbiassed architect was to follow in the classic tradition, without a thought of the mediæval, attempting only to produce something more picturesque, and, if you will have it so, more sensational.

In Lecce, on the other hand, an architect was bound by no continuous tradition, but could not fail to be swayed in a different direction by the magnificent remains of the Middle Ages in the Terra d' Otranto. Greek and Roman Lecce still remained many feet below ground, undreamed of; early Christianity had left no more than a few fanciful legends, and the budding Renaissance made no mark on this distant province. The crypt and the fine basilican nave of Otranto cathedral, the beautiful church which perpetuates Tancred's memory just outside Lecce walls, Balzo-Orsini's glorious tower at Soleto and his richly carved façade at Galatina—these, and sundry other buildings now destroyed (such as Brienne's church), were the sources of inspiration for a Lecce architect seeking a new manner of building. Added to this mediæval influence was a second one—traced easily to-day by its fruits—the powerful hand of Spain, accounting for constant intercourse with this land, and a consequent influence on Lecce arts.

All that is unique in Lecce architecture may be accounted for by the combination and fusion of these three great elements—the new Renaissance spirit slowly percolating to the remote city, the unrivalled relics of the Middle Ages standing around its gates, and the long rule of Spain.

One of the very few who have recorded their impressions of Lecce baroque is M. Bourget. His criticism is particularly welcome as coming from an amateur who confesses his ignorance of architecture, and proceeds forthwith to a just and discriminating analysis of its merits. We in England are so accustomed to a contrary state of things, to an idle layman expounding the Mistress Art to a credulous audience—influencing English taste far more than any architect can ever do who merely builds well and does not theorise—that we turn with relief to the views of a writer so modest and so gifted.

On a previous occasion (p. 19) his first impressions of Lecce have been recalled, with a general criticism of the city's baroque treasures. And he has more to say.

"The whole town is, so to speak, simply one mass of sculpture and detail. Unnatural embellishments twist round palace balconies, pilasters and pediments appear one in front of another. Churches display façades adorned fantastically with swags, figures, and caryatides. Statues crown them, statues flank them . . . At Santa Croce, for instance, this elaborate fancy becomes delirious. It is a veritable orgy of what one would call anywhere else bad taste. But here the bad taste is too intense, it revels in a fury of caprice too merry for the term to keep its proper meaning, the more so as on this shining chiselled front

Photo by Barbieri, Lecce

22. THE CATHEDRAL, LECCE: INTERIOR

p. 248]

an almost Eastern light blazes; and, when fancy remains so much alive, when the harmony of flagged streets, the freshness of the shadows, the geniality of the sun, all combine so happily round this architectural paradox, the idea of bad taste cannot even come into one's head. The eye is charmed to the point of being dazzled, the mind pleased almost to ravishment by this mannerism in stone, which lies like a piece of guipure-lace or embroidery, in the midst of the little city."[1]

The reader, however, must have realised already that this criticism applies indiscriminately to Lecce baroque as a whole, taking no account of the three very distinct divisions already mentioned.

The mediæval influence so apparent in the sixteenth century has disappeared in the later periods, but the effect of it is by no means lost.

The last striking contrast is between the frequently spacious arrangement of Roman baroque and the confined town sites available in Lecce. A lingering fear of war kept the Lecce patrician within his city walls, and thus deprived him of a garden or of any opportunity of placing his house amid effective surroundings. Yet it is perhaps in the narrow little winding streets that the chief charm of this city lies.

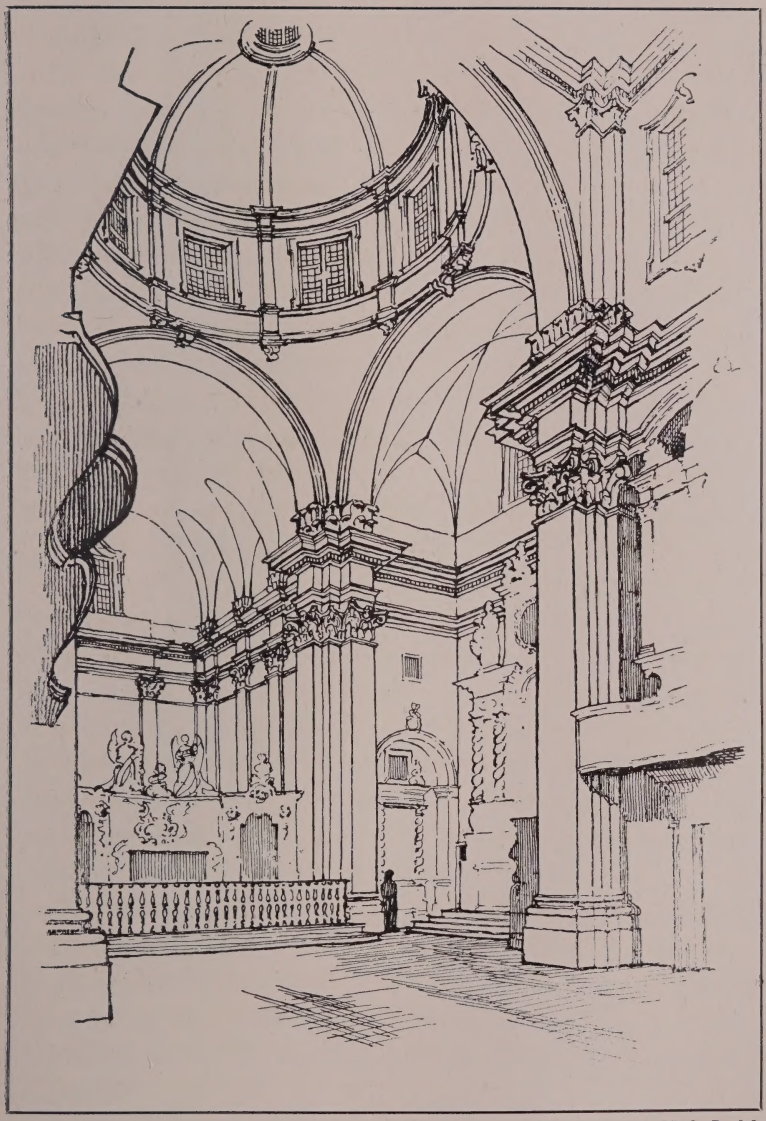
. . . . .

The numerous *churches* of Lecce form an interesting series, dating from 1520 to 1728, and hardly any city of the size could display greater variety. The first little group comprises three chapels: San Marco, Santa Elisabetta, and San Sebastiano. The dates of two of these are known, and Santa Elisabetta resembles them so closely that it can hardly fail to be their contemporary.

[1] Bourget, pp. 229–230. See Bibliography. M. S. B.'s translation.

All are small, and all are perfectly plain on plan, ornament being restricted to the façade. There is not, however, that appearance of the façade being a separate piece of stonework stuck on to the church, with no regard for the size or shape of the latter. This fault is associated with later work. These early façades are well designed as part of the structures, and the angle of the building is not ignored. The doorway is in each case central, treated as the principal feature, with pilasters or columns, and a richly decorated pediment or cornice above. Over this is a beautiful rose-window with deeply recessed and heavily enriched mouldings, a direct survival from the Middle Ages. The façade is usually broken by plinth and string course, of refined contour, and finished with a horizontal cornice or a raking moulding indicating the roof line. The doors are usually heavily panelled and moulded. The only strictly baroque feature of these little chapels is to be found in the fanciful detail and carving.

Santa Croce, commenced in 1549, is a curious problem. We know that the façade was not finished till 1697, and the upper part appears to be late in date; yet most of the detail is early. Here again we have the rose-window in profusion, the one in the centre being really magnificent. There are several features in this façade unsurpassed in Lecce, especially the statuary and carving. This fact makes it the more regrettable that the general design is as bad as it can be, for some of the detail is remarkably fine. The interior too is difficult to criticise fairly from the point of view of development, being a strange mixture of florid detail. The plan is interesting for purposes of comparison, showing cross-vaulting



M. S. B. del.

23. CHURCH OF THE CARMINE, LECCE: INTERIOR

p. 250]

throughout, except for the dome over the crossing and the flat ceiling of the nave.

In the last quarter of the sixteenth century the Jesuits and the Teatini founded two of the largest churches in Lecce, which have many points in common, and form an interesting comparison. At first glance the two façades appear very much alike, but the differences soon become apparent. Both are severely treated, as severity goes in Lecce, and are a great contrast to Santa Croce, good alike in proportion and in grouping of ornament. The interiors are not cross-vaulted, the ceilings being flat or barrelled, with a dome over the crossing in the Gesù. The architecture proper, apart from over-florid altars and tombs, is severe, and is again an improvement on Santa Croce, piers and pilasters taking the place of columns.

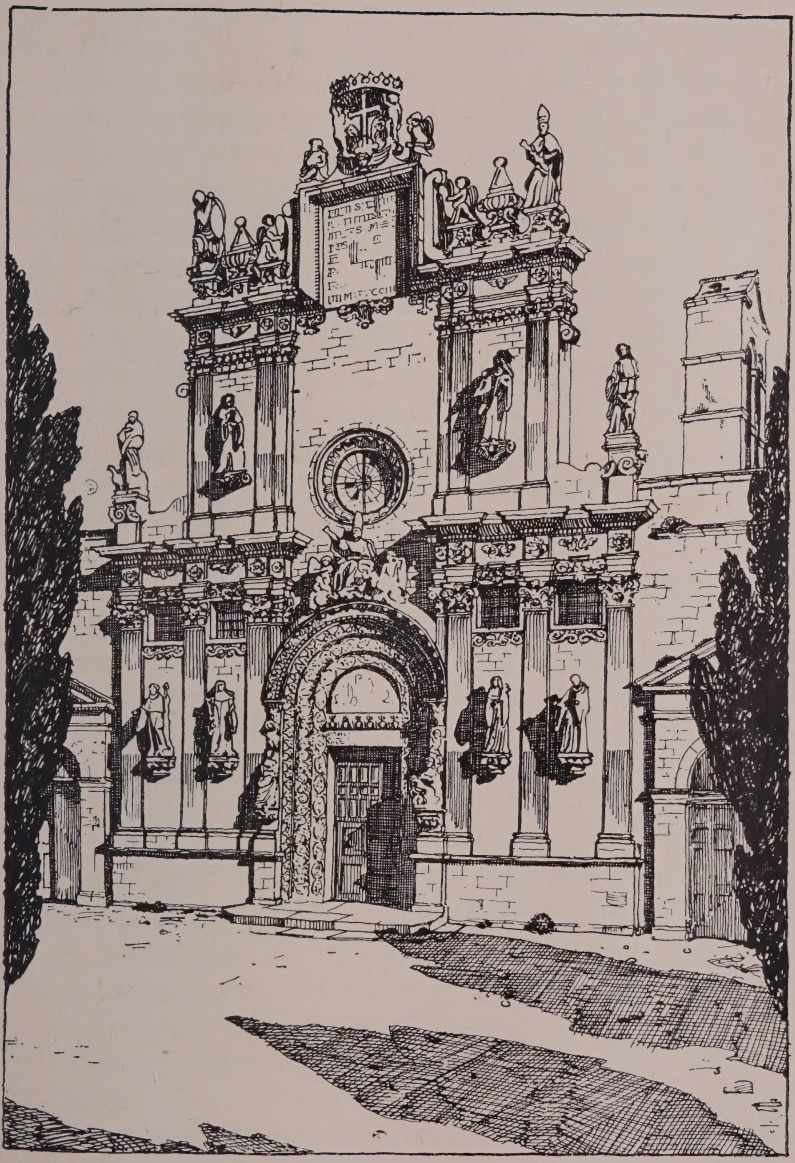
Santa Maria delle Grazie (1606) and the church of the Scalze (1630) may be included in this last group. They are both without aisles, have well-treated walls with Corinthian pilasters, the former a richly coffered flat ceiling, the latter a barrel-vault. The façades in both cases are comparatively restrained, though decidedly baroque in character. It is interesting to compare them with the cathedral at Gallipoli of almost exactly the same date (1629, see p. 316).

The *fully developed baroque period*, lasting approximately from 1660 to 1710, is inaugurated by the rebuilding of the Duomo in 1658, and includes a great number of the churches of Lecce, not less than fourteen, in addition to the new façade at S. Nicolò e Cataldo.

Half of these were the work of Zimbalo and his pupil Cino, and thus possess a certain family likeness. They are not all an advance on Sant' Irene and the

Gesù, and most of the façades are inferior, the Duomo and San Antonio being the best. S. Nicolò e Cataldo has good detail but forms a bad silhouette, the Carmine a little too much rustication, whilst almost every example is spoilt by the defect already mentioned—the want of connection between façade and nave walls. Planning ranges from the simple grandeur of the Duomo to the eccentric artificiality of the Carmine, where the nave is octagonal, the crossing domed on pendentives, the transepts cross-vaulted, and the choir barrelled. The Rosario is in the shape of a huge Greek cross, Santa Chiara is an octagon, San Matteo a round-ended oblong, the Sacrament an oval. Santa Teresa has oval domes over its nave chapels, the Alcantarine church is partly cross-vaulted and partly barrelled, while the Duomo has a flat ceiling. In nearly every case Corinthian or Composite pilasters carry a clerestory wall. The most sensational interior is the Carmine, and certainly it is one of the most successful. Lofty, bold, and original, it shows the baroque style at its maturity and at its best.

The very different style of the Duomo is no less pleasing, and possesses the characteristic of all these churches—abundance of light. Apart from the façade, they have, with a few exceptions, bare exterior walls; the west end or a transept usually facing the street. In some cases these neglected elevations are inconspicuous, in others the defect is glaringly apparent, and reminds us of another common fault—that the back of a façade is seldom carved. Hence, if it be higher than the church to which it is attached, as is frequently the case, the back view is ugly and shabby to a degree. In S. Nicolò e Cataldo, indeed, the



M. S. B. del.

24. S. NICOLÒ E CATALDO, LECCE : THE BAROQUE FAÇADE

(By permission of *The Architectural Review*)

effect from the city prejudices a visitor against the church before ever he sees it. Two other large churches, Santa Teresa and Santa Chiara, have the façades left incomplete, awaiting the startling gables and statues which never have arrived. The Duomo campanile is the only important tower in the city, as a small bell-turret or a wide-spread dome is the usual rule; and if compared with other local examples will be seen to possess a possible kinship with those of a mediæval age (see fig. 12). There can be few cities where the number of stone statues per head of flesh-and-blood citizens can stand higher than in Lecce. Finally, one of the best features in these churches is the excellent way in which painted ceilings and wall-pictures are suited to the architectural design.

It may be added here that the only church built in modern times, Santa Maria della Porta (1855–8) is of remarkably good design—quite in character with the existing buildings, yet undeniably modern. Outside the gardens, on the road leading to San Cataldo, is a huge new monastic church just completed in a Gothic manner.

In the matter of *palaces and town-houses*, Lecce baroque is perhaps ahead of its churches. In the larger examples a wide and handsome arched doorway, surmounted by heraldry and a carved balcony (figs. 28, 29), leads through an archway cross-vaulted or barrelled into a cortile (figs. 30, 37). The floor of archway and cortile is invariably well paved and drained. The entrance doorway, though always interesting, heavily moulded, and richly ornamented, has usually something of the same character. In the cortile, if large enough, a little square garden is often

found with palms and blossom. The doors or gates to the streets are stoutly made in oak with a wicket, and are panelled—the panels being moulded. Occasionally a fanlight is found filling a semicircle over the doors. The façade is, as a rule, not rusticated, and the joints of the stonework so closely cut as to be invisible, so that an effect of stucco walling is produced. The ground-floor seldom has large windows, these being found, as in the earlier Renaissance examples, on the "piano primo" or "nobile." Lecce window-heads of the plainer sort closely resemble those in Yorkshire cottages; but are for the most part more elaborate, with broken pediments and brackets at times. The Hôtel Patria, an old palace of the plainer kind, has an excellent system of fenestration. The Municipio, in a narrow but important street, is almost severe in spite of two rows of bull's-eye windows; and is one of the best designs in the city—the wall-surfaces broken only by flat Corinthian pilasters into large shallow panels with a high moulded plinth. Large and small palaces alike have little iron balconies resting on richly carved stone brackets—one of the most obvious traces of mediæval and Spanish influence; and on these balconies are placed flower-pots—often with trailing creepers hanging down over the carved work beneath. Light and shade are thus produced, and the fine open-arched loggie occasionally found in the upper storey form a deep black shadow attractive to him of the pencil (fig. 1). It is a mistake to suppose that the smaller examples are any less interesting than the large palaces. Figs. 3 and 32 show how excellent some of the former are, and give an earnest of the quaint and romantic variety of Lecce streets. Almost

25. CHURCH OF THE CARMINE, LECCE

Photo by Barbieri, Lecce

26. THE MUNICIPIO, LECCE

p. 254]

every street corner is decorated by a column built into a chase on the external angle, bearing a heraldic shield or some device; and at a corner near Santa Croce all four angles have different columns and shields.

Two large secular buildings stand out by reason of their size, elaboration, and originality. Zimbalo's Prefettura, built by him as part of the monastery of Santa Croce, is an extraordinary piece of work; and Cino's Seminario (1694–1709) must have been inspired by it, as there is a close similarity in the two works—the differences being explained by a few years of development intervening, and by a divergence in two men's taste—master and pupil though they were. The Vescovado is an interesting building; but I have been unable to discover the date of its erection; and it is so unlike anything else in Lecce that it is difficult to place it. The little Sedile, as has already been said, is an architectural problem, although its date is known, and cannot be regarded as having any bearing on architectural development.

Before passing to a few characteristic points in Lecce architecture, the reader is referred for further information as to the various buildings to the Appendix, which savours too much of the guide-book to be included as part of the story of Lecce, and which will probably only be of use to a student or a visitor. Besides criticism of churches and palaces, something is there said of the three large gates which are such a feature of the city.

. . . . .

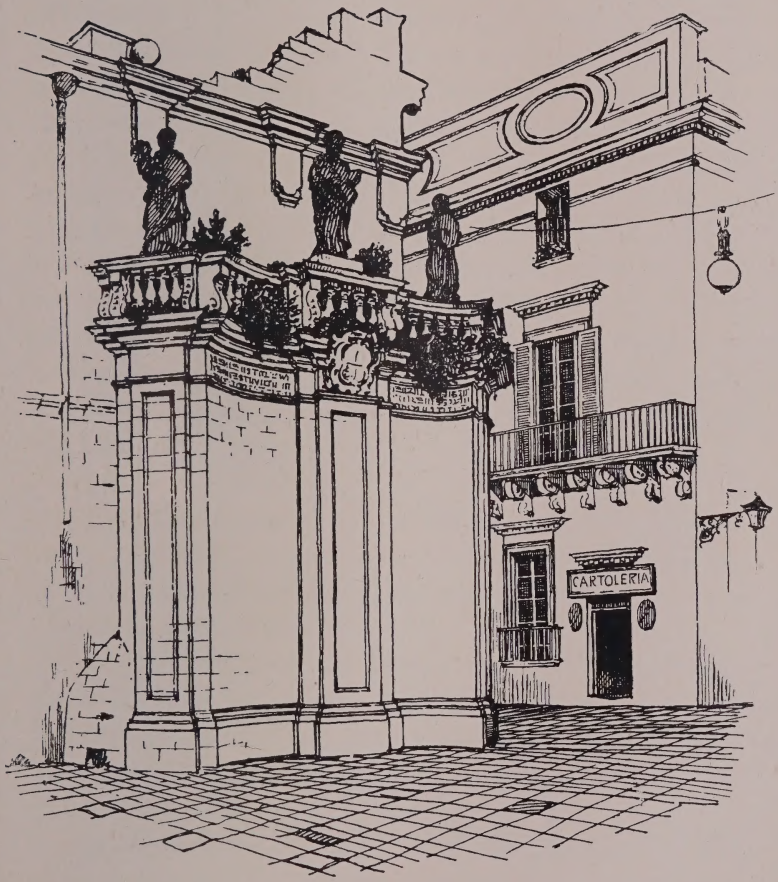
The following are the principal characteristics of the mature baroque style in Lecce.

The classic orders are freely employed, but usually

in a greatly modified or rather exaggerated form—the Corinthian forming the basis. Columns are often broken by a necking or band at one-third of their height; and where this band is of any size the effect is bad. Less frequently they are decorated with delicate arabesques or spirally fluted. Capitals display all manner of shapes, and frequently recall Byzantine types.

The pilaster, however, is used much more than the column in façades, wall panelling, and church interiors. Pediments are fairly steep, sometimes curved over doorways, often broken. The difficult problem of joining the upper and narrow part of a façade to the lower is generally very well solved. Openings are well proportioned, and the subdivision into panels, lights, or panes is equally successful. Balustrades, though almost always rococo, are also suitably designed with a view to the heavy brackets beneath them. One of the strangest details is the triangular plan of projecting brackets to carry statues and pedestals beneath columns. Chimneys, as usual in Italy, are concealed wherever possible, and follow the normal pyramidal shape, with openings on all sides just below.

One of the most curious mediæval relics is the dosseret, freely employed in the interior of the largest churches. Finials are sometimes like our own Elizabethan examples, sometimes in the very ugly and clumsy form of a huge pineapple. Grotesques survive as brackets beneath the Santa Croce balustrade; but shells, acanthus foliage, and swags are the best forms of ornament to be found in Lecce. Ornament, however, is nearly always good, the fault lying in its misapplication. Even the filling of spaces



M. S. B. del.

27. ENTRANCE TO THE PIAZZA DEL DUOMO, LECCE

p. 256]

is invariably correct, heraldry is bold and well carved, strapwork delicate and interesting.

These buildings are almost entirely in the golden local stone, easily carved but of good weathering properties. If only the architect of most of Lecce's buildings could have left this stone to speak for itself, instead of covering his walls with geometrical rustication, the artistic value of his buildings would be doubled. The interiors have the main features in stone, the wall surfaces, spandrils, etc., being in plaster. Roofs of houses and palaces are flat, glazed and coloured tiles being employed for covering domes, and thus giving a welcome touch of brightness. Some of the small domes over the church aisles appear to be covered with concrete. The ironwork of balconies, altar-rails, and fanlights is delicate and graceful without exception.

. . . . .

These last paragraphs are little more than memoranda, and do not venture into the byways of æsthetics. They should be read in conjunction with the plates of the buildings referred to.

It is, indeed, from the plates that the reader must form his own judgment of the baroque style in Lecce, after reading this chapter. He may refer to some photographs of contemporary work in Rome, and thus make some sort of comparison.

But that is not enough. The fascination of a city cannot be felt by studying innumerable photographs, or by reading an unlimited number of books.

If the reader has thought on parallel lines with the author he will come to the conclusion that although there are many glaring faults in these buildings, eccentricities and weaknesses withal, they have many

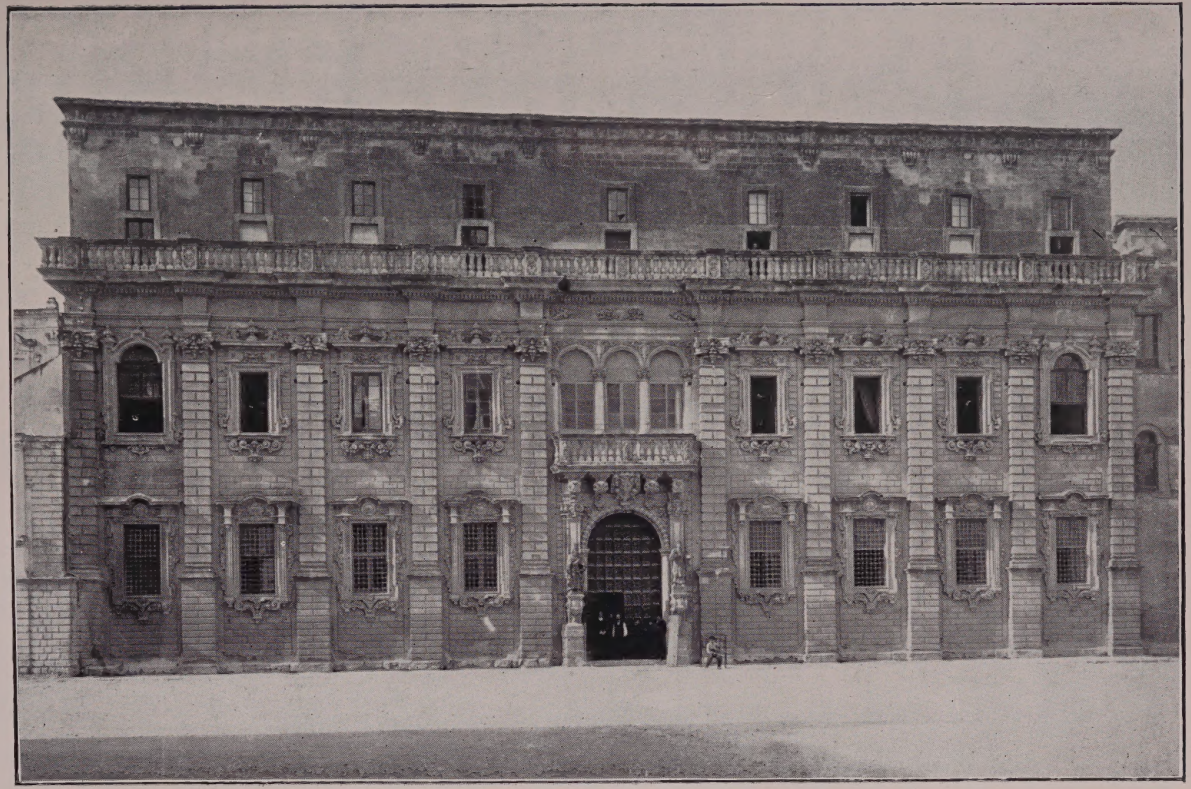
strong points in their favour. They are interesting, picturesque, and bold; they possess many details which no architect need be ashamed to study; and in combination they produce some of the most beautiful little streets in Europe.

It is no small thing for a remote and practically unknown city to produce a style so unique, and to have retained its charms intact after a lapse of several centuries. An Italian style of architecture is not to be judged solely on the grounds of its fitness for adoption in a London street, for a tube station, asylum, or garage. It must be viewed in its surroundings; and let him who has walked through the streets of Lecce deny its attractions in its native place.

Lecce Architects and Painters

It has always seemed to me that in one respect the Gothic period of art lacks the interest of the Renaissance: its greatest achievements are anonymous. We have no anecdotes of the mediæval architects to compare with Cellini's Memoirs, or those of Sir Christopher Wren, so that the personal element is entirely absent.

Unfortunately, though we know the names of many who helped to make Lecce a beautiful city, little is recorded of their lives. The first baroque buildings were erected under the supervision of a sculptor-architect in many cases. Such a one was *Gabriele Riccardo*—"Beli Licciardo," his friends called him (for a professional man often bore a nickname in those days), born at Lecce early in the sixteenth century. He reached manhood's estate in time to be entrusted with the great church and monastery of Santa Croce,



28. THE SEMINARIO, LECCE

p. 258]

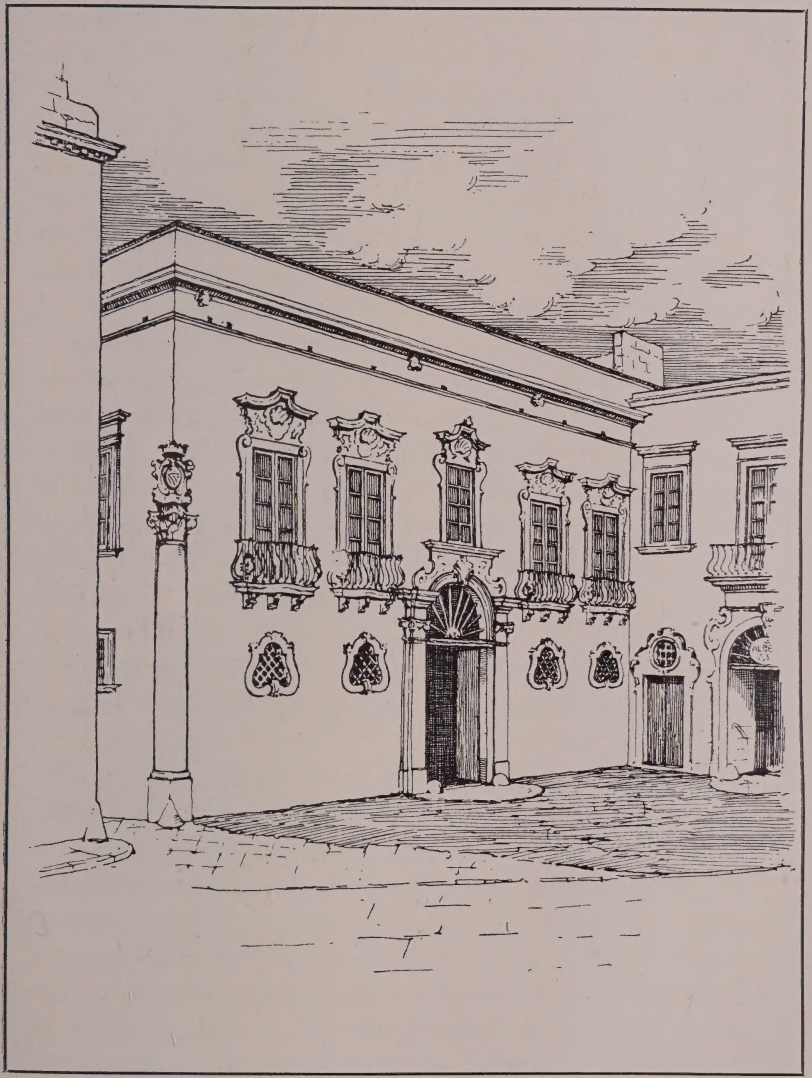
commenced in 1549, and in that work it certainly would appear that a sculptor's hand played an important part. In this connection something must be said of the very high standard of Lecce statuary. The majority of the figures on Lecce church façades are remarkably fine, boldly posed and boldly treated, saints and Madonnas alike, with a blissful and refreshing regard for anything in the nature of a religious atmosphere. They play so important a part in designs of the period—early and late—that to sculptors must be ascribed half the credit for any success there may be. Riccardo, of course, can only have worked on the earlier examples, but on the S. Nicolò façade the figures closely resemble those at Santa Croce, and S. Nicolò himself is probably from his chisel. He worked on other statues in the city, and carved some capitals at Otranto which bear the date 1524. It is an interesting relic of contemporary social life to hear that his brother very capably combined saddlery and theology.

About the same time a very different architect was in practice—*Gianiacopo dell' Acaya*, a military architect like his father, Alfonso of that ilk, who restored the tower of Segine in 1506. The family was an old one. and came from France with Charles I. of Anjou, Segine was one of their fiefs, Galugnano and part of San Cesario being others. They were large landowners in the Terra d'Otranto, but their name probably was spelt "La Haye" in French. One of Gianiacopo's first commissions—we may presume his very first—was to completely rebuild the long-suffering Segine tower, his first important one to rebuild the Castello of Lecce (1539). Nine years later he rebuilt for the Dominican friars of San Giovanni d'Aymo the

large conventual establishment where the Rosario now stands. His principal works outside Lecce were the castles of Capua, Cosenza, and St. Elmo at Naples.[1]

The church of the Teresiani Scalze (1630) was the work of a cleric, *Michele Colutio*; and *Cesare Penna* followed Riccardo at Santa Croce; while at San Matteo we have the name of both architect and sculptor preserved, *Achille Carducci* and *Cesare Boffelli.* A more tangible figure is that of Maestro *Giuseppe Zimbalo*—commonly called "Zingarello"—the architect of the Duomo. When it was decided to rebuild the Duomo in 1658 the clerical authorities did not wish to select an architect from outside the city, and at length settled upon Zingarello. We do not know if it was before this that he was appointed to supervise the last stage of Santa Croce, or whether he had already established a reputation. If so, it received a severe jar in 1663, when a large section of the rapidly rising walls of the new fabric collapsed one fine night. The vigorous bishop lost no time in taking action against unhappy Zingarello, who fled to the church of Sant' Angelo, and did not dare to come out from that sanctuary until he had arranged with the Chapter to repair the damage. The chronicler does not tell us if this amount came out of his office expenses. Lecce patrons, however, do not seem to have taken this accident deeply to heart, for Zingarello's practice continued to grow steadily. For the city authorities he did a good deal of work in

[1] Outside his professional career we have one fact recorded of this architect, that he turned the houses he owned in Lecce into a church and convent for the Friars Minor. This presumably would be after his death, and would thus form a bequest.



M. S. B. del.

29. PALACE OPPOSITE THE LICEO, LECCE

Pal. Tafuri

beautifying the Piazza Sant' Oronzo, and later in his life rebuilt the large church of the Rosario, one of the most bizarre in Lecce.

A suspicious incident marked the building of the Duomo. A plague was feared in the city, but passed off. The following year a special effort was made to raise a fund to meet expenses. The clergy generously offered a large proportion of their tithes, about £700 a year, the citizens £6,000, while the bishop presented two hundred cartloads of lime, which, by a curious chance, he had laid in during the plague scare. We know that Pappacoda was an enterprising saint, and hesitate for a motive between a zeal for sanitary measures and what is now technically known as a "corner" in lime. Zimbalo was succeeded as the fashionable architect in Lecce by *Giuseppe Cino*, his pupil. Cino essayed a little writing, and left a work on architecture, which I have unfortunately been unable to trace.

The last of the Lecce architects of note, his design may be judged in the Seminario, and in three churches of some size.

Of local painters, too, a few scanty records remain. There was one, *Andrea da Lecce*, in the second half of the fifteenth century, who has left a couple of authentic works, and a more interesting character of the same period, *Matteo da Lecce*. Born in Lecce, he was educated in Rome by Cecchin del Salviati, one of Michelangelo's imitators, and he, too, followed in that great master's footsteps, though with little success, it is true. For some years he painted in Rome, where Gregory XIII. commissioned him to decorate the entrance wall of the Sistine Chapel, opposite Michelangelo's great fresco of "Justice."

There is so little light on this wall that it is almost impossible to see anything of Matteo's work, but it is of no great merit. After a number of other paintings in Rome, he moved to Spain, where for many years he worked under the name of "Matteo Perez d'Alessi," and at Seville painted in the Cathedral a gigantic Saint Christopher, thirty-two feet high, for which he was paid £800. He then lived for a long time in Malta, where at least three of his canvases remain, and spent his last years in Lecce. Before he left Malta he had already given up painting for more profitable commercial pursuits, and in his native town squandered his large fortune thus acquired on chemical experiments, apparently with a view to manufacturing precious stones. A man of parts, he wrote a "Storia della Guerra di Malta" and a poem entitled "Il Trionfo di Cristo."[1]

All subsequent Lecce painters belonged to the later Neapolitan school, and share its characteristics. In London it is known to students by a few dull and unimaginative examples such as Salvator Rosa's landscapes in the National Gallery and the Wallace collection. Its principal characteristic is a free use of naturalistic elements, and a large proportion of its productions are below mediocrity.

The pictures gathered in the churches, museum, and liceo of Lecce are a representative collection by its principal exponents, and are as a whole worthy of a city of Lecce's size and importance; though of course inferior to the galleries in Tuscan and Lombard towns.

Luca Giordano is represented by at least five works in Lecce and *Giuseppe Ribera* (nicknamed "Lo Spagnoletto") by a fine portrait of an old man (No. 32,

[1] A picture by Matteo da Lecce is said to be at Windsor.

M. S. B. del.

30. PALAZZO CONTE CASTRIOTA, LECCE

about 2 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft.) in the Museum. Another large portrait of San Francesco, a bearded monk, in the Museum appears to be by his hand, and is a striking piece of work. Ribera was a native of Gallipoli, where his portrait may be seen in the Museum. During his busy life (1588–1656) he painted a number of portraits, and is one of the leaders of his school. He was a follower of Caravaggio, generally regarded as its founder.

Salvator Rosa, who, as we know, has pictures in London, is represented by a picture in the Lecce Museum, which closely resembles them.

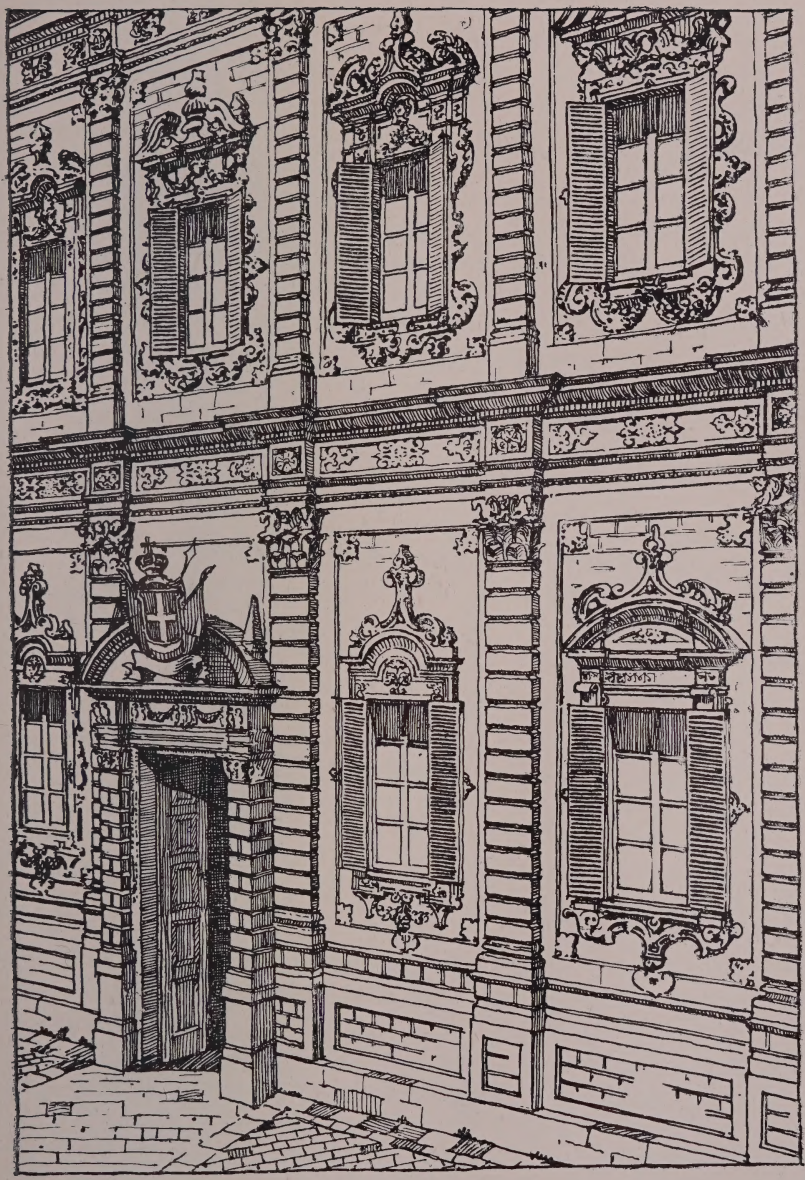
The two most worthy of Lecce painters were the Verrios, Antonio and Giuseppe. Professor de Simone, who knew more about Lecce than any man before his day or since, is convinced that *Antonio Verrio* was not the celebrated artist who came to England, but his father or uncle, and that it is Giuseppe whose doings are chronicled by Walpole under Antonio's name. He gives apparently conclusive proof, and we will accept his decision.

Antonio, then, must have been born in Lecce in the first years of the seventeenth century, and began his artistic studies very early in life, learning from a local master. He then went to Venice for a short time and afterwards returned to Lecce, working much for churches and for wealthy patrons. He was fortunate in securing the favour of the Jesuits, and received various commissions from them. He then migrated to Naples, and painted in the Collegio del Gesù Vecchio. He journeyed to France, and there, strange to say, became a Huguenot, abjuring his Catholicism. He was extremely fond of travelling, and met his death while on a jaunt.

"He was one of a gay crowd of merrymakers on a pleasure-boat, and during feasting and mirth the question of swimming came under discussion. A bet was laid against any one covering a given distance in the sea. Antonio said he could manage that and more. He threw himself into the sea, was drowned, and none helped him with the skill they had learned and possessed."

Giuseppe Verrio (commonly called Antonio) thus figures in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting":

"An excellent painter for the sort of subjects on which he was employed; that is, without much invention and with less taste, his exuberant pencil was ready at pouring out gods, goddesses, kings, emperors, and triumphs over those public spaces on which the eye never rests long enough to criticise, and where one would be sorry to place the works of a better master; I mean ceilings and staircases. The New Testament or the Roman History cost him nothing but ultramarine; that and marble columns and marble steps he never spared. He first settled in France and painted the high altar of the Carmelites at Toulouse. . . . Charles II. having a mind to revive the manufacture of tapestry at Mortlake, which had been interrupted by the Civil War, sent for Verrio to England; but, changing his purpose, consigned over Windsor to his pencil. The King was induced to this by seeing some of his painting at Lord Arlington's at the end of St. James's Park, where at present stands Buckingham House. The first picture Verrio drew for the King was His Majesty in naval triumph, now in the public dining-room in the Castle. He executed most of the ceilings there, one whole side of St. George's Hall and the chapel. On the ceiling of the former he has pictured Antony, Earl of Shaftesbury, in the character of Faction, dispersing libels; as in



M. S. B. del.

31. FAÇADE OF THE PREFETTURA, LECCE

(By permission of *The Architectural Review*)

p. 264]

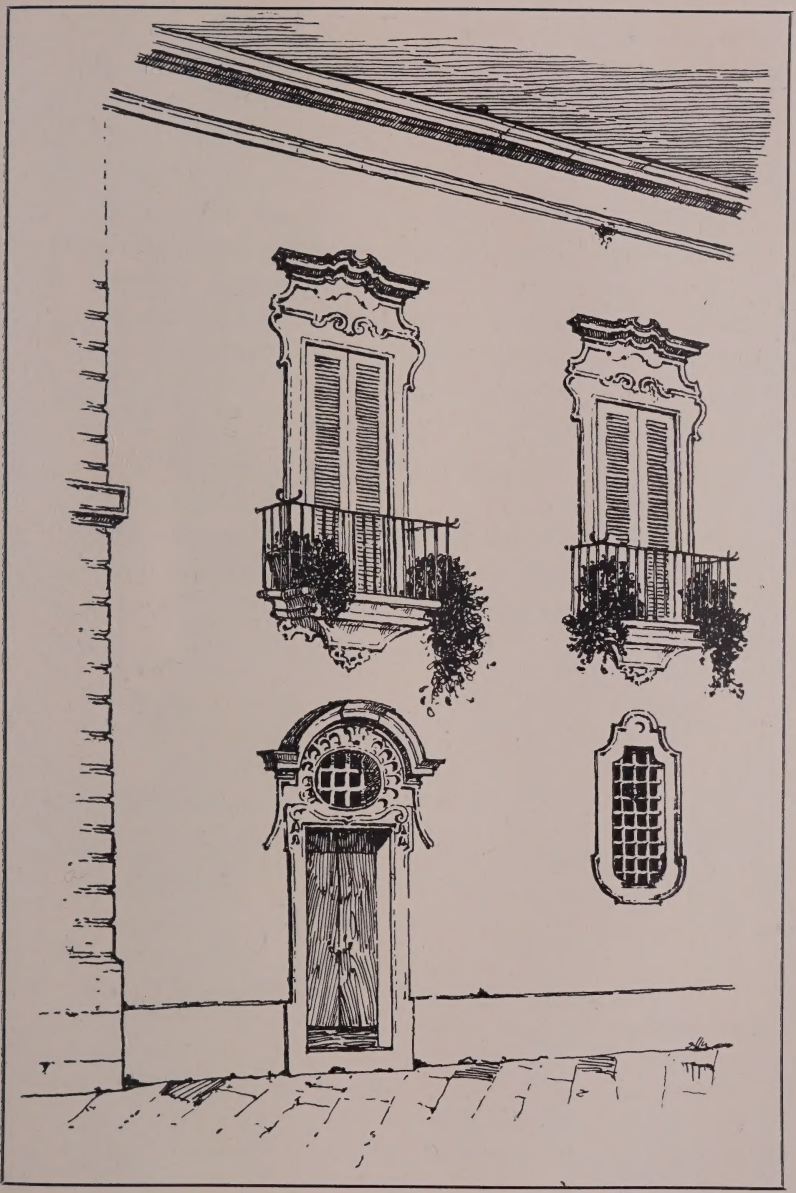
another place he revenged a private quarrel with the housekeeper, Mrs. Marriot, by borrowing her ugly face for one of the Furies. With still greater impropriety he has introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Bap. May, surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick. He is recorded as operator of all these gaudy works in a large inscription over the tribune at the end of the hall. . . . The King paid him generously. Vertue met with a memorandum of moneys he received for his performances at Windsor. As the comparison of prices in different ages may be one of the most useful parts of this work, and as it is remembered what Annibal Caracci received for his glorious labour in the Farnese palace at Rome"—

[Here follows the account, amounting to £5,545 8*s.* 4*d.* Also appended are other items from private clients, making a total of £7,945 8*s.* 4*d.*]

"The King's bounty did not stop here; Verrio had a place of master-gardener, and a lodging at the end of the Park, now Carleton House. He was expensive and kept a great table, and often pressed the King for money with a freedom which His Majesty's own frankness often indulged. When he had but lately received an advance of a thousand pounds, he found the King in such a circle that he could not approach. He called out 'Sire, I desire the favour of speaking to your Majesty.' 'Well, Verrio,' said the King, 'what is your request?' 'Money, sir; I am so short in cash that I am not able to pay my workmen, and your Majesty and I have learned by experience that pedlars and painters cannot give credit long.' The King smiled, and said he had but lately ordered him £1,000. 'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'but that was soon paid away, and I have no gold left.' 'At that rate,' said

the King, 'you would spend more than I do to maintain my family.' 'True,' answered Verrio, 'but does your Majesty keep an open table as I do?'

"He gave the designs for the large equestrian picture of that monarch in the hall at Chelsea College; but it was finished by Cook and presented by Lord Ranelagh. On the accession of James II. Verrio was again employed at Windsor, in Wolsey's tomb-house, then destined as a Romish chapel. He painted that king and several of his courtiers in the hospital of Christ Church, London. Among other portraits there is Dr. Hawes, a physician; Vertue saw the original head, from which he translated it into the great piece, which Verrio presented to the hospital. He painted too at that of St. Bartholomew. The Revolution was by no means agreeable to Verrio's religion or principles. He quitted his place and even refused to work for King William. From that time he was for some years employed at the Lord Exeter's at Burleigh, and afterwards at Chatsworth. At the former he painted several chambers, which are reckoned among his best works. He has placed his own portrait in the room where he represented the history of Mars and Venus; and for the Bacchus bestriding a hogshead he has, according to his usual liberty, borrowed the countenance of a dean with whom he was at variance. At Chatsworth is much of his hand. The altar-piece in the chapel is the best piece I ever saw of his; the subject, the incredulity of St. Thomas. He was employed, too, at Lowther Hall, but the house has been burnt. At last, by persuasion of Lord Exeter, he condescended to serve King William, and was sent to Hampton Court, where, among other things, he painted the great staircase, and as ill as if he had spoiled it out of principle. His eyes failing him, Queen Anne gave him a pension of £200 a year for life, but he did not enjoy it long, dying at Hampton Court in 1707."



M. S. B. del.

32. PALAZZO CONTE BALZO, LECCE

It is no new thing for Walpole to be bitter and hasty in criticism. The staircase at Hampton Court referred to[1] can still be seen, the colours as bright as when Verrio finished it, and does not appear in the least to justify this onslaught.

The last of the Lecce painters was *Oronzo Tiso*, who lived from 1730 to 1800, and thus painted only in the few churches of the last period of baroque, notably the three great frescoes of the Duomo choir. His work, though of no more than local fame and belonging to a degenerate period in Italy, in the case of these frescoes is perhaps as good as any painting in Lecce; broad in conception and treatment, full of life and colour.

Gallipoli produced two artists of note besides Ribera, *Gian Andrea Coppola* and *Count Nicolò Malinconico*, most of whose best work is in the Cathedral there.

A SHORT LIST OF PICTURES BY LECCESE ARTISTS.

ANDREA DA LECCE:

Sulmona. (S. Francesco).	Cappella Maggiore.
Atri Cathedral.	Choir.

MATTEO DA LECCE:

Rome.	Sistine Chapel.	"Fall of rebel angels."
„	„ „	"Fight between Michael and Lucifer."
„	S. Eligio degli orefici.	"Madonna and Saints."
„	Rotonda.	"St. Joseph," etc.

[1] The King's staircase, by which one ascends to the State apartments.

Rome.	Compagnia del Gonfalone.	"A prophet."
„	Compagnia del Gonfalone.	"Four cardinal virtues."
„	Rotonda.	"Jesus Christ."
Seville.	Cathedral.	"St. Christopher" [1584].
Malta.	S. Leone, Bubacra.	"St. Catherine."
„	Pal. of Grand Master.	"Story of Siege of Malta."
„	Chiesa Madre Conventuale.	"St. John."

ANTONIO VERRIO:

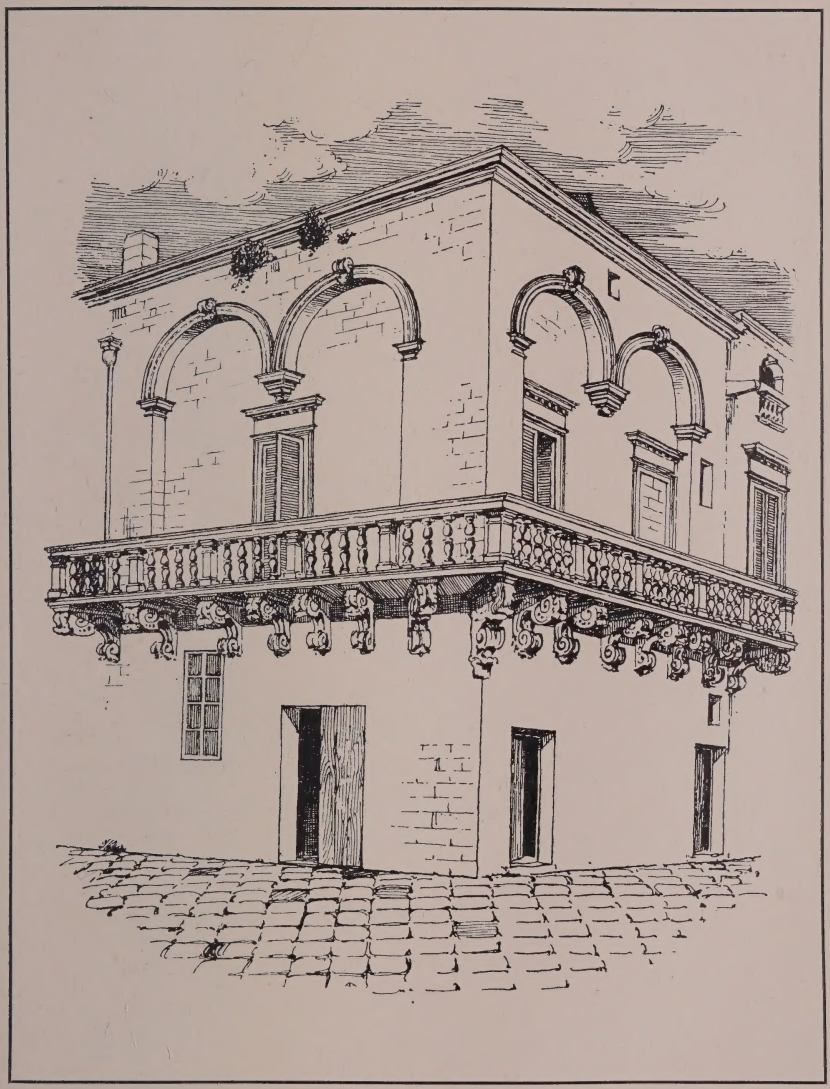
Naples.	Coll. del Gesù Vecchio.	Ceiling of Pharmacopea [1661].
Lecce.	Chiesa del Gesù.	"Virgin uncrowned and saints."
„	„ „	"Ven. Bernardino Realino."
„	„ „	Another picture.
„	„ „	"Prodigal Son."
„	„ „	"Joseph before Pharaoh."
„	Liceo.	"Group of angels and cherubs."
„	„	„ „ „
„	„	"St. Francis appearing to Father Mastrillo."

GIUSEPPE VERRIO:

Lecce.	S. Irene.	"St. Irene."
Hampton Court.		King's staircase.
Windsor.		Numerous works.
Burleigh, Chatsworth, etc.		„ „

ORONZO TISO:

Brindisi.	Ch. degli Angioli.	"St. Thomas Aquinas."
Arnesano.	Pal. Baronale.	"Woman taken in adultery."
„	„ „	"Massacre of Innocents."
„	„ „	Seven other religious subjects.



M. S. B del.

33. HOUSE IN VIA LEONARDO PRATO, LECCE

p. 268]

Lecce.	Duomo.	"Assumption" [1757].
,,	,,	"Noah's sacrifice after Flood."
,,	,,	"The Ark" [1758].
,,	S. Irene.	"S. Vincenza di Paola."
,,	,,	"The Ark." (?)
,,	,,	"Jacob and Rachel."
,,	S. Francis of Assisi.	"S. Anna and the Madonna."
,,	Liceo.	"St. Anthony the Abbot."
,,	,,	"St. Francis of Assisi."
,,	,,	"Woman taken in adultery."
,,	,,	"Tobiulo and the angel."
,,	,,	"Blessing of Jacob" (six pictures).

Gian Andrea Coppola (di Gallipoli):

Lecce.	Liceo. (Design School).	Six battles.
,,	Liceo. (Reception Hall).	Eight battles.
,,	Duomo.	"St. Oronzo."

In the Museum at Lecce there are a number of miscellaneous pictures of much earlier date, mostly removed from demolished churches. Five are little paintings on wood of a Byzantine type. Two smallish saints by "Girolamo di S. Croce" are interesting; and there is a very large altar-piece from the church of S. Giovanni Evangelista at Lecce.

CHAPTER IX

THE PEOPLE OF LECCE

ALMOST every city of importance has some custom of its own, some peculiar method in the common ways of life which its citizens share with no other people. Yet he would be a bold traveller who would assert that such things are to be met with in no other town in the world, merely because they did not enter into his personal experience or his reading. So if in this chapter there are facts related which apply to other Italian towns, it must be remembered that the writer's object is to give no more than a sketch of typical life in Lecce, and to illustrate in some measure its literature, music, and dramatic efforts.

The Leccese as we see him *in the street* is a much more attractive person than the Neapolitan. He lacks the latter's noisy demeanour; he has nothing of the cut-throat about him, no picturesque mountebank swagger; yet he has a charm in his quieter personality that cannot fail to please. To an observer there appears none of that posing which forms the motif for so many kodak enthusiasts. He is interested in his own affairs and international politics, as are most Italians, but a tourist visiting Lecce does not

find him the officious pest so familiar to many voyagers in Southern Italy.

The principal club in Lecce is on the ground floor of the large block west of the Via dei Tribunali, and consists of a small suite of rather dark but lofty rooms, for billiards and cards, dining-room and ball-room. It differs little from an English club in its premises and management.

The principal hotel also boasts of a billiard-room, though the table is little patronised.

There are several small and good cafés in the centre of the city, but, owing to the narrowness of the streets, seats out-of-doors—such an enjoyable feature in Italy—are impossible.

There is one characteristic which Lecce shares with many other towns of this land, its disproportionate allowance of barbers' shops; and another, less common, a line of shoeblacks, who stand at the busy corner of the Via Tribunali and make the passer-by blushingly regard the state of his feet. Whether to ascribe these luxuries to over-cleanliness or over-laziness is doubtful. Probably the reason lies in the fact that an Italian seldom shaves himself, and that a Leccese seldom keeps more than a minimum of domestic servants who may object to shoe-shining on purely conscientious grounds. Laziness certainly accounts for the very numerous cabs plying in the city, and poor people regard them as a necessity of life, willingly paying the half-franc which is the standard fare within the walls. The Lecce cabs are locally made, and resemble a victoria in shape, the hood usually capable of being raised or lowered. The little Apulian horses which draw them are small, but powerful and wiry. Driving is not so furious

and careless as in Naples or Rome; and a warning shout generally gives pedestrians a chance of taking cover in a doorway or the tunnel-like *porte-cochère* of the larger houses. Carts in this district, as at Naples, are of every conceivable shape, still more frequently of no shape at all, and it is just as usual to see a horse and a mule combined for motive power as a pair of Apulian ponies. The horses, almost without exception, wear some token against the evil eye ("jettatura"), giving an added picturesqueness to the equipage.

A great deal concerning Lecce habits may be learned from a study of its many and excellent *shops*. What has already been said of booksellers applies to other trades, *i.e.* that the shops here are far better than those in most Italian towns. Some of them are almost oppressively up to date. Bowler hats are advertised as "The Piccadilly" shape. One shop has a window full of Priestley's Bradford dress-stuffs, while Singers' sewing-machines occupy a large double-fronted establishment. Lecce is one of those cities where a soberly dressed Englishman would arouse less curiosity than an artist in a slouch hat, for the people are in general careful of their appearance, with the usual Italian tendency towards an over-use of black. Besides the shops, the markets must be mentioned, where fish, meat, and vegetables are sold under cover; the great open-air market too, in and round the Piazza S. Oronzo, where every sort of article may be haggled for; the fair, which on certain festa days crowds a narrow lane near the Castle, and where the populace may be found in holiday mood, weighing the merits of gorgeous saints or grotesques in candy or plaster against the rival attractions of the hard-

ware tinsel stall. Last of all are the hucksters with their trays of amulets, bootlaces and collar-studs, tortoiseshell combs and second-hand books; and the newsvendors, who cry the papers from Milan, Rome, and Naples at the street-corners as each edition arrives. So much for the Lecce man in the street.

In his *home life* he appears to greater advantage than his brother of Naples in many respects, notably in the way he treats his women-folk. Professor de Simone indeed assures us that ever since the brave days of Count Robert's gay court in the twelfth century the Leccese has "regarded woman as an object of worship, and dedicated his songs to her." Very prettily said, Professor; but why not give us comparative statistics of cruelty, desertion, and divorce? The dedication of a poem is not a heroic or self-denying act, indeed to many people it is unnecessary and out of place; as for the worshipping, that accords badly with the practice of leaving the heavy work of a farm to women, already well employed, or with the sight of them toiling as navvies at road-making.

On this subject history throws some interesting glimpses. For instance, Girolamo Marciano[1] thus describes them in translating Antonio Galateo's description of the neighbouring town of Gallipoli:

"The women are just as temperate as the men; they are for the most part abstemious, like the Romans of old; simple, refined, eager for knowledge, industrious, diligent in domestic affairs, modest, and obedient to their husbands. On public holidays they do not go running about the city, unless some reason calls them

[1] Early 17th Century. M. S. B.'s translation.

forth, but bide in their houses; on working days they spin, weave, and work in linen, wool, cotton, silk, and suchlike things. Their bearing is attractive, graceful, and charming, their tresses braided in different styles. The beauty of their daughters is natural, not painted or embellished by art. . . . They never leave towns or similar safe places, *and not only never speak to men till they are married, but are not even bold enough to look at them.* Nor do they ever watch the games, but are always kept busy at home by their mothers, *unless they can succeed in looking out of doors and windows on the sly.* They are married at from fifteen to twenty years of age, and after that their chance of finding a husband is small."

Scipio Ammirato, the historian, who lived a few years earlier, went so far as to say "that in his day a Leccese lady seen gazing intently out of a window at any man would be counted a harlot, and that in Genoa such an act constituted an invitation to enter."

The Capuchins who came to Lecce in 1533 increased this Eastern severity by separating the sexes in church, providing a door for the women, and even arranging steps so as to make the division more marked.

In many places in this district a girl never left her home till she crossed the piazza to her wedding. This was called "fare la spaccata," and was an evidence in public opinion of her chastity, so that she could say when about to become a mother, "Jeu? jeu fici la spaccata" (I? I have crossed the piazza[1]). It is remarkable that with such a life of seclusion these women could produce a race of warriors, for Lecce soldiers owed not only their birth and early training to their mothers, but even their hardiness

[1] De Simone in "Rivista Europea." See Bibliography.

in physical exercises was actually stimulated by example.

A Spartan régime prevailed also in the aristocratic convents for patricians' daughters, but there was no supervision, and things became so bad that on one occasion the Università [1] sent an ambassador to Rome to complain of their administration. The mission was entrusted to Scipio Ammirato, and his request was that the "Clarissa" nuns at Lecce should be controlled by an Ordinario, and not by the Frati. These convents were often the refuge of well-born girls who had fallen into disgrace. The rule was hard, and frequently self-inflicted poison ended their unhappy lives, their deaths remaining a mystery.

Conjugal infidelity in these stern days was punished by death, and we read of Beatrice Moccia, wife of Colle d'Anchise, Governor of Lecce, being slain by her husband's hand on July 13th, 1636. Later she was found to be innocent.

A writer in 1749 gives an amusing picture of a completely domesticated Lecce, at a time when domesticity in Europe was far from being a fashionable virtue:

"This folk holds him in infamy and horror who takes his wine in a tavern; and every man eats his meals at home; for midnight orgies, gross games, and constant playgoings are the ruin of a home."

This is still true, for cafés close early in Lecce, and with the exception of the theatre, which generally concludes its performances at eleven or a little later, there is nothing to disturb the city after ten o'clock.

[1] Università = town council, *not* university.

The city does not, of course, harbour only the respectable, but its seamy side is not obtrusive.

The only distinctive feature about Lecce women's customs at the present day is that the working-class women seldom appear out of doors bareheaded, as is usual in most other parts of Italy.

. . . . .

The ceremonies of *marriage* as observed in the Terra d' Otranto are in many respects noteworthy. Some of the most interesting, however, hail from the Taranto neighbourhood and are archaic. The bridegroom's relations used to present the bride in some cases with new shoes, or sometimes one of them would meet her on the threshold of her new home and pour a spoonful of honey into her mouth, to typify the mellifluous sweetness which was (henceforth) to characterise the relations between the two families. Like many other charming customs, and like parts of the English marriage service, this old belief stretches one's imaginative credulousness too far. Infinitely more practical in character, yet artfully tinged with a cunning semblance of romance, was the marriage feast in these parts. Instead of senseless speechifying, a compact programme of items was undertaken, with the sole idea of extracting booty from the guests. Each of them had to cut open a fruit, slip a coin into the incision, and hand it to the bride. He then poured a little wine into his glass, dropped another coin into the wine, and handed that also to the bride. She must have been a plucky girl, and withal possessed of a steady head and good digestion, who would risk a feast of fifty covers with the idea of a hundred presents. For she had to eat all those "fruits" (whether they were oranges or figs we

know not), and drink all this wine to secure the embryo dowry enclosed.

Then came dancing, another form of tribute. Every guest who danced with the bride gave her a handkerchief or a piece of silver. In the former case she put the offering in her girdle or pocket, in the latter, spat on it and put it on her forehead. How it stuck there through the mazy whirl of a *pizzica-pizzica* we can only conjecture. In the Oria district a barrier[1] was formed with flagpoles and a festoon of gay colours across the road between the church and the bridegroom's new home. Here the festive carriage was stopped (it was more probably a modest party afoot), and then allowed to pass when the happy man had showered a seemly amount of largesse among the crowd. Let us hope that he of Oria had the opportunity and the wife to recoup him for this extravagance by the ingenious extortions narrated above.

This custom has a parallel in the East, where the progress of travellers is arrested in the same way, but its origin is attributed by some authorities to the good old days of rape, when the bride came into a village slung over her captor's saddle bow.

South of Lecce, in the Capo di Leuca district, no youth is allowed to be betrothed till he has proved his manhood by a series of tests in agricultural work, and by carrying a standard in the festal procession of the patron saint of his township.

Another rite has an origin in the Egyptian symbol of the egg as typifying creation. The bride's mother betakes herself to the house of the newly wedded pair at dawn on the morning following the marriage, and feeds them with an omelette.

[1] Known as the "staccatu."

It will be noticed that none of these customs allow for the more modern plan of an absent honeymoon, and that such a solution would make it easy for a shy couple to escape all ceremony.

As in England and other civilised parts of the world, *death*, more than any other event in the immutable facts of life, is still invested with barbaric trappings in the country round Lecce. Hired mourners and funeral songs are now things of the past, though they still linger round Taranto and Gallipoli. Everything repulsive connected with the last rites seems to have been exaggerated in this superstitious district, and these paid mourners wailed beside the bier, tearing out their hair in great bunches and cast it over the corpse. Even in the nineteenth century little Tarantine girls used to offer their tresses to the memory of a dear relative, ruthlessly cutting it off and casting it on the bier in the same way. Although funeral songs are practically obsolete, de Simone recalls one or two sung in his hearing fifty years ago. One has the refrain:

Cadutu lu sarsenale de la casa.
(The tie-beam of the truss is fallen.)

Most of them were eulogistic in character, and mingled with laments, some facts in the dead man's career, thus:

Ntoni! Ntoni!! pe ccè si muertu?
Pane e mieru nu te mancava!!
La cucuzza la tieni a l'ertu . . .
Ntoni!!! Ntoni!!! pe ccè si muertu?

A similar verse exists in Dalmatia.

The practice of "lying-in-state" is in vogue round Lecce, the body being dressed in the best clothes

available, and turned with the feet towards the door, another custom of great antiquity. The local "cunsulu" is derived from the classical "exsequium" or "silicernium," and at this funeral banquet the egg is also introduced with a symbolic purpose.[1]

In both Lecce and the countryside the relatives do not leave their house, but stay in to receive the condolences of friends (known as "visitu," "corrotto"). In the city they wear mourning for three or six months or even a year, according to the nearness of relationship. In the country these afflicted "triulanti" (Ital. tribolanti) or "isitusi" wear their overcoats inside-out during the prescribed period. They neither shave nor cut their beards, thus agreeing with the Roman usage, not the Greek. Yet European customs are supplanting older forms, and now the rustics too don a black scarf and their womenfolk dye their garments black in many places.

A picturesque relic of days gone by still remains at Gallipoli, Francavilla, etc., where a child's funeral bier is followed by a band, or at any rate by a few guitar and violin players. In feudal times the funeral of a baron was a magnificent ceremony, and was settled in every detail by an elaborate rubric.

The intense veneration with which the Leccese regarded their dead had even during the early days of the nineteenth century led to scuffles when the plan of cemeteries was first introduced, and in 1848 there was a general rising of the mob, who threw down the cemetery gates and walls one night and scattered the memorial crosses. In 1858 burial in the churches was again permitted by the Naples Government, much to the satisfaction of old families owning

[1] The egg is also eaten in Lecce during Holy Week.

ancestral vaults. The Campo Santo of Lecce at the present day is a gorgeous display of gay flowers, trimly kept walks, and fine cypresses, and as fine an example of this kind as may be found in any city of the same size. It is regrettable that with such a beautiful centrepiece as the Church of S. Nicolò e Cataldo, the monuments are so bad in design.

A strange custom in Lecce up to the seventeenth century was the refusal to let any man dying outside the city be buried within it until his body had reposed a year in the suburban church of S. Maria del Tempio.

. . . . .

From the last few pages it will already be evident that the Leccese is excessively superstitious; and this aspect of his character has received more attention from travelled authors than anything else connected with the city, except perhaps Tancred's church there. It is generally recognised by writers on Italy that its most credulous inhabitants live in the extreme south. Perhaps the absence of tourists, coupled with the romantic souls of the natives, has kept the flame from dying out in this prosaic age. It is very difficult for an Englishman to appreciate the doctrinal standpoint of a good Catholic who places implicit faith in a cimeruta or amulet, in a tin hunchback or a coral on his watch-chain.

For the uneducated are not the only people who wear these charms; and from the number and variety which may be purchased from pedlars or stalls, they cannot be falling into disuse, although many of them look perilously like Birmingham products.[1] A firm

[1] A few casual strolls round the piazza at Lecce, and an expenditure of three lire, provided the writer with twenty different varieties.

belief in the power of the evil eye ("jettatura") accounts for most of these amulets and for the strange ornaments carried by all horses and mules in Apulia and the Neapolitan provinces. So elaborate is this subject, and so exhaustively has it been discussed by Mr. Elworthy[1] in his standard book, that it need not be more than mentioned here, and the same applies to the use of the cimeruta in its many forms. Dr. Ashby, of the British School at Rome, has a most valuable private collection of these objects from Southern Italy, the majority being antique and of silver. In Mrs. Ross's book, "The Land of Manfred," many quaint superstitions are related, connected with dreams, courtship, harvest-time, and Christmas; also certain omens, and the amusing instance of a two-tailed lizard in a gambler's pocket acting as a mascot. However, these have been twice published, for Mr. Hamilton Jackson has reprinted the paragraphs practically word for word in his "Shores of the Adriatic."

Yet these beliefs are not altogether irreconcilable with the strange rites which form part of the feasts and procession of the Roman Church in this remote land. Here its power over the souls of the poor and ignorant may be seen in all its force, all the strange mummery and trappings of a half-barbaric faith—so different is it from its English manifestation as we know it—with the added trickery of fireworks so loud as to resemble artillery and suggest an unexpected invasion. In Lecce on some great Saint's day or at Easter, the sight of ecclesiastical lace in the dimness of evening banked in the Duomo choir tier above tier, the worshipping crowds in the twilight gloom of the cathedral nave, and Tiso's fine pictures on the walls,

[1] See Bibliography.

is as reverent as any religious rite could be—poetical and almost enchanting; yet the thunder of fireworks and the strange, hideous masks of mummers in procession produce a very different impression.

Our last view of the people of Lecce is in their times of *recreation* and leisure.

From the days when Oronzo, out with a few companions for a hunting expedition, met the good Justus and took him home, there has always been a certain amount of shooting and fishing carried on by the citizens; and shooting parties may be seen driving back from San Cataldo, where there is good sport. Motoring has taken little hold of the Lecce mind as yet—perhaps it is beyond the scope of the Lecce purse—but cycling is popular, alike for purposes of business and pleasure. Of horsemanship past and present something has already been said.

Indoors the Leccese indulges in billiards and cards, and of course the various lotteries are in existence to satisfy his gambling instincts. De Simone gives an interesting and scholarly analysis of Lecce popular games, most of them being intended for children, and many derived from very ancient origins. They may be divided into three classes: games with a gambling interest (such as our "pitch-and-toss"); games involving manual strength or skill (one of them—"the piece of cheese"—being our "putting the shot"); and games for children (among which can be recognised our "general post" and "ring-a-ring of roses").

But by far the most interesting of Lecce recreations are the strange *dances* which form so necessary a part of the people's life. Much has already been written of the remarkable origin of the Tarantella, the marvellous mental condition into which its devotees fell, and the

strange findings of scientists as to the disease of Tarantism, and its cure; and the "pizzica-pizzica"—an even more local dance—has been well described in English by Mrs. Ross.

However, this book would be incomplete without an outline of so very interesting a feature of life in the Terra d'Otranto. In this district and in Spain there exists a large spider of the Lycosa species, three to four centimetres long.[1] Up to the eleventh century its bite was believed to be fatal, and in the fourteenth century an outbreak of melancholy-madness occurred among the Apulian women, ending in a frenzy like that of hydrophobia or even in death. This was believed to originate in the spider's bite, chiefly because the malady manifested itself when this spider awoke for its summer life. The scantily clad women in the harvest-fields were those most affected. The disease commenced with violent fever, the victim swaying backwards and forwards, moaning the while.

Music was believed to be the best remedy for the tarantolate, as it incited them to dance, and cleansed them from the imaginary venom of the creature by means of intense perspiration.

Two forms of the malady are recognised—wet and dry. In either case musicians are summoned and a tune started. If, however, this tune is not the one best suited to the patient's mental state, she cries: "No, no; not that air." Another air is tried, till by some strange connection between the instrumentalists and the poor sufferer's brain the requisite ecstasy is established; she feels the wild strains in her throbbing veins and breaks into a mad, whirling dance. She is

[1] Various species exist. Their curious habits are described by Baglivi and Valetta.

frequently dressed in the colours of the spider which bit her, and gaily decked out with ribbons and garlands.

Though the ceremony is often commenced indoors with a natural respect for privacy, the intense heat frequently drives tarantata and spectators into a garden, or even into the street. In cases of "dry tarantism," her friends pick her up when she sinks exhausted on the ground, and hasten her into a warm bed, where she sleeps perhaps eighteen hours. If a "wet" case, the dance takes place near a well or a vessel of water, and the dancer is freely doused by the spectators. Owing to scarcity of water in summer this is an expensive cure, and only resorted to because wet tarantism is serious, involving seventy-two hours' fever.

Mrs. Ross relates a most ludicrous story of a Taranto artisan, who, after jeering at his womenkind for using such mad remedies, himself fell ill, called the musicians into a carefully barred house, and finally burst raving into the street, crying: "The women are right."[1]

Tarantism is, however, practically a lost art to-day, the dance only surviving. The "pizzica-pizzica" is a wedding-dance, now also obsolete, in which the bridegroom for the nonce is supplanted by the "cacciatore," some well-born youth of the neighbourhood, who dances throughout with the bride, and at the conclusion gives her a present.

The Leccese are so fond of bathing that they main-

[1] Mr. C. E. Shipley, of Cambridge, recently contributed a witty letter to *The Times*, aptly drawing a parallel between a "tarantata" and a "suffragette." His simile, clever as it was in every respect, is discounted in value if Mrs. Ross's story be true. However, this is the only case recorded of a man!

tain a complete bathing-station at San Cataldo on the Adriatic.

While writing of the habits and superstitions of Lecce people it seems only fitting to include one of their typical stories handed down in dialect, of which the title is: "The Minstrel's Lay."

"LA CANZONE DEL MENESTRELLO"[1]

A LECCE FABLE

I

"The king of an important realm had an only daughter, Speranza, who became more and more ill; and on this account her father gratified her every whim, seeing that she was capricious and unlike herself.

"One day he would arrange a great hunt for the vassals of the royal family; the next he would give a banquet of unspeakable magnificence; then a tourney, a horse race, and suchlike things.

"Prince after prince became enamoured of the damsel, and begged her hand of the king, but every one she met with a refusal, saying:

"'My hand will be bestowed on him who will show his love for me by giving up everything imaginable.'

"At one of the constantly changing succession of festivities at the castle, there suddenly appeared a young minstrel, who craved the king's permission to give a display of his art. He was simply attired in good clothes, not in the loud costume of a buffoon.

[1] "The Minstrel's Lay." Translated by M. S. B. from Gigli (see Bibliography). Lecce people do not say "menestrello," but "poeta," and the local title of this fable is "La canzune de lu poeta." Gigli, therefore, has altered the word in transcribing from dialect into Italian, seeing that "poeta" hardly bears the interpretation of "minstrel," which was intended.

"A cluster of golden locks, kept with the most scrupulous care, fell over his shoulders. A broad hat decorated with a large white plume covered his head. At his girdle might be seen the handle of a dagger.

"The king accorded him hospitality, and, with his instrument slung over his shoulder, he saluted the knights and their ladies assembled in the hall, and entered therein. His appearance was greeted with a subdued murmur of admiration, because of his elegant and attractive bearing.

"Then he began to play and sing. He was so great and so complete a master of his art, that all declared that night they had never listened in their lives to any minstrel or merry-andrew who was worthy to be compared with this one.

"So at the conclusion all wished to show him their appreciation by gifts of money, among them the king's daughter, who offered him a precious pin, which at the moment adorned her bosom; whereupon they were amazed to hear the singer say, with downcast eyes:

"'Knights and dames, I cannot and ought not to accept anything. A bit of bread and a glass of wine will satisfy me, and I should not know what to do with your jewels and your gold. I will only take the princess's gift, in order that this pin may be the guide of my life in the days and the years to come.'

"So saying, he gracefully took the precious gift from the hands of the royal maiden, and, kissing it, replaced it in an embroidered purse which hung at his side.

II

"The skilful minstrel was generously and hospitably entertained at the castle. The princess made her father promise to treat him as an artist and a friend, not as a mere jester; and indeed he had given proof of many other qualities, showing an acquaintance with

every branch of knightly knowledge: with fencing, with combat either on horseback or on foot; and few knights dare oppose him. As may easily be imagined, it came to pass that the king's daughter fell passionately in love with him, and soon resolved to make of him an adoring husband.

"Now, the youth could not remain insensible to the favours showered on him by the royal maid, and speedily began to notice how she preferred him to all the other youths who came to the festivities at the castle.

"In a short time it became his practice at dead of night to slip out of the castle and to sing under the damsel's balcony his most melting ditties of love. Every time that this took place the window opened very softly, disclosing the white and delicate form of his beloved. And on one such night a large white rose fell at the singer's feet; another time came a little folded note and within it a gold ring; then at last a letter fell at his feet in which the princess confided her love for him and swore eternal fidelity.

"But while these two lovers were living on their passions and hopes an ancient henchman of the castle, scandalised at the sight of a vile musician occupying the heart of his master's daughter, disclosed everything to the king and brought him to see one of the nocturnal meetings of the two young folk. Imagine what anger flamed in the royal breast on seeing and hearing such things! He at once decreed that the unworthy minstrel should be shut up in a dark dungeon of the castle to await a still harsher sentence; and he severely reprimanded his daughter, pointing out to her that she was sullying the ancestral honour of his house; also wherein lay the duties of a modest maiden, and finally telling her that a princess of her rank should have a loftier ideal in her heart than a union with a common player, a street singer, a court jester, or circus buffoon. The poor girl listened

in silence to her father's furious tirade, but murmured to herself:

"'Always his!'

III

"After a few days sentence was pronounced: the minstrel was condemned to death. When the princess heard the news she determined to rescue her beloved at all costs.

"As twilight began to descend she stole out of the castle with a faithful old tirewoman, and betook herself to the house of an ancient witch, to whom she confided her lover's sad plight.

"'I must save him somehow,' she concluded, 'and I want you to find me the means.'

"The old crone remained lost in thought for a moment or two, and then replied:

"'Your story moves me, and I can make you happy. Now listen to me: when your lover is being borne to the scaffold he will crave a boon, that he may sing one last song. Your father cannot refuse him.

"'You will then feign a dire sickness. . . .

"'The rest will all turn out satisfactorily by itself.'

"The maiden thanked the old woman with emotion, and slipped into her hand a purse full of gold pieces, then returned to the castle.

"At last there arrived the day appointed for the wandering minstrel's death. In the great piazza of the city a high scaffold was erected, and on it lay the axe which was to sever the unfortunate youth's head. A little way from the scaffold a platform was placed, on which the royal family were to take up their station.

"Early in the morning people began to collect in the square, anxious to see him who had dared to love the king's daughter. And when the victim appeared, bound and led captive by guards, a general murmur

of admiration and sympathy rose from the crowd; it seemed a crime to all to end the life of so gallant and so brave a youth.

"In a short time the king, at whose side was the pale and trembling princess, made a sign with his hand. One of his minions then approached the prisoner and asked if there were anything he desired, as it was a general custom in such a case to grant any boon that might be craved. 'Yes,' said the poor youth in a faint voice; 'tell the king that I crave this boon, to be allowed to play my lute for the last time.'

"The king consented to so trifling a request, and ordered that the singer's instrument should be brought to him.

"He then began to touch the strings, drawing from them sad chords full of sweet melody; then joining his voice to the lute he unfolded his own story, seeking for the most melting and moving notes, the most gentle and tender words. Touched to the heart, the crowd began to weep, the king wept, the princess wept, the very soldiers wept.

"Suddenly through that great hush of silence there echoed a piercing and heart-rending cry: the princess had fallen senseless on the ground. There was great confusion: nobody thought any more of the victim: every man's thought was for the unfortunate maiden. Lying on the ground, supported by two large cushions, she showed no sign of life. In vain the king softly called her by name, in vain they adopted every possible means to bring her back to life: she seemed to be dead.

"Another voice rang through the startled air:

"'Your Majesty, I alone possess the secret which will give new life to your daughter.'

"Every head turned that way in amazement. It was the minstrel who had spoken. By the king's

order he was released from his bonds and brought to the side of the corpse.

"'Now listen,' said the king to him, 'if you save my daughter your life shall be spared: if you do not succeed in bringing her back to life you shall die a far more cruel death.'

"The handsome youth approved these words with a slight inclination of his head, and approached the princess. He commenced by stroking her forehead and closed eyes tenderly with his hand, then by pressing her hands, next by whispering in her ear; finally he drew from his bosom a little phial and poured its contents into the damsel's mouth.

"A few minutes passed; great anxiety prevailed among the crowd, most of all for the king; at last a bright smile was seen on the girl's lips, and next a feeble breath came from her breast.

"There was a great cry—'She is saved!'

"And in an hour the damsel had actually regained her usual appearance!

IV

"To the people this seemed a marvellous miracle, and from that day the handsome singer became their idol. The king, delighted at the recovery of his child, restored to her saviour his liberty.

"The young princess loved him all the more warmly who had suffered so much for her sake; and so it happened that one evening the two lovers appeared together hand-in-hand before the old king; she dressed in white, he no longer as a minstrel but as a knight, a garb which indeed became him well. They cast themselves at the king's feet, begging for his pardon and approval. What could the poor man do? He blessed them, and after a few days they were married. And so love triumphed over all obstacles, and the people made merry over the new prince, to

whom they had recourse in every need, in sickness, and in trouble."[1]

Dialect, Literature, and Drama

The Lecce district has been the scene of so many settlements and invasions that one cannot hope to find a niche for it in *ethnology* without trouble, and its *dialect* is bound to be a very difficult problem, the more so since a country's literature seldom reproduces all its various dialects. In Italy, for instance, the first efforts in this direction were comedies performed in dialect in the sixteenth century, and thereafter it became a more frequent custom to write in vernacular, Lecce being one of the cities thus inspired.

The Terra d' Otranto, or Province of Lecce, has four distinct ethnological divisions. The towns and villages on the Apulian foothills, known as "Le Murgie," and comprising Carovigno, Ostuni, Mottola, San Vito de' Normanni, etc., are quite apart from the three districts to the south, and differ from them greatly.

The Brindisi zone stretches from Lecce to Taranto, and includes, besides Brindisi, the following important communes: Mesagne, Oria, Latiano, Manduria, Francavilla-Fontana, Sava, and Grottaglie.

The Taranto zone only comprises the little district between Taranto and Massafra, but of course is important, Taranto being a large city.

The Lecce zone is the most important of the province, including the city and all the large district south of it, inhabited by over 350,000 people. The language spoken here is of Græco-Roman origin, but with a very strong admixture of neo-Hellenic and

[1] Lecce fables, unlike those of the neighbourhood—mostly derived from Greek or Roman sources—have a mediæval origin, and form a relic of the days when the city was a centre of chivalry.

Albanian elements. Traces of Saracen and Slav-Turk influences are also to be found. The Greek and Albanian elements, however, being in the nature of exotic plants, are bound to perish with time, and are at present most noticeable in the little villages south and west of Lecce. In an excellent recent article[1] in the Lecce *Risorgimento* it is ably explained how the language of antiquity in the district is closely connected with the Albanian dialect still in use across the Adriatic, and an Albanian vocabulary is of great help in deciphering Messapian inscriptions.

Some fragmentary examples of dialect have already been given, but perhaps the most characteristic are the folk-songs, of which specimens appear below, transcribed from Sig. Gigli's valuable little book.[2]

I

Ci prima jeu t' amai, mo cchiù te amu,
Mo' ci d' amore jeu custrettu sono.
Sono custrettu comu pesce all' amu,
'Nnanzi alla toa beltà cussi ragiono.
Ragiono fra de mmie, fra mmie te chiamu,
E quandu chiamu a tie lu cor te donu.
Se lu core te donu, autru[3] nu' bramu.
Te pregu nu' mme lassi in abbandunu.
Quista la cantu a te, fiur de giacintu,
Lu core mmiu è sincoru, lu tou n'é fintu.

II

De' nnanti a casa toa mme 'cchiai à passare
Nu 'nci te viddi e mme[4] 'mariu lu core.
Mill' anni mme paria de returnare
Ca stia comu 'na 'rasta[5] senza fiore.

[1] April 7th, 1909. The article is signed "C. M."
[2] Numbered in Gigli (see Bibliography) xcvii., xcviii., c.
[3] Altro. [4] Mi si fece malinconico. [5] Testa = vase (Eng.).

Sta curte senza tie sai comu pare?
Comu lu tiempu trubu[1] senza sole.
Ca quandu nci si' tie sai comu pare?
Comu lu maggiu ci caccia ogni fiore.

III

Hae ci nu' passu de 'sta strada 'mara[2]
De cce sse 'mmaretau[3], ninella mmia.
Ca quandu li capituli cupiara,
'Lliettu[4] mme misi pe' malencunia;
Quandu alla chiesia madre la purtara,
Jeu 'ncora la speranza nci tenia;
E quandu l'acqua santa nni[5] dunara,
'Ncora lu 'ucca[6] a risu mme facia.
Quandu la soa boccuzza disse: "Sine"[7]
Tandu la piersi la speranza mia.

[These charming little love-songs are easily translated if it is borne in mind that a dialect u = Italian o, and vice versa sometimes.]

Lecce writers have written so copiously of themselves and each other that it is difficult to compass a sketch of their work into a few pages. However, the bibliography at the end of this volume gives a fairly complete list of their principal works.

One name only emerges from the fifteenth century, that of *Antonello Coniger*, a rich nobleman who divided his leisure between travelling abroad and writing a history of the city of Lecce (*b.* 1480, *d.* 15—). Two interesting figures with similar names follow him. *Giacomantonio Ferrari* (*b.* 1507, *d.* 1537) graduated in law, shone in diplomacy, and wrote two histories of his native land, one his "Apologia Paradossica." *Antonio de Ferraris*, popularly known as "Galateus" (see p. 176), was a voluminous writer and a capable

[1] Turbato.
[2] It is a long time since I passed down the road that I love.
[3] Maritò. [4] Nel letto. [5] Le. [6] Bocca. [7] Sì.

scientist, and invented reliefs on maps. No less than six authors have written his biography, and others have contributed biographical sketches to reviews.

Three minor lights illumined the next period and wrote much of Lecce: *Andrea Panettera*, whose "Cronaca" covers the period 1619–1639, *Bernardino Braccio*, who collected the city records chronologically from the earliest times up to 1553, and the Abbot *Andrea Salice*, who compiled a genealogy of the rulers of Lecce.

Vittore de Prioli is a picturesque figure (*d.* 1629). A count of the Holy Roman Empire and a gallant soldier, he nevertheless found time to be Mayor of Lecce and to write a certain amount of poetry.

But in *Scipione Ammirato* (1531–1601) we have an author whose reputation as a historian was national and almost European. His reputation rests on his history of Florence—whither he went to live and whence his family had sprung—and on his works on the families of Naples and Florence.

His father's intention was to make him a lawyer, and he was sent to study at Naples; but once away from home the youth settled down to a literary career—much more in accordance with his own wishes. He next entered the Church; resided for a short time at Venice, and engaged in the service of Pope Pius IV. In 1569 he moved to Florence, and was fortunate in securing the patronage of Duke Cosimo I. His ancestors were Florentines; and whereas one branch had remained in that city after the battle of Monte Aperti sull' Arbia in 1260, the other had been driven by the victorious and angry Ghibellines to take refuge in Lecce; and from this stock was born the famous Scipione.

He was one of that little band of annalists who, as

has been said, "exerted their pens for the honour of their birthplace"[1] (though it was in his case no more than his ancestors' birthplace), and who provided "the first example of really classic Italian history."[1] It was in 1570 that he received from Duke Cosimo the commission for his "magnum opus," an authorised history of Florence, with access to all state archives; and this work he carried down to the year 1574. His biography has been written by the Leccese Domenico de Angelis.

Giulio Cesare Infantino has in his "Lecce Sacra" given us the best picture of the city as it was in the past. He founded his book on Cesare d' Engenio's "Napoli Sacra," but far surpassed his model. A mere parish priest of Lecce, he has succeeded in producing a book not only useful to archæologist and historian, but a real literary work.

Perhaps the most interesting of Lecce writers is the poet *Ascanio Grandi*, who also lived in this, the golden age for Lecce literature, and whose four epic poems were published between 1635 and 1646. "Tancred," the best of them, has survived. It had a great vogue at the time of its publication, and in Southern Italy was reckoned as a classic with the "Aeneid" and the "Iliad." The poem is of great length, 970 pages, and the five cantos printed below will give some idea of its character—Lecce and its court of course figuring prominently in the narrative:

I

Canto l' Heroe, ch' à la Città di Dio
Poiche co' Franchi il duro giogo tolse;
Diversi casi in terra, e' n mar soffrio,
E' n sè di cose alta notitia accolse.

[1] Dr. Richard Garnett's "Italian Literature," pp. 173–4.

Pria, che giungesse in Colco, ove il gran Zio
Con faticosa guerra egli disciolse,
E pria ch' Africa unita al Rè d' Egitto
Vinta da lui fosse in naval conflitto.

II

Muse del Ciel, formate in mè il disegno
Voi di tal opra, e voi mie labra aprite,
E de l' Inferno, e de l' empireo Regno
In ciò, quanto vopo sia, tanto scoprite,
E se v' aggrada, anco d' Amor ritegno,
(Qual gli se deve) al pio suggetto unito:
Donde volete incominciate, e quanto
Piace anco à voi, voi dilatate il canto.

VI

Morto era in ceppi il Sir di Normannia
Entro le soglie del suo Regno Inglese;
Nè pur l' altro Roberto allhor gioia;
Nè Baldouin, ch' al regal Solio ascese;
Costui reggendo i Regni di Soria,
Di fortuna sentì non lievi offese;
Poco regnò Goffredo, e peggior forte
Forse attendealo, e pia per lui sù morte.

L

Per lo bello, e gentil costei temea
Suo figlio, che d' etate era immatura:
Temea no 'l Zio sì eccelso egli in Giudea
Seguisse: e poi scontrasse ei rea sventura
E disciplina d' armi egli apprendea
Di Lecce entro l' antiche, e chiare mura,
Là dove il Conte Accardo in tal stagione
A molti Itali Achilli era Chirone.

CV

Poi de la nobil Lecce appo le mura
Tempio à quel Divo alzo la cui terrena
Humana spoglia in Bari apre sì pura
Di sacra manna inesseccabil vena;
Anche splendor d' illustre architettura
Tal Re volte in tal Tempio: anco cō piena
Mano arricchillo, e i sacri di Cassino
Heroi chiamovui al culto alto e divino

In the eighteenth century Lecce continued to produce writers, but few of them attained the reputation of Ammirato or Grandi.

Domenico de Angelis (1675–1788), a Lecce cleric, confined his attention to biographies of various Salentine worthies, his best book being a Life of Scipione Ammirato.

Franceso Antonio Piccinni (1699–1786) rescued from oblivion various chronicles of the city, notably those of Braccio, Pannetera, Pino, and Salice. He himself wrote several works on the history and antiquities of Lecce, and is also said to have designed the new organ at Santa Croce in 1735, the old one being burnt up by a thunderbolt in that year.

In the latter half of this century a little group of dilettante writers appeared, most of whom wrote on very varied subjects. *Belli Pietro*, for example, figures as a translator and poet, but nevertheless is recorded as "profoundly versed in philosophy."

Luigi Cepolla (*b.* 1770) divided his energies between legal treatises and archæological researches round Lecce and Uggento, the ancient Uxentum.

Ermenegildo Persone also was a writer on law, but on one occasion at least showed himself more than a quill-driver. He returned to Lecce from his studies at Naples to find the place infested by highwaymen, the feeble Governor being powerless, so formed a body of volunteers and drove the bandits out of the district.

Lastly, in the early years of last century we find the first writer in the vernacular, *Francescantonio d'Amelio*, who thus commenced an excellent work. It will therefore be seen from this sketch that though

pre-eminently an art city, Lecce has contributed at least a small share to Italian literature.[1]

Southern Italy is justly famous for the share it has borne in producing the present Italian *opera* and *drama*, and the citizens of Lecce have always encouraged drama in all forms, but especially opera.

Throughout Italy the earliest plays were the so-called "Commedie d' Arte," little better than drawing-room charades, with certain stock characters always personified by actors in masks. These players were frequently simply supplied with the plot, and so had to furnish not only the "patter," but actually the dialogue and principal situations entirely impromptu.[2] In Lecce up to the middle of the seventeenth century various dramatic compositions, cantatas, and oratorios were given in houses, churches, or temporary wooden theatres. In carnival week of 1709 the Governor (the Count of Montuoro) arranged for "Commedie a Musica e Recitative," and sent to Naples for a selection of "eunuchs and singing-girls." There was a concourse of local celebrities, the Countess of Conversano, among others, came "with a most gorgeous and dazzling retinue."[3]

Then in 1758 some eunuchs arrived to give a cantata in the church of San Francesco di Paolo. Their choice was Metastasio's *Artaserse*, and they called to their aid certain Neapolitan virtuose. They opened a theatre in the "Magazzino delle Bombarde," where they erected a stage, boxes, pit, and curtain. All through carnival week they performed there with Francesco

[1] Of present-day writers nothing has been said, beyond references to the work of those who have written about their native city.

[2] Zimmern's "Italy of the Italians," p. 141.

[3] Piccinni's "Priorista."

Pascalini, one of the eunuchs, as stage-manager. So successful were they that subscriptions were renewed for the coming winter (season 1759–60), on the understanding that Pascalini would transform the great hall of the castle into a theatre. The company included one Giuseppe Saracino as "buffo" and La Trippajuola as "buffa."

However, royal orders came from Naples that the castle was not suitable for theatrical uses; and so three enthusiasts for the drama—Gaetano Mancarella, Francescantonio Berardini, and his wife Margherita Perrone—built the Teatro Nuovo on the site of two shops which they purchased from a monastery. In forty-five days—surely a remarkable example of hustling—the theatre was opened on November 4th, 1758, with Piccinni's *Gelosie.* The Mancarella family eventually bought out their partners, but in 1867 sold it to the Municipio, who remodelled it completely and opened it three years later as the "Teatro Paisiello." It is the oldest playhouse in all the Neapolitan provinces.

The "Principi di Napoli," however, is the principal Lecce theatre, being larger than the Paisiello, but of less successful design. It is composed almost entirely of boxes—tier above tier up to the lofty roof. The centre box of the principal tier, facing the stage, is that of the Prefect, who appears in evening dress and white gloves, as a contrast to the rest of the audience. Smoking is not allowed (the whole place being built of wood, with very elementary ideas of safety in case of fire), but is surreptitiously indulged in. In common with most provincial theatres in Italy, the loud voice of the prompter in his little rabbit-hutch on the stage spoils the play for any one in

the nearest boxes of the lower tiers. This building was erected in 1883.

The eighteenth century saw the foundation of theatres in most large Italian towns, and the character of the drama was completely revolutionised by Goldoni, who occupies the same position in Italy as Molière does in France.[1]

Besides the playhouse proper, a very important part in Lecce life is played by the marionettes or puppet-shows, where the deeds of Roland and the Paladins are performed with immense gusto.[2] Then with the march of civilisation has come the cinematograph, at present located in the Salone Margherita, near the Castle.

The principal Lecce musician in history is Giuseppe Lillo, born in 1814, and trained at Naples, where his first opera, *Giojello*, was given at the Teatro Nuovo in 1835. His best work is *Rosmunda in Ravenna* (Fenice, Venice, 1837).

Losing his reason, he died at Naples in 1863.

Nothing has been said of the music of the charming folk-songs still handed down in Lecce, but in Mrs. Ross's book some of the best ones are to be found, words and music.[3]

[1] De Simone gives lists of first performances at this theatre, of other pieces performed there, and of Lecce sacred music in the eighteenth century, etc.

[2] For very good description see Ross, pp. 243–5.

[3] Ibid. 129, 159, 235, 259.

CHAPTER X

THE COUNTRY ROUND LECCE

Lecce is the centre of a district which is interesting rather from historical associations, or from the quaint customs of its people, than by reason of any grandeur of nature. The Terra d' Otranto may be roughly divided into three districts, in each there being a large town: Taranto in the west, Brindisi in the north, Lecce in the south. Mrs. Ross has written of modern Taranto—the writers of old, too, have made it almost a household word to historians—and Mr. Hamilton Jackson has written something of Brindisi, so that it is more satisfactory here to deal simply with the neighbourhood of Lecce and with the district lying south of it.

To begin with, no startling landscape effects are to be expected. The country between Lecce and the two neighbouring sea-coasts is practically flat, but as one proceeds farther south hills are found, reaching their highest point, about six hundred and twenty feet, near Alessano. From Gallipoli there is a fine view of the northern slopes of these hills, which terminate abruptly in the lofty white cliffs near S. Maria di Leuca.

There is a phenomenon in the Terra d' Otranto

which lies in the doubtful borderland between fact and fancy, the strange mirage figuring in so many travellers' tales, and standing in relation to science much as does the sea-serpent.

This "mutate" or "scangiate" is no new thing, and even in the fifteenth century it is recorded that the whole province was deceived, messengers being dispatched to warn governors of all neighbouring towns and fortresses of the approach of a large Turkish fleet. From Monte Gargano to the Capo di Leuca the news was hurried, but the Turks never came. M. Paul Bourget tried his best to see the wonder, but his patience was unrewarded. Mrs. Ross too in recent years anxiously looked for some trace of it, and was favoured with an excellent view from the train one day. She quotes a canto from Ascanio Grandi:

Tal nel Magna Græcia, altera vista,
Non lungi il fonte del mio patrio Idume.
O giardin novo, o città nova è vista
Prima che spunti in Oriente il lume,
O repentini allettano la vista
Navili, e pur prima che il ciel s'allume:
Poi fugge il simulacro, e gli occhi sgombra,
E novello stupor le menti ingombra.[1]

The life of the Apulian peasant is far from being the happy, careless dream so often imagined by poets who rhapsodise over Italy's pleasant clime. Neither farmer nor labourer sleeps on a bed of roses. The

[1] "Thus in Magna Græcia, a glorious sight not far from where springs my native Idume, a new garden or a new unknown city rises before the sun illumines the eastern sky, or suddenly ships rejoice the sight before the sky is ablaze. Then the phantom vanishes, one's vision clears, and wonder fills the mind anew."—Mrs. Ross's translation.

large landed proprietor seldom lives on his estates; the small farmer is lacking in much technical skill and, as he has to pay his labourers on the nail, is often reduced to borrowing after a bad harvest on his expectations of the next being a good one. His capital is usually little, the soil is poor, and there are few rural industries. The labourers live wretchedly, their average wages being two francs a day in summer, one and a half in winter, with no pay in bad weather. There are practically no country cottages, so that the labourer may have to walk many miles to his work. The whole agrarian system of Italy suffers from the habit of delegating the management of estates by absent owners to unscrupulous agents.

The climate has been injured by the scarcity of trees, which are grown only for their fruit, timber being unprofitable. The Umbrian oak forests are planted solely for the purpose of feeding pigs.

Yet this life has a very picturesque side. Women sing plaintive and beautiful old songs as they work in the huge fields, or as they tramp home in little processions after the long day's work. The horses are fine, sturdy little animals, equal to forty or fifty miles a day. Men still carry earth in little shoulder-baskets as in primitive Egypt; their plough is a fearsome object, and spades are unknown.

In the "masserie" or farmhouses of this land are some of the happiest and most contented folk on earth, in spite of a ceaseless struggle against circumstances and even against the elements.

. . . . .

There are two places near Lecce, both easy of access, which merit a visit from their associations alone.

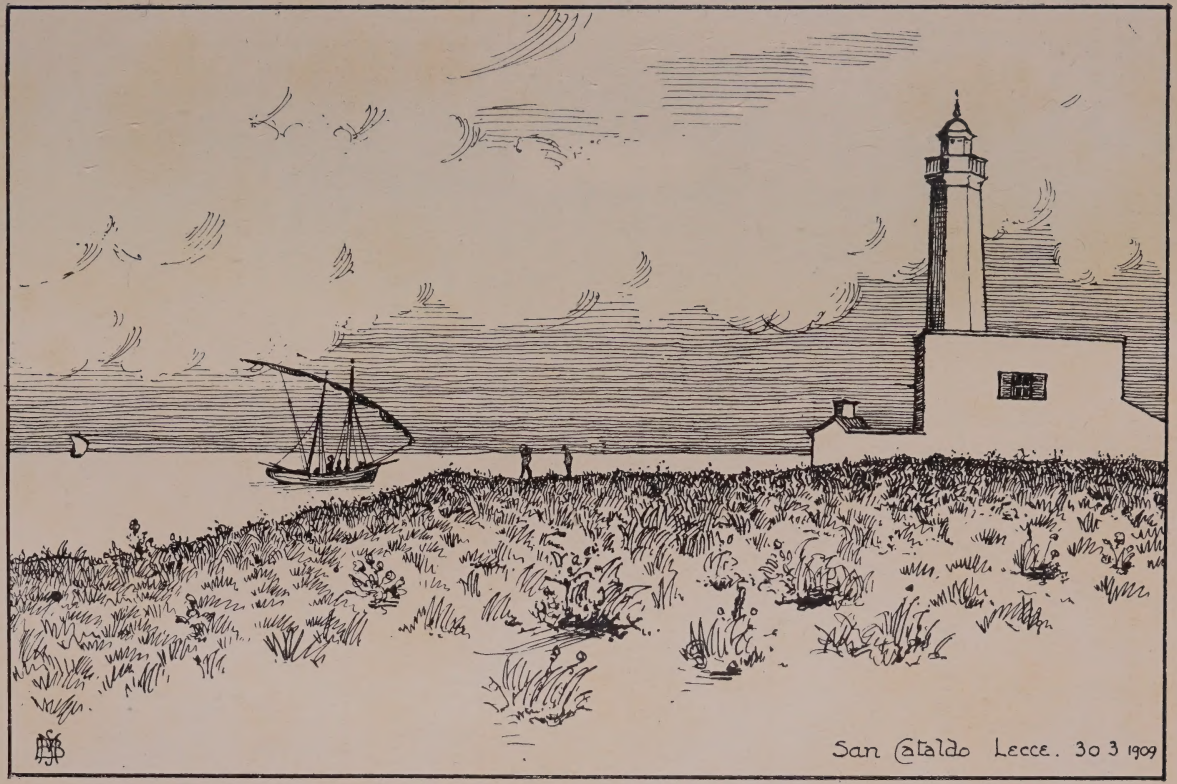
The ancient port of *San Cataldo* on the Adriatic, a name which has already crossed our path more than once, lies seven miles east of the city, approached by a perfectly straight road skirted by the rails and poles of an electric tramway or light railway, much patronised in the summer bathing season.

A little storm-battered breakwater, a few small fishing-boats, a white lighthouse, an "osteria," a guard-room for the marine sentinels, who watch for Austrian gunboats from over the sea—such is all that remains of this ancient and historic site on the low sand-dunes. The blue waves stretch in front, the wires of the railway and the sheds of the bathing-station on our right—an almost deserted scene. On each side is a long flat sandy shore, with the towers which Charles V. erected long ago dotting the horizon.[1]

[1] The following extract from a letter written by the author on March 30, 1909, has some bearing on S. Cataldo:

". . . After lunch I set off awheel down the straight and bumpy road to the little harbour of Lecce at San Cataldo on the Adriatic, 7½ miles away. Arrived there, I asked a fisher-boy a few foolish questions as to when it was built and how it had been destroyed. I thought he seemed suspicious, but did not worry, and went into the *trattoria* adjoining for some wine. Here were four Lecce sportsmen, who had come out from the city with rods and guns in search of game, like St. Orontius of old. Fish and wild duck represented their bag. One had lived in London—Paddington to wit—and spoke English. I declined their kind offer to share in halfpenny nap or something similar, and found their proffered drink—a spirit—so warm and invigorating that I took only a few sips for courtesy's sake.

"I then said good-bye, and began a sketch of the lighthouse and dunes a little way off. Imagine my surprise to be approached almost immediately by two soldiers, and to be politely told that I must satisfy the military authorities at Lecce that I was not an Austrian spy from over the water. Explanations seemed useless; my passports fell flat, and the English-speaking man could do nothing. So I had to go to the guard-room, and wait till a trap was ready. The soldiers were



34. S. CATALDO, THE OLD PORT OF LECCE

(Where the author was arrested as an Austrian spy. See p. 304)

p. 304]

A very different spot is *Cavallino*, the village where lived the famous Lecce patriot Castromediano, about two miles south of Lecce. Bourget says so much of a sentimental nature about the great château here, and the guide-books wax so enthusiastic about its architecture, that one is disappointed to find it inferior to many contemporary palaces in Lecce, and depending almost entirely on associations. The whole village—château included—has a deserted appearance, and looks as if some great cyclone or fire had swept over it.

decent fellows, and offered me hospitality. I noticed a pot of wild flowers as the only ornament in their stone-floored room.

"After a long wait—an hour and a half—we set off, the sergeant and I being accommodated in one of the sportsmen's hired 'busses from Lecce at my expense—2*s.* 6*d.* for the two! My bicycle was insecurely tied on top.

"It was a strange journey, an occasion for boisterous mirth among the 'guns,' and of some embarrassment for me. We reached Lecce in the dark at 7 p.m.—the time when I was to meet the officers at my hotel for dinner before the promised evening in their box at the theatre. I had made much of being a friend of the Colonel's, and this stood me in good stead. Otherwise I should certainly have been locked up overnight at least! As it was, I was paraded through Lecce from one barracks to another trying to find the Colonel or some other officer. At last we went to the Prefecture, and now another officer—a captain, I think—had joined our 'little band and lowly,' and was marching behind me in most oppressively military fashion. The sergeant brought up the rear, carrying my sketching satchel. As we reached the dark staircase three tall figures in cloaks came up. They were my friends of the dinner-table, who had sent out a search-party for me, and had heard somehow that I was arrested, so had *all* come to the rescue, which was very good of them.

"A short interview was held with the officer and deputy commanding the whole province (a wonderful person with unlimited braid). I had to sign my name; my sketch was carefully scrutinised, and after a few minutes I was let loose.

"My friends were greatly amused; took my arms, one each, and made jokes about Italy arresting friendly youths!

"So I tidied up, bolted dinner, and went off with them to the theatre. . . ."

Galatina and Soleto

These two towns lie only two miles apart, some twelve miles south of Lecce, and form an excellent objective for a day's outing. By train the journey occupies about an hour, by road there is a choice of two routes: one by Sternatia, the other by *San Cesario di Lecce*. The latter is a bright little town of over five thousand inhabitants, and contains a number of palaces and churches of the same baroque character as Lecce itself, though for the most part in a slightly less finished style.

From here to Galatina the road runs straight. No villages break its loneliness, and for most of the distance olive groves line both sides. Yet the country hereabouts is not absolutely flat, but pleasantly rolling, with good views every now and then, and in certain lights is richly coloured.

Sternatia is the only village between Lecce and Soleto, and is noteworthy for its enormous church, which rises from the plain with huge baroque towers, as in so many little towns round here. Indeed, the cubical contents of this great pile must equal the aggregate of all the flat-topped hovels that constitute the dwellings of the poor parishioners.

The roads round here run through stretches of almost moor-like country, though most of it is intensely cultivated, with the bare rock cropping up all over the rich red fields.

Cycling can be recommended, for the surface is fairly good; there are no impossible gradients, and there is a refreshing absence of motor-cars.[1]

[1] A bicycle can be hired in Lecce for about four francs per day.

Galatina as a town suffers severely at the outset by having only one "lion," and that a well-known one.

The fine church of Santa Caterina stands near the centre of the place, and dates from the late fourteenth century, having been built in 1390 by Raimondello del Balzo Orsini, Count of Soleto, who is responsible for two of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Southern Italy, both of them national monuments. His reason for erecting another church was "because the principal one, San Pietro, was served according to the Greek rite, and all the priests were Greek, and so was the language; so that those Latins who understood not the Greek tongue could not pray to God in a language they comprehended."

The exterior, as first seen by a traveller from the piazza in front of the western façade, recalls the portals of San Nicolò e Cataldo at Lecce, and many another Apulian shrine. Over the door, in the tympanum, and below the actual arch of the tympanum slab, is a row of thirteen little sculptured figures—Our Lord and the twelve apostles. The panelling of the door itself, the rich mouldings around it, the columns on either side, recall San Nicolò; but the row of sculptured figures, the fine lions supporting and surmounting the columns, the low gable over the whole, are all additions to Tancred's fine earlier type. The beautiful rose-window above, the smaller portals flanking the façade, combine with this grand entrance to form one of the most beautiful compositions of its period in Italy.

Within, the church is richly vaulted, covered with frescoes, adorned with tombs, and culminates in a lofty apse with tracery windows.

It is of basilican form, with five aisles separated

by columns, piers, and walls. A lady chapel with a roof gracefully vaulted lies behind the high altar and forms the apse.

Two of the existing monuments are interesting, one being the tomb of Raimondello on the right of the high altar. The painted canopy above, the hands and feet of the kneeling knight, have alike been damaged by lightning. His son Giovannantonio built the lady chapel fifty years later to contain his own magnificent tomb, surrounded by angels and crouching lions. The picturesque baroque organ loft of carved wood in the nave should be noticed.

But it is the frescoes in this church rather than its architecture which have received the chief attention of critics.

The first series, in the nave, is the best, and is considered by students of such work to resemble Florentine painting, the colouring and drawing being very delicate. The ceiling pictures represent (in order) the Virtues, the Apocalypse, the Paradise; and, on the upper walls: the Creation, the life of Christ, and the Sacraments. Over the high altar is "The Doctors of the Church," on each side the life of St. Catherine.

In the right aisle is a row of much-defaced frescoes, including one of Saint Anthony with Raimondello kneeling at his feet in complete armour, except for his stockings—one red and one white! It appears that it was his practice to wear this weird garb ever after he was wounded in battle by Charles Durazzo in the leg. These frescoes are inferior to those of the nave, and are signed "Franciscus De Arecio fecit MCCCCXXXV."

Of the other churches of Galatina, San Pietro is

noteworthy as possessing an interesting baroque façade. It stands close to Santa Caterina.

Beyond these two churches the town is by no means destitute of good buildings, for it abounds in examples of baroque, fanciful little street façades with richly carved balconies. Of these latter one near the chief piazza closely resembles that illustrated in fig. 33. The streets, too, are very much like those of Lecce: narrow, winding, well-paved, and full of surprises. But whereas the larger town stands in an unprotected plain Galatina is as a city set on a hill, and its site is obviously chosen with an eye to dominating the undulating country round.

At the close of the fourteenth century Raimondello del Balzo Orsini built the strong walls we now see at his own expense, for he owed the inhabitants no less a debt than his life. He had been captured by the Turks in the Holy Land, and was rescued from a terrible death with a ransom of 12,000 ducats.

Like Lecce, Galatina is not a city living on its past. In fact, in spite of its national monument, its inhabitants seem indifferent to such things. The railway station is being enlarged, and is surrounded by large wine and oil depôts, also being extended. These high blocks of buildings with unmade streets between, wide and stony, suggest American enterprise rather than the Terra d'Otranto. The windy and bare-looking space dividing these industrial structures from the older part of the town is surrounded by weedy trees, an attempt at a Garden City, and the combination is not a success. Galatina is evidently a problem—one of those places where the new spirit of Italy is supplanting the old; and while eating a plain but decent meal at the Albergo Sammartino

the traveller muses on this strange process in progress where twenty-five centuries ago the Greeks founded a strong city.

Very different from Galatina is the sister-town of *Soleto*, lying in the plain only a mile or two to the east. Galatina stands strongly walled, a line of white and golden stone above its bastions on the hill. Soleto is a crowded huddle of small white houses with flat roofs round the magnificent campanile towering above them. Galatina is a town with a present and a future, Soleto a place with a past, a place whose narrow alleys do not allow two small carts to pass conveniently, and where no piazza affords room for market-booths. Surely there is no place in all Italy with straiter ways than Soleto, where the main street resembles a Venetian calle. In one respect the simile fails; Venice is essentially a city of many colours, Soleto of one alone, and that—staring, dazzling white.

It is not an attractive town, and its inhabitants do not impress one with a sense of the refinement of Lecce. But in the glories of its campanile we are apt to forget that it is no more than a village, that it harbours less than three thousand souls, and that so near to Galatina there is no reason why we should expect to find shops, or indeed anything but the cottages where the people sleep.

Yet Soleto also dates back to Greek times, and as Pliny mentions it as Soletum there must have been continuous life ever since those days. In mediæval times it may have been larger than it is to-day, and the Greek cult prevailed in the church up to the end of the sixteenth century. It is interesting to find that the last Greek high-priest became the first

of the Latin faith, an event recalling certain occurrences in England as portrayed in "The Vicar of Bray."

There can be no two opinions as to the artistic merits of the beautiful tower of Soleto, a national monument, and one well deserving that honour. It is impossible to compare it with a contemporary English Gothic steeple any more than one can compare Westminster and St. Paul's. But range this lovely campanile by Giotto's marble masterpiece, or by Verona's famous example, and it maintains its position well as one of the two or three finest towers in all Italy. (See fig. 12.)

The detail is perfect, and not unlike that of its Florentine rival, but at Soleto there is none of the clumsy, top-heavy appearance associated with the Tuscan example. The cupola, covered in later baroque days with glazed and coloured tiles, gives just the requisite finish to an unrivalled treatment of wall-surface. The stone varies in colour with different lights, but as a rule inclines to grey, richly tinged with the gold and bronze of lichen. The best view of it is not that usually chosen by photographers, with the dull flank of a wretched baroque nave below, but from some point outside the city, where there is a contrast between its grey outline rising into an azure sky, or against thunder-laden clouds and the white walls, almond-blossom, and heavy green cactus below. This architectural masterpiece was erected in 1397 by Raimondello Balzo Orsini "for the honour of his name," and assuredly has served its purpose well. For once the architect's name too has survived, one Francesco Colaci, of Surbo, near Lecce.

Two smaller churches have a certain archæological

interest. San Stefano has a good doorway, with pilasters crowned by a lion and an eagle, but its chief feature is the fine fourteenth-century frescoes, an example of work in the Byzantine style by Italian artists.

Santa Lucia, outside the walls, is a little ruined fourteenth-century chapel.

Gallipoli

If Lecce is the Florence of Apulia, Gallipoli may safely put in a claim to be known as its Gibraltar. Out in the shining Ionian Sea, it is perhaps the most beautifully situated town of the Terra d'Otranto. As the train from Lecce, which has probably brought us from a visit to Galatina and Soleto, curls round the little hills descending to the seashore, a view is obtained at intervals of this rock-bound port. The railway station lies on the mainland, in the large new suburb of Borgo, where lives a great part of the population, especially the considerable foreign element. The streets are certainly—as an Italian guide-book says—"regular and wide," but the shops are not "large and well built." There is some resemblance to the modern quarter of Galatina, for in both cases the most prominent buildings in these bare, half-finished blocks are devoted to the wine industry.

Turning towards Gallipoli proper, and leaving the Borgo behind us, the first object of interest is the fine fountain, of the Græco-Roman period, which stands at the corner of the long bridge at its mainland end. It is a strange piece of work—both the caryatid and the bas-relief figures being almost grotesque—and

35. THE QUAY, GALLIPOLI

36. THE OUTER WALLS, GALLIPOLI

appears to have been restored in baroque times. The water supplying this fountain is brought three-quarters of a mile from the mainland hills, and is carried on into the old city.

From the fountain a long bridge of twelve low arches connects island and mainland, forming the only means of access to sea-girt Gallipoli; and at its eastern end the vendors of fish—tunny, cuttlefish, and all manner of strange creatures—cry their wares. From this point the finest view of the town can be obtained. In the foreground rises the strong castle constructed by Charles of Anjou. Ferdinand I. altered and restored castle and walls, which rise straight from the calcareous tufa rock of which the island is formed, and produce an appearance of great strength and impregnability. The walls formerly surrounded the city, and thus excluded fresh air and sunshine, but in recent times were razed on hygienic grounds. The result is to greatly improve the place from a visitor's point of view, although in its earlier state the walls—almost concealing the houses and churches within—must have presented a formidable front to an enemy.

From the quays, which take their place, a wonderful view of the coastline of the Gulf of Taranto is obtained, sixty miles of far-flung cliffs and sands, a tower, a lighthouse, or a white and dazzling village; in front the little group of islands which shelter Gallipoli and constitute its claim to be called a port, a lofty "faro" on one of them to protect the mariner. Landwards the gentle curves of green-clad hills, the date palms and gardens of Alezio, the olive groves of the villages beyond; and farther still, the loftier slopes of the Capo district rising several hundred feet, brown and

fertile. And we remember that these hills on their other side drop abruptly into the waves at the extremity of Italy, forming the white cliffs of Santa Maria di Leuca, known to sailors almost as early in history as such people ever existed.

On the quay where we stand the sun beats down fiercely. Two grown men, old enough to know better, are throwing jagged stones down on the rocks below, where a beautiful green lizard is disporting itself out of reach of the gently breaking waves. For it is only too terribly true that in those places where everything in Nature is so lovely, men are more cruel to the dumb creation than in any other part of the world. Of Southern Italy as a whole this seems to be an indisputable fact, of the Terra d'Otranto it is only so in a measure; for the Apulian, and especially the Leccese horses, do not bear the same marks of cruelty and neglect as their kind in Naples and Sicily.

Another adult group is engrossed in kite-flying of a scientific order.

In the piazza outside the cathedral, densely crowded, a procession is forming up, for this is the festa of Santa Maria Addolorata. In front a brass band, then a number of men in black, bearing on their chests two coloured discs with sacred emblems, walking in pairs; then follow boys in surplices, priests in gorgeous robes (for the cleric in Southern Italy makes a brave show on such occasions), and then more laymen, perspiring under the weight of the Madonna's effigy, shrouded in black. It is a scorching sun, and the great candles borne by these lugubrious devotees are shedding wax all over their robes. The rearguard consists of a large crowd of women, silent for once on this grave day.

In the murmuring silence the band sounds one deep full chord mezzo forte—a chord gaining in solemnity by its range and its isolation. Then from the hush accentuated by this one blast the musicians break into a delightful fantasia, lighter than the solid chorale with which a German bandmaster would celebrate such an occasion, more refined than the ponderous vulgarity of an English procession. Light as are the strains, they are in perfect taste, and somehow convey a religious spirit as they move away down the street, rising with a magnificent crescendo, and then again dying away, followed again by silence for perhaps half an hour. Thus the churches of the city are visited in turn, and at each church there is suddenly a deafening thunder—a sound as if an enemy's guns had been revealed, and as if Gallipoli were now returning the fire. Fireworks, as we know them, save at some great exhibition, are harmless things meet for babes, but to the religious of Southern Italy their noise is a very fearsome and a very tremendous thing. Could any man doubt the Italian's reputed love of a clatter, he would withdraw all objections after hearing religious fireworks.

Gallipoli, in its saner moments, has a more abiding attraction—the beauty of its maidens; and this people forms a peculiar ethnological oasis due to its cosmopolitan history.

But a seaport is never an earthly paradise: some seaports are indeed the nearest approach to purgatory devised by man, and the Apulian Navigation Company's big steamers are not bringers of unmixed blessings. The Gallipoli citizen, hanging over the parapet at the quayside and spitting into the sea, looks up with a scowl at the advent of a stranger

within his gates, and does not scruple to ask him his business.

Gallipoli is full of interesting baroque palaces, the present post-office being one of them remodelled, and the resemblance to Lecce work is close. In the cathedral of St. Agatha there is much to please. Grey marble columns carry the nave arcade; and all this detail shows the strange mixture of classic, Byzantine, and Renaissance elements really well combined. The ceiling is a gorgeous affair of gilt and colouring, with fair paintings and heraldry.

The date of the building is 1629, the architects being Francesco Bischetini and Scipione Lachibari of Gallipoli, but much of the detail dates from 1696. Generally speaking, the paintings in this church attain a remarkably high level, and are from the brush of Gian Andrea Coppola and Count Nicolò Malinconico, two local artists. A recent fall of the roof destroyed many of these pictures, Coppola's among them, but a very capable restoration by a Leccese painter, Cav. Luigi Scorrano, has been successfully carried out. The marbles of the reredos and altar steps are magnificent, also the walnut choir and pulpit by George Aver, a German. The striking baroque façade of this cathedral is so cramped by its situation that it is difficult to obtain a good view of it, but it has few merits. Its chief defect is the one common to so many churches in Lecce—its detachment from the nave—and in this case the contrast is heightened by the difference in colour.

The museum at Gallipoli at first glance impresses a visitor, for such things are uncommon in small towns. It is enshrined in a modern building of two storeys. On the ground floor is a library; a sleepy

M. S. B. del.

37. THE POST OFFICE, GALLIPOLI

p. 316]

young priest nominally in charge pores over a book, and a knot of noisy schoolboys quarrel over their lessons at a side-table. In the gallery above is a motley collection, containing many interesting objects of antiquity. The addition of natural history specimens, however, is not a happy combination, though no doubt of educational value. Finally, we commend to all those who revel in surgical operations, and the nasty side of life, the two or three cases of horrors decently veiled with curtains from the eyes of Gallipoli's younger sons, but shown to all visitors, willy-nilly, by the enthusiastic custodian.

Gallipoli has a stirring and an eventful history. Its foundation is attributed to three plausible sources: a migration from an ancient Sicilian city of the same name in 389 B.C., a Messapian colony, or a Cretan settlement. Its Greek name (*Callipolis*, "fine city") sufficiently proclaims its existence in the palmy days of the Ionian Sea; Mela calls it "Urbs Graja Callipolis," and Dionysius tells us that the city was founded by a Lacedæmonian—Leucippus—with the approval and aid of the Tarentines, who formerly had a small station there. Pliny notes that it was called "Anxa" in his day. Through the Dark and Middle Ages its history is similar to that of Lecce.

It was sacked by the Vandals in A.D. 450, gallantly resisted the Norman conquerors, and then became part of the principality of Taranto granted to Bohemund. The inhabitants joined in the Angevin wars and suffered from plague and Turkish ravages. Then in 1484 came a serious and unexpected war. The Pope (Sixtus IV.), in alliance with the Venetian Republic, was in arms against Ferdinand of Naples, and in order to force that king to withdraw his troops

from the Roman states, he attacked Gallipoli. Sixty Venetian ships under Giacomo Marcello dropped anchor in the bay and demanded surrender. Meeting with a curt refusal, the invaders landed and assailed the walls with artillery. They then made an assault, which was repelled, even the women lending a hand, heaving great stones over the walls and pouring boiling oil on the besiegers. On Sunday, May 8th, the Venetians, fearing that the Gallipolini would receive the help dispatched from Lecce and other garrison towns, renewed the assault more furiously than ever, but after five hours their efforts were still fruitless. Then next morning, their courage refreshed by the probability of these reinforcements arriving, and by their continued lack of success, they commenced a third assault, still more fierce and concentrated. In the heat of the battle their leader, Giacomo Marcello, was killed by the explosion of a culverin. Sagrentino, his second in command, sagaciously concealed the fact of his death, and the fighting raged on.

At last the city was taken by assault, and cruelly put to the sword. According to contemporary writers, the three days' fighting cost the Venetians five hundred men, including many officers, while Gallipoli lost two hundred inhabitants, forty being women. Meanwhile Ferdinand was hurrying to the terrified district, but did not come to blows with Venice, peace being concluded some months later.

In 1501 and 1528, however, Gallipoli repulsed two attacks by the French, and in 1544 discomfited the most redoubtable foe of all, a Turkish squadron which had been devastating the Lipari Islands and the Calabrian coast. On the islet of Sant' Andrea one of the largest galleys struck and was wrecked, so

that a number of Turks fell into the hands of the Gallipolini.

On August 24th, 1809, Italian historians relate, Gallipoli was attacked by a small English squadron. In spite of great difficulties of defence, few troops, and scanty artillery, the citizens opposed the besiegers courageously, so that they drew off after firing seven hundred rounds.

It is difficult to trace this skirmish among English annals of the time, for fighting round the Albanian Adriatic, and Ionian coasts from Venice as far as Naples was incessant. Besides the more important engagements near Pozzuoli, off Trieste, at Rotti near Manfredonia, there were numerous minor affairs in the Adriatic in 1809, notably at Pesaro and Barletta (September 7th), between English and French ships, so that the encounter at Gallipoli, while possible enough, may have escaped the notice of British historians, especially if the result were unfavourable.[1]

In the revolutionary movements of 1820-1, 1848-70 the Gallipolini played a prominent part, in spite of their remoteness from the centre of action. Bonaventura Mazzarella of Gallipoli and Giuseppe Libertini of Lecce were, in fact, the ringleaders for some time in the Terra d'Otranto, and only escaped death by flying to Greece.

Alezio

From Gallipoli it is a pleasant walk through the Borgo and over the hills to Alezio, four miles away. Alezio is to all intents and purposes a backward place, but on the road to the railway station the wine industry

[1] See James's "Naval History" (Bibliography) vol. v.

is erecting large buildings. The wine is excellent in quality, stronger, too, than even the strong wine of Lecce.

There must be a spirit of progress in Alezio nevertheless, for Singers' sewing machines and Scott's emulsion flaunt in small shop-windows, a good chemist displays his wares, the music of *The Geisha* is whistled in the street; and a storekeeper whom I visit, instead of asking why I have come to Alezio (the usual question), asks what firm his excellency represents!

Otranto

Of this beautiful little fishing-village it cannot be said that any future lies before it, or that it will ever become more than a relic of the past. Up to very recent years there was a semblance of connection with the outer world, for all our telegrams to the East passed through its little post-office, and thence by cables to Valona, Zante, or Corfu; so that an Englishman was compelled to reside here in semi-exile. But now even he has gone, and as we walk down from the little railway station, with its wealth of purple iris flowers, on the little hill across the bay, hardly a soul appears to disturb the all-pervading silence. Otranto seems asleep.

What a contrast with the golden days of Rome or of the Angevin! Classic Hydruntum[1] told a very different tale, for whether Cretans, Salentines, Messapians, or Greeks founded it matters little, nor even whether it was a dependency of Taranto or an independent city. Its real importance began with the

[1] Gr. Ὑδρούντιος.

epoch when Rome threw her ambitions across the Adriatic and sought for a point whence to embark her brass-clad legionaries. Brindisi, as being nearer Rome, was chosen for the official port, but nevertheless Otranto enjoyed a measure of popularity with those whose sailing powers were inferior to their martial ardour. From 191 B.C. we constantly find it mentioned, and Cicero prefers it to the more northerly route. Pliny, on the other hand, recommends the Brindisi crossing as being safer, if longer. He gives the width of the strait, fifty Apulian miles,[1] modern geographers forty-three English miles.

Pliny then adds a strange story that Pyrrhus, coming from Epirus, had formed a design of closing the passage with a bridge of boats, and that the same idea had been borrowed by Varro in a war against pirates.

Strabo also gives the width of the strait at fifty Apulian miles (400 stadia) to the island of Saso near the Acroceraunian promontory. He speaks of Otranto as a place of little importance in his day, but under the Roman Empire it seems to have risen to the rank of a considerable municipal city and to have acquired importance *pari passu* with the decline of Brindisi. Its coins bear the figures of Neptune and Hercules.

In the fourth century it became the usual place for crossing not only to Greece but even to Apollonia (now Pollina, or Pollona in Illyria), to Dyrrachium (now Durazzo), and thence to Constantinople. This continued after the downfall of the Western Empire.

[1] All distances in the Terra d' Otranto are reckoned by the peasants in miles to-day. The official distance in chilometri is barely understood.

During the wars of the Goths with Belisarius and Narses, Otranto assumed a strategic importance very different from that of Roman times. It was one of the last cities in Southern Italy which remained in the power of the Greek Emperor, removed only in the eleventh century. Cassiodorus in Gothic times called it "the Tyre of Italy," on account of the number of murices which it yielded. At this date the circuit of its walls was eleven stadia, and a hundred towers (traces of these still remain) strengthened its defences. Three times at least an enemy was driven from its borders—Totila, the Lombards, and the Franks. In 811 the Venetians defeated an Arab fleet in its waters, and from that date it assumed its modern name of Otranto, which for so long denoted also the province of Lecce. Even to-day many maps and most old-fashioned people cling to the earlier name of "Terra d' Otranto."

All through the Middle Ages its flourishing Levant trade and its own natural resources made it a place of great influence. There is no need to follow its vicissitudes through the Angevin, Suabian, and Aragonese dynasties, for all the events of this period are blotted out in Otranto memories by a catastrophe so terrible and so haunting that, more than four centuries afterwards, its shadow still hangs over the town.

The doom of Otranto was sealed irrevocably when the Turks spread their sails at Valona across the Adriatic, and turned their prows towards the unsuspecting city. This calamity was due to the ambitions of Ferdinand I., the Aragonese King of Naples, who was away fighting in far Tuscany with never a thought of an attack on his kingdom. As

on so many other occasions, the Turks came by invitation, this time from Italian princelets trembling for their thrones. Eighteen thousand infantry and seven hundred horse crowded the two hundred ships in the Albanian harbour, and at their head Mahomet II. placed one Akmet, a hardy and cruel warrior. Brindisi was their objective, but contrary winds decided the general to change his plans and make an attempt on Otranto, where the garrison numbered only four hundred men under Francesco Zurlo, a Neapolitan patriot. On July 27th, 1480, the Mussulmen landed on the shore a little to the south of the town, leaving their fleet to blockade it from the side of the sea. Before commencing hostilities Akmet sent a herald to the citizens, pointing out to them the impossibility of opposing such a siege, and offering to leave them in peace if they would submit quietly. Throwing the keys of the city down a well, they declared for war to the death. Still wishing to give them a last chance, the Pasha sent a second herald, but him they stabbed before he ever delivered his message. So began the siege, raging incessantly from July 27th to August 11th by night and day. The enemy were strongly entrenched on the hill where the Church of St. Francis of Assisi stands, and on Friday the 12th opened a breach in the wall near the Cathedral with cannon.

There was a rush of infidels into the church, where the monks and women of the place had gathered. The Archbishop disrobing after the Eucharist was cut down with a scimitar, so also a plucky Dominican who had mounted the pulpit stairs to exhort his brethren to be courageous. Then on the 13th the Pasha asked for a list of prisoners, and they were numbered as

being eight hundred, many having escaped by heavily bribing their captors. Summoned before him, they found an apostate priest at his side, one John of Calabria, and offered a free pardon, with restitution of their property, if they would embrace Mohammedanism, death if they refused. A brave tailor named Primaldo spoke for them, saying they would hold unflinchingly to their faith, and received the approbation of all. They were executed the following day, Sunday the 14th, women and boys under sixteen alone being spared. A last chance of recanting was refused. Primaldo's body remained immovable after the head had been severed from it, and this miracle so impressed an infidel spectator, that he forthwith abjured his faith and was condemned to instant death by the stake.

Horrified on hearing the news, Ferdinand sent his son Alfonso post-haste to the unfortunate town, but that rash commander threw away a possible chance of success (for he had the assistance of a thousand soldiers from King Matthias of Hungary), and it was not till September in the following year, aided by the Genoese fleet and the Papal army, that he drove the Turks out of the district.

History relates that Mohamet II., appreciative always of a brave enemy, was so annoyed at Akmet's cruelty that he ordered him to be executed on hearing of it.

The memory of this awful calamity still remains a very real thing to the people, just as some shock to a man's nerves may not only turn his hair grey but haunt him to the day of his death. Otranto never recovered. From that day to this it has remained no more than an obscure fishing-village. All

38. S. FRANCESCO AND THE MARTYRS' HILL, OTRANTO

p. 324]

through its streets relics of the siege still remain: huge stone cannon-balls nearly two feet in diameter used as ornaments at the entrance to quiet shops. Even at the station a pair may be found. One of the most popular picture-postcards on sale is a crude copy of an old print illustrating details of the massacre. And lastly, mothers who find gentler remedies unavailing with naughty children, sing into their baby ears a little ditty which tells them that "the Turks will carry her away and make her a slave."

The later history of Otranto thus loses in interest. One event is a problem. In 1537 "these bloody barbarians" (the Turks), "a disgrace to civilisation, were still encamped in Europe," and made another attempt on the ruined city, landing soldiers and horses from eighty galleys; but were soon conquered and forced to re-embark by the Governor! We can only assume that it was the strength of the garrison in Charles V.'s new castle that accounted for this victory, not the maimed remnant of the citizens.

In 1799 the shade of war again menaced the district. Otranto was hostile to the Parthenopean Republic just proclaimed at Naples, and was one of the first places to fly the royal flags at this change of fortunes. In 1804 French prestige again rose, and the King of Naples was forced by the treaty of Florence to allow twelve thousand men to be stationed in the Terra d'Otranto under Marshal Soult, to watch the movements of the English. Six years later Otranto became a fief of the French Empire, and Napoleon gave it to his Minister Fouché, with the title of Duke of Otranto.

Three buildings in the town are of considerable

importance to historians and archæologists. The Castle of Otranto, thanks to Horace Walpole, has a purely fictitious reputation. The actual castle occupies a prominent position in any view of the city, and was built by Alphonso of Aragon, though Charles V. added the towers at a much later period. There is some fine heraldry in stone over the doorway. The building is now used as a barracks. Walpole, in his preface to "The Castle of Otranto, a Mediæval Story," has described that very remarkable work as a translation from the Italian, but before the book had long been published a doubt gradually arose as to its authenticity; and, as is now commonly known, it has no historical foundation, and was merely a figment of Walpole's curious brain. As a literary landmark, the first novel of the romantic type in England, it will always have a considerable importance. The Church of San Francesco on the "Hill of the Martyrs" is interesting as commemorating the soldiers who fought against the Turks in 1480–1. On each side of a reredos of no great beauty are lists of their names, while their coats-of-arms painted on light shields hang all round the church. (See fig. 38.)

The cathedral of SS. Annunziata was built by the celebrated Roger of Apulia and Calabria, son of Robert Guiscard, and was consecrated in 1088 by Archbishop William, in the name of Pope Urban VI. Of the exterior the most interesting features are the fine Gothic rose-window and the beautiful northern doorway, to which baroque details were added in 1674. Otherwise the bare wall-surfaces are ugly enough and have nothing to recommend them.

The interior is remarkable, being of the basilican type as seen in San Clemente or San Pietro in

Vincoli at Rome; not at all like Tancred's church at Lecce, which is practically coeval. The magnificent green marble and Oriental granite columns which divide nave and aisles are taken from an older temple of Minerva and Mercury which stood in the neighbouring village of S. Nicola. Much of the detail too is interesting, being of the Early Christian type.

The celebrated crypt dates from the eighth to the eleventh century according to different authorities, and contains forty-two pillars in marble, porphyry, and Oriental granite, with caps of diverse forms. They form a most interesting series, and are apparently of different dates. (See fig. 39.)

Lastly, the vast allegorical mosaic of the floor, laid down by a priest named Panteleone under Archbishop Jonathas (1163–6), is so valuable as to have been created a national monument.

Otranto is unhealthy, because of its proximity to Lake Alimini, which lies below sea-level. At high tide the salt water enters, mixes with the fresh, thus producing miasmas and malaria.

. . . . .

This concluding chapter is neither a guide to, nor a history of, the Terra d'Otranto. It is little more than an indication of what there is to be seen by a visitor to Lecce who has a few days at his disposal and no objection to rising early in the morning to catch the south-bound train. Nothing has been said of the deeply interesting area beyond Gallipoli and Otranto, one of the least frequented districts of Italy. Even towns of some size—Nardò, Galatone, Manduria—have been passed by, for an adequate treatment of them requires a separate volume dealing with the province of Lecce apart from the city.

In such a sketch personal reminiscence is bound to be a factor, and just as in Mrs. Ross's visit to this land thirty years ago her keenest interest seems to have been aroused by meeting old Castromediano, the local hero of Garibaldi's wars, so my own pleasantest recollection will be of a very similar figure.

I was standing in a little shop in Otranto's principal street—such as it is—buying some postcard views and trying to find a pamphlet history of the Turkish massacre. Some persistent ragamuffins were pestering me, for here alone of all places I had visited I was acclaimed as an Englishman. As I bent over the counter I was surprised to hear a voice addressing me in passable English. A very old man had come in, an old man with some senile affliction of the eyes, bowed and shaky, clad in an ulster though the day was warm. Silencing the boys, he questioned me as to my mission and offered to find me a suitable place for lunch. I had never before accepted such an offer without finding that my cicerone had some motive, indeed in Lecce only the previous day I had repented of availing myself of the service of a tout in sheep's clothing, and when this old man next offered to show me the lions of the town I felt sure he was some confederate of a hotel. Yet I went to his chosen hostelry, and marvelled at his solicitude that my meal should be of the best, as befitted a traveller from afar.

Alas for a pessimistic view of the world! Shortly after noon, as I sat in a quaint bed-sitting-room musing over my lonely omelette, the strange figure of my guide returned. Sitting down on a sofa opposite, and declining my offer of hospitality, he lit a cigar and began to talk. I heard how the English telegraphist who had just quitted Otranto had been a friend of his,

39. THE CRYPT, OTRANTO CATHEDRAL

p. 328]

how another friend was an Oxford professor, and how he read Milton, Goldsmith, and Pope in his evening leisure.

Then, thanks to a turn in the conversation, his story came out, and I found that this bent old man had lived through the great days of Italy. He was over eighty years of age, and as a youth had been in a good social position in the province. His brother was a professor of languages in the college at Lecce. He had founded the Revolutionary "Circolo" with Castromediano and the rest in 1848, had borne their lot, and suffered long imprisonment from 1849 to 1852. The old Duke he knew well, and spoke of Carlo Poerio as a "buon gentiluomo." Yet all had not prospered for him with the liberation of Italy. Through political troubles he lost all his estates, and now for some years acted as the village schoolmaster.

Miserably scanty as is his salary in this office, the pension which is his due is smaller still and with it he cannot satisfy his simple wants. So he slaves on, solaced by the respect borne him by every man and every child in the place, who doff their hats as he passes by, just as the Leccese did for their old patriot.

Sometimes in English, sometimes in Italian, he told me his story, and afterwards walked to the station to see me off, for he is a lover of England and all her sons, remembering their sympathy with Italy in the hour of her need.

With the lingering memory of this fine old gentleman's courtesy—so misinterpreted by me at first—and with the sight of him waving his hat to me on the platform, I bade Otranto good-bye.

His story was for me a link between the history set forth in this volume and the life of to-day, the one

link necessary to connect my visits to Lecce with the slow collecting of historical scraps to form a narrative, the human interest which gives life to the driest bones.

. . . . .

Let him who travels thus far look forward to no hostile crowd of Philistines. Wherever he goes he will find among all this simple folk courtesy repaid by courtesy, and will have to acknowledge many debts of kindness.

And when he needs must say farewell—whether his hour of departure comes when the bright dawn is dispersing the mists above palms and gardens, or as sunset is illuminating the shining cathedral cupola—he will feel, if he be a lover of cities in their many moods, that he has an abiding affection for the beautiful city of Lecce.

APPENDIX

ARCHITECTURAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES ON LECCE BUILDINGS

A CHRONOLOGY OF THE PRINCIPAL LECCE BAROQUE BUILDINGS

S. Sebastiano, 1520.
Castle, most of, 1539.
S. Marco, 1543.
Porta di Napoli, 1548.
S. Elisabetta.
S. Croce, 1549–1697.

S. Teresa, 1569 (?).
Gesù, 1575.
S. Nicolò de' Greci, 1575.
S. Antonio, 1584.
Sedile, 1592.
S. Irene, 1591–1639.
S. Maria delle Grazie, 1606.
Church of the Scalze, 1630.

S. Maria degli Angeli, 1657.[1]
S. Angelo, 1663.
Duomo nave, 1658–70.
,, campanile, 1661–82.

S. Croce and Prefettura, 1697.
Church of Angiolilli and Municipio.
Church of Alcantarine, 1683–1708.
Column erected in Piazza, 1684.
S. Chiara, 1687.
Seminario, 1694–1709.
Rosario, 1691–1728.
Church of the Bonfratelli, 1699.
Church of the Sacramento, 1703.
Church of the Carmine, 1711.
S. Matteo, 1700.
Porta di Rusce, 1703.
S. Nicolò e Cataldo façade, 1710.
S. Francesco di Assisi (ceiling), 1735.

[1] S. Francesco di Paola.

S. Anna remodelled, 1764.
Entrance to Piazza del Duomo, 1761.
Duomo choir, 1752–83.
„ baptistery, 1760.
Porta San Biagio, 1774.
S. Croce (cortile of Prefettura), 1814–27.
Liceo Palmieri, 1845 (?).
S. Maria della Porta, 1855–58.
Liceo Palmieri, Other two sides, 1874.

The Cathedral (*S. Oronzo*)

History:

First church constructed by Bishop Formosus, 1144, with a bell-tower; both rebuilt 1230 by Bishop Roberto Volturio. This latter church was, says Ughelli "a thing splendid and worthy of a visit." The tower threatened to fall in 1574, so was partly demolished. In the following century, Duomo being found too narrow, it was proposed to widen main nave, but ultimately complete rebuilding decided on. Demolition of old church commenced towards end of 1658, new foundations December 1658. Work entrusted to Giuseppe Zimbalo and much of money raised by subscriptions and gifts. During this rebuilding Pappacoda lost the site where was buried the head of Walter, fifth Count of Brienne and Lecce.

The choir was built by Bishop Alfonso Sozi-Carafa (1752–83). Baptistery by Giovanni Pinto (1760), wood pulpit and much of marble balustrading 1763. Duomo reconsecrated 1767. In following century (1813) much marble work imported here from suppressed convents of Teresiani, Antoniani, and Celestini.

Campanile as we now see it commenced 1661, finished August 22nd, 1682, under direction of Zimbalo. Height, 226 feet, and stands 166 feet above sea. Said to be seventeenth among European campanili. The bells are historic: were taken by Alfonso of Aragon to make cannon-balls; restored by Ferdinand. A new one made 1484, recast in Gallipoli 1672. Another made in Lecce 1695, recast 1701. Two large bells made Venice 1725, larger burst and was recast 1830. The Treasury is richly furnished. Robbed by Ferdinand IV. in 1768, but most of stolen property restored.

Architecture:

For illustrations see figs. 21 and 22.

Monuments :

1. On right entering by main door: Alphonsus Sozi-Carafa, Bishop of Lecce.
2. Altar of Carlo Borromeo: Carlo Borromeo.
3. „ S. Giusto: St. Justus.
4. „ S. Oronzo: Pope Innocent XII., Bishop of Lecce.
5. „ S. Oronzo: St. Orontius.
6. „ S. Oronzo: Aloysius Pappacoda, Bishop of Lecce.
7. Chapel of Sacrament.
8. In choir, under Tiso's "Assumption."
9. Altar of St. Philip Neri.
10. „ „ „ : Joanni Baptistae Tafurio, 1690.
11. „ „ „ : Realinus Tafuri. A servant of the Pope, 1804.
12. Altar of St. Philip Neri: Aloysius Pappacoda, 1670.
13. Over sacristy door: Scipione Sersale. A Neapolitan noble, 1751.
14. Over Soccorpo door: Nicolai Caputo. Marchese di Cerveti, 1862.
15. Altar of S. Antonio: Joanni Jacobus Leccisus, 1661.
16. „ „ : Scipioni Spinae, Bishop of Lecce, Knight of Naples; *d.* 1639, 97 years of age.
17. Altar of S. Fortunato: St. Fortunatus, 1674.
18. On left entering, Calvary.
19. Opposite last, on right: Michaeli Pignatelli, 1734.
20. Altar of St. John Baptist.

Paintings :

1. "S. Oronzo" (Coppola).
2. "S. Carlo Borromeo" (Della Fiora, a Leccese).
3. "The Assumption" (Tiso), in choir. Date about 1757–8.
4. "Noah's sacrifice after Flood" (Tiso), in choir. Date about 1757–8.
5. "The Ark" „ „ „
6. The nine pictures on choir ceiling are apparently the work of Gianserio Strafella of Copertino, whose cipher we see at foot of the largest.
7. "St. Justus."

8. "St. Fortunatus."
9. "Addolorata" (probably by Palma).
10. "Last Supper" (Venetian School).

OTHER CHURCHES

2. Church of the Alcantarine (*S.M. della Provvidenza*)

Piazza Giorgio Baglivi No. 18

History:

Founded by Leccese priest, Francesco Riccio. Church commenced September 1708, adjoining monastery 1683. First nuns entered September 1697, led by Sisters Anna Maria Paladini, and Irene Maremonti. Suppressed 1809, became barracks 1813, and largely destroyed to widen piazza 1835.

Architecture:

Front rococo and bad, lower part of pilasters only being fluted. Sculpture also poor. Interior composite pilasters, spoilt by blue painted walls. Windows all high up in clerestory; hideous blue and yellow glass.

3. S. Angelo

No. 1. Via Conte Vittorio de' Prioli

History:

Formerly convent church of Augustinian friars. Founded outside city walls 1061, included in new walls and reconstructed 1300. Rebuilt as we now see it 1663. Convent abolished beginning of nineteenth century. Church and part of convent conceded to the Arciconfraternita di M. SS. Addolorata by decree of January 10th, 1831. An orphanage (known first by name of S. Ferdinando, then of Garibaldi) lodged in old convent.

Architecture:

Very rococo façade, delicate but overdone. Richly carved doorway with double eagle and imperial crown. Façade unfinished, breaking off abruptly up second tier of columns. Door has pilasters, curved head, and two niches on each side. Façade as a whole of no great merit, but interesting and uncommon.

Paintings :

1. " Assumption " (Giordano), in Sacristy.

4. Church of the Angiolilli

Via Tribunali

History :

A monastery of the Paolotti or Angiolilli. A letter from S. Francesco di Paola to these monks is still preserved in Lecce. After various vagaries the buildings became a girls' school under the Suore Marcelline, who for some time carried on good educational work there. Later became the " Palazzo di Città " or " Municipio" (Town hall or Municipal buildings).

Architecture :

Baroque façade of no particular interest.

For notes on the Municipio see p. 355 and fig. 26.

5. S. Anna

Via Porta Rusce

History :

An aristocratic convent built by Teresa Paladini in 1679, as executrix of her husband's will, on the site of his house, and opened 1686. Altered to present form 1764.

6. S. Antonio

Via Ludovico Maremonti

History :

Congregazione di S. Giuseppe founded here end of 1584, to whom its custody was given after expulsion of friars 1812.

Architecture :

Façade has a baroque door in centre, niche with saint either side, otherwise devoid of ornament. Side door has curious triangular pilasters. One of the best façades in Lecce.

Interior plain and of fairly good design; fluted Corinthian pilasters, lit from clerestory, barrel-vaulted, very little colour.

Paintings :

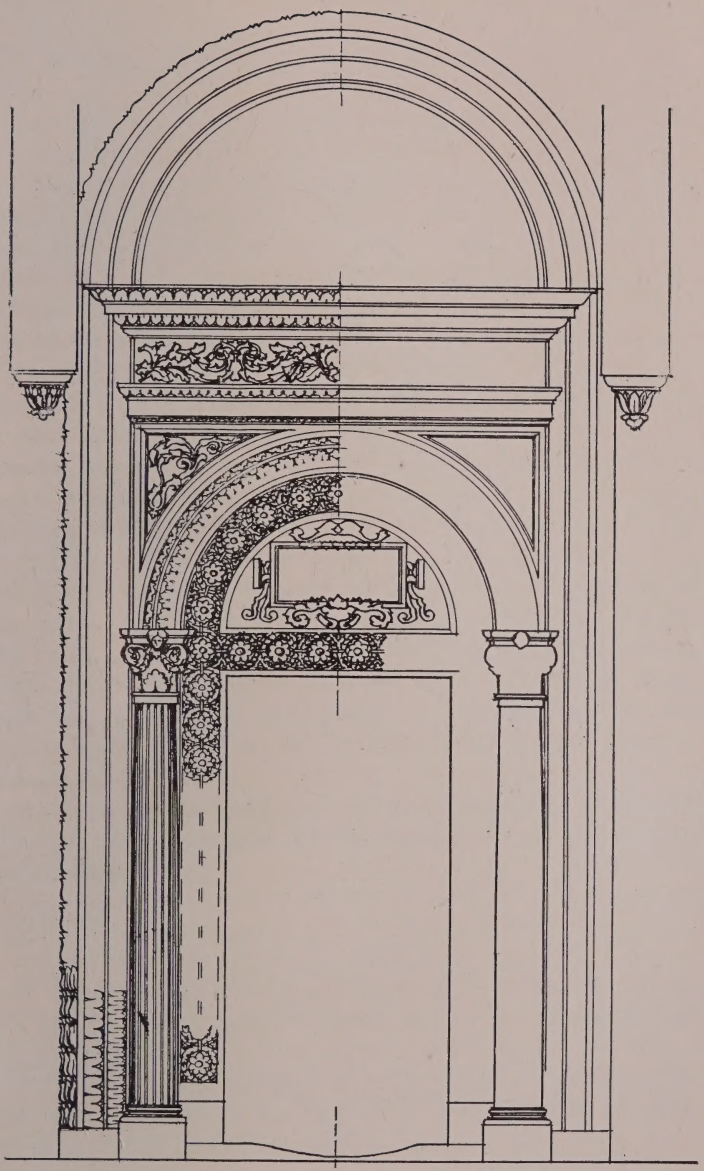
1. "Nativity." Good. In Chapel of S. Anna.
2. "Presentation in Temple."
3. Various landscapes and portraits in sacristy.

7. S. Croce and the Prefettura

In 1353 Walter of Brienne, Count of Lecce, Duke of Athens, and Lord of Florence, founded a monastery of the Celestini in Lecce, under name of "S. Maria dell' Annunziata e di S. Leonardo." In 1539 Charles V., by rebuilding walls and enlarging castle, demolished Brienne's structure. In 1549 rebuilding of church and monastery commenced on present site. The Leccese architects and sculptors Gabriele Riccardo, Maestro Giuseppe Zimbalo, and Cesare Penna worked at it. Building lasted many years. Consecration of church 1582. In 1606 abbot and monks held a festival of rejoicing to celebrate finish of entrance doorway of church, "singing Maccabees I. chap. iv. verses 57–8." Cloisters still unfinished 1634. Façade reached circular window 1646. The monks retained this church and monastery 358 years—*i.e.* till 1807, in which year, by law of February 13th, their Order was suppressed.

Queen Mary of Enghien was buried in the old church of S. Croce, her tomb being placed in a chapel of the richest marbles. The statue was crowned and seated on her royal throne, surrounded by statues of Prudence, Justice, Bravery, Temperance, Faith, Hope, and Charity. The building of the new church finished, this statue was placed over door leading from church to cloisters. Her remains were kept in the sacristy. By a decree of November 1811 the monastery was granted to the city for an Intendant's office. Plans for necessary alterations approved by Queen Caroline, March 1814. The design for the façade now looking on to the gardens was approved in 1817. In 1821 the Chapel of the Crucifixion was demolished, and the site levelled to form the present gardens and the Viale Garibaldi. Five years later the adjoining Porta San Martino, an old gateway in the wall, was demolished because it disfigured this palace.

The local records were housed here in 1833, the telegraph offices 1858, the provincial museum and other offices later.



40. A DOORWAY IN THE CLOISTER, S. CROCE, LECCE
M. B. S. mens. et del.

p 336] (By permission of *The Architectural Review*)

(The Prefettura corresponds to the English County Council offices.)

From 1814 to 1828 the church remained abandoned till it fell into the hands of one Mastro Francesco Rizzo, a favourite employee of the Intendant Ferdinando Cito, who used it as a stable. Before and after this it was plundered by many. Two altars were removed from their places to S. Matteo in 1812, where they may now be seen at the sides of the main altar. A rescript of 1828 ordered restoration of S. Croce, which threatened to fall into ruins, and would have then brought down with it in its fall the Palace of the Intendant (now the Prefettura). In 1833 some Lecce citizens obtained S. Croce from the Governor for the "Arciconfraternita della SS. Trinita," and permission to remodel interior. Doing this, they greatly spoiled it, adding to the vandalism of the civil architects. They closed side door leading into cloisters (see fig. 40), placing against it an altar to the Holy Trinity, titular saint of the church and the congregation to which it belonged. Over interior arch of this door was seated the effigy of Queen Mary above-mentioned. This, torn down, lay for many years in a small kitchen-garden behind choir. Only a few fragments now left. In 1833, to make more space for the Archivio Provinciale, the ante-sacristy and the sacristy were spoiled; the former being undoubtedly a work of Gabriele Riccardo.

At the present day (1909) yet another restoration is in progress under the joint supervision of two architects—one from Lecce, one from Rome.

Architecture:

See figs. 14, 20, 31, 40, 41.

M. Bourget's criticism of the façade of S. Croce (pp. 248-9), and my own remarks upon it (pp. 250-1), may be compared with these illustrations.

Something has also been said as to the plan; but the interior treatment is difficult to describe—a cold combination of white and grey, with remarkable detail.

Tombs:

1. In choir: Mauro Leopardi of Mesagne, abbot of the Celestini.

2. In Chapel of the Adorni: their tomb. Their palace adjoins this church.

Paintings:

1. "S. Michele."
2. "Nativity," 1730.
3. "S. Pier Celestino" on left of entrance. Good (?) fifteenth century picture.
4. "Madonna."
5. "S. Nicola" (Battista Lama), 1720. Good picture.
6. "Descent from the Cross."
7. "S. Oronzo protecting Lecce in an earthquake, 1743." Leccese School; poor.

8. S. Chiara

No. 5 Via Ascanio Grandi

History:

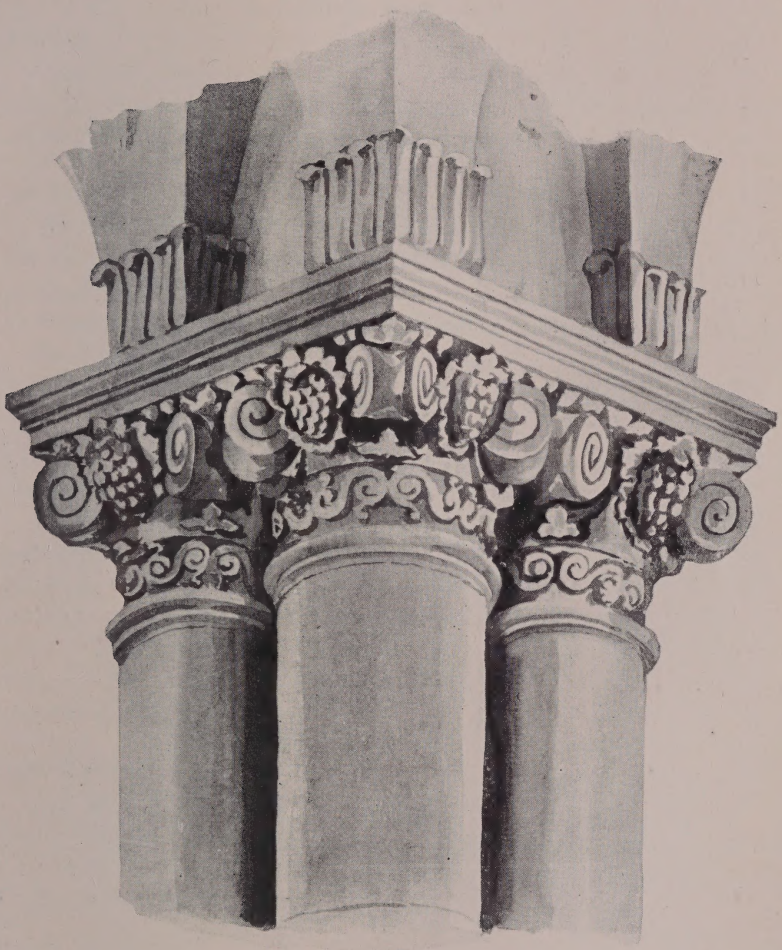
Like adjoining convent (Intendenza di Finanza since 1866), formerly of the Chiariste, founded 1410, and placed under rule of the Lecce Bishop and citizen, Tommaso Ammirato, who is buried here. Demolished and rebuilt as at present 1687. Site of Ammirato's tomb lost in rebuilding. Nuns entered new building 1691. Monastery closed 1866, nuns going to S. Giovanni Evangelista. Church now used for Congregazione de Preti Missionarii di Lecce.

Architecture:

Interior. Shallow Corinthian pilasters, plan octagonal, with a choir and high altar to west, as in so many Lecce churches. Windows in clerestory; ceiling flat, with wood boards.

Façade. Unfortunately incomplete, being, though rococo, one of the best in Lecce. Enormous entrance door, approached by fine flight of steps, with treatment of Corinthian order and niches on either side. Stage above also Corinthian, but narrower.

Bell-tower on north of usual semi-Lombard type.



41. A CAPITAL IN THE CLOISTER, S. CROCE, LECCE

(By permission of *The Architectural Review*. From a sepia drawing by M. S. B.)

9. S. Eligio

Via Ludovico Maramonte

History :

Here were deposited standards won by Ludovico Maramonte from the Bretons (p. 144), but, decaying with time, were painted on church walls and then whitewashed by vandals.

Architecture :

Tiny chapel of simple box form. Nothing interesting save a few mediocre pictures. Rococo in style, plastered, no decoration to speak of.

Façade small, mean, and decayed with rococo porch.

Small bell-turret.

10. S. Elisabetta

No. 36 Via Porta di Rusce

History :

Built by Filippo de Matthei, Baron of S. Maria di Nove (Novoli), and Count of Palmerici. Dedicated to S. Andrea. Supplied with all necessary furniture by him, also dwellings for an abbot and five chaplains, who continuously maintained service there. Then known as Church of the Assumption or Chiesa Nuova. In modern days known as S. Elisabetta or S. Filomena indiscriminately.

Architecture :

Has already been instanced in Chapter VIII. as one of the earliest Renaissance buildings in Lecce.

Charming little façade with rose-window and porch in centre.

Interesting heraldry and good carving.

11. S. Francesco di Assisi

The first visit of S. Francis to Lecce in 1219 is described on pp. 113-4. At his death in 1273 a church and convent was commenced to celebrate his memory, and was finished in 1322.

Principal cloister of convent built 1360 by Fra Paolo Castromediano, Bishop of Polignano. The present church seems to date from the end of the mature baroque period, and the ceiling

was painted by a Tarentine in 1735. In "Lecce Sacra" it is said there are 360 graves in this church, mostly belonging to upper classes of Lecce. This refers to the earlier church.

At some time unknown both church and convent came into the hands of the Jesuits, who erected the large portico of the present Liceo for their new schools. For some time an obelisk stood outside, surmounted by a statue of the Immaculate Virgin. These buildings were designed by one Jazzeolla, and in 1845 the statue was placed on the pediment and the obelisk demolished. In 1874, or thereabouts, the remaining two sides of the courtyard were built in the same style, and the Church of S. Francis partly demolished.

Architecture:

For these reasons architecture of church is now of little importance.

Beyond sacristry is an interesting little Chapel of S. Francis. Here he is said to have lived, and in an adjacent little garden to have planted an orange-tree. This chapel is decorated with frescoes of his life, some now hidden by new relieving arches, and were restored by the painter Giovanni Grassi in 1851.

The façade has no feature of interest.

Tombs, etc.:

1. Jesuit Father Paradiso. Opposite Annunziata Chapel.
2. „ „ Bernardino Realino „ „
3. The great preacher, Roberto Caracciolo, with effigy. Behind these last.
4. Good crucifix in stone. On Altar of Crucifixion by Vespasiano Genuino of Gallipoli.

Paintings:

The ceiling was painted by Thomas de Leo a Tarento in 1735 in three compartments.

1. "S. Anthony of Padua visited by the Infant Christ."
2. "The Stigmata."
3. "The Immacolata."
4. "S. Anna and the Madonna" (Tiso). S. Anna's head excellent. Chapel of S. Vito.

5. "S. Giuseppe di Copertino." Probably a portrait. Chapel of S. Vito.
6. "Assumption." Damaged by damp. Uninteresting, but said to be valuable.
7. "Pietro Paolo Persone (1683) liberato da una caduta." Large picture in Sacristry. Noteworthy for Lecce costume of period.
8. "S. Francis gives his hand to the Devil." In chapel of S. Francis.
9. "S. Francis supports a shaking vault." In chapel of S. Francis.
10. "S. Francis embraces the Crucifix." In chapel of S. Francis.
11. "S. Francis turns water into wine." ,,
12. "S. Francis preaches to the fishes." ,,
13. "S. Francis is taken to heaven in a flying chariot," and some others. In chapel of S. Francis.
14. Various pictures by Coppola da Gallipoli, of no great merit.

12. Church of the Gesù (*Benedettini or Buon Consiglio*)

Via dei Tribunali

History:

The Jesuits, under Ven. P. Bernardino Realino, came to Lecce 1574, expelled Greeks from their church, and following year commenced present church, adjoining monastery (now Tribunali) two years later. From 1767, when they were expelled from Lecce, till 1784, the buildings served various educational purposes. In 1784 the Abbot of the Benedettini Neri of Montescaglioso bought them for £2,800, and spent £3,200 on restorations and additions. Said monks arrived February 1785, and lived there till suppression in 1807. By various decrees, 1807–16, buildings given to city for law-courts. In 1868 new façade was completed, now bringing place more into character with its new requirements. Shops on ground floor. In one of these rooms Ferdinand II. was entertained first time he came to Lecce.

Architecture:

The façade, as has been remarked in Chapter VIII., is one of

the earliest and least florid of the baroque period, and has much in common with contemporary work in Rome. (See fig. 19.)

The interior (nave) has a magnificent ceiling, painted (see below) and gilt. The crossing is domed, the transepts barrel-vaulted. The pilasters have shallow panels with strapwork at ends and curious caps. The beautiful carved work (walnut) in the choir was added by the Benedettini.

Paintings:

1. "Circumcision of the Child Jesus." High altar (by Oronzo Letizia of Alessano, who lived in Lecce).
2. "Four Doctors of the Church" (by Oronzo Letizia of Alessano, who lived in Lecce).
3. "Virgin uncrowned with many saints" (? Antonio Verrio).
4. "Ven. Bernardino Realino," who was buried here (? Antonio Verrio).
5. Another picture apparently by same artist.
6. "S. Jerome" (Impercato). Altar of St. Jerome.
7. "Annunciation."
8. "Nativity."
9. "Adoration of Magi" (Luca Giordano).
10. "Madonna and S. Benedict."
11. "John the Baptist."
12. "Pier Celestino."
13. "The Prodigal Son" (Antonio Verrio). Right of entrance door.
14. "Joseph before Pharaoh" (Antonio Verrio). Left of entrance door.
15. "The Triumphs of the Jesuits." Eight large pictures on the ceiling.

This church contains some of the best pictures in Lecce, and all are well placed in relation to their architectural surroundings.

13. S. Irene (*Church of the Teatini*)

Corso Vittorio Emanuele

History:

Built as house for the Teatini, with church of S. Irene attached 1591–1639. Inscription on façade is incomplete. Statue of S. Irene over principal door carved by Mauro Manieri, an artist

of whose work no other example remains. Suppressed as a monastic order 1807. Commune having entered into full possession of it, gave it to two Lecce Teatini, Luigo and Francesco Saverio Persone. They were driven out again in 1808, but reinstated by a royal rescript of October 1818. Finally, after last suppression of monasteries city took over ex-convent from the Governor. Used for some time by Sisters of Mercy, who had a dispensary there and a school for little girls. They were expelled because they did not conform to rules of pharmacy. Then housed principal state girls' schools.

Architecture:

The façade of S. Irene is one of the least baroque and most admirable in Lecce, of excellent proportion and considerable interest. Nor is it tacked on to the church as are so many of the later ones. Interior lofty, light, and severe generally; but tombs, altars, candelabra, etc., are richly sculptured; tombs and altars being too baroque. Corinthian pilasters as usual, with arches between, clerestory windows over, and flat ceiling. Soffits of arches richly carved. Twin organs. Pictures here well arranged in relation to architecture. (See fig. 18.)

Paintings:

1. "Landing from the Ark" (Tiso).
2. "S. Vincenzo di Paola" (Tiso).
3. "S. Gaetano dying" (by a lay brother of Parma).
4. "S. Stephen."
5. "Three scenes from life of S. Carlo Borromeo" (Uberti).
6. "S. Catherine" (Uberti).
7. "S. Rosa" (Uberti).
8. "Immaculata" (Pasquale Grassi, a Leccese).
9. "S. Irene" (Giuseppo Verrio).

In corridor on upper floor of house

10. "Jacob and Rachel" (Tiso).

14. S. Marco

Piazza S. Oronzo

History:

Built in 1543 by Venetian colony in Lecce. For further information see pp. 152-3. Restored in February 1899 at a total

cost of £30! For particulars of restoration see Aveya's "Monumenti della Provincia di Bari," etc.

Architecture:

In the same style as first group of Lecce baroque buildings. Lion of S. Mark boldly sculptured in tympanum of doorway. Other carving rich but delicate. Door panelled. Beautiful little rose-window above door (See fig. 17.)

15. S. Matteo

Via dei Perroni 27

History:

Formerly a chapel dedicated to S. Matteo attached to the houses of Audisia de Pactis, who, widowed, converted it into a monastery of Franciscans of the Third Order. Was approved by Sixtus IV. in 1474, but existed for a long time without a monastery, which certainly was placed there by 1628. This chapel, widened and turned into a large church, as we now see it, from designs of architect Achille Carducci in 1700. In it may be seen statues of twelve apostles in Lecce stone, carved in 1692, as we see on pedestal supporting S. Philip:

"Hac duodena virum simulacra in sede refulgent, cujus opus Phidiae vivit hic in Placido—Placidus Boffelli, inventor et sculptor, 1692."

On the very baroque façade of church is an unfinished spiral column, about which the wildest tales are told. Aloysius Pappacoda actively concerned in this building. Monastery suppressed 1807, and by decrees of 1813 and 1816 granted to city as a record office, a few rooms being left for the Parroco. In 1812 the Parrocchia della Luce fell, and was transferred to this church, of which it still forms a part. Inscription recording this was broken up and lost. In this church are the two altars from S. Croce.

Pictures:

1. "Madonna della Luce" (rough picture by a Leccese, before 1466).
2. "S. Anna and child" (signed "Seraphimus Elmus pingebat").
3. "S. Oronzo" („ „ „ 1736).
4. "S. Agatha."

Architecture:

Façade one of most baroque in Lecce, and has few points in its favour. Diamond rustications on only part of wall otherwise undecorated.

Interior of excellent design. Fluted Doric order, caps with egg-and-tongue moulding; the whole scheme remarkably like proportions of an English Gothic church, with triforium and clerestory.

The saints (twelve apostles) referred to above are placed on ugly pedestals. Tombs and altars as rococo as usual.

16. S. Maria degli Angeli (*S. Francesco di Paola*)

No. 5 Piazza Peruzzi

History:

Commonly known as S. Francesco di Paola, because it belonged to a monastery of friars following his rule, under the name of S. Michele. Was enlarged to contain seventy-six friars in 1657.

Architecture:

Exterior baroque of earlier period, with florid central door and bell-turret. Interior baroque of the Gothic variety, much overdone. Has round columns, composite caps, and ceiling partly barrel, partly vaulted; richly decorated. Monuments and heraldry interesting.

Paintings:

1. "Annunciation" (local artist, 1726). Mediocre.
2. "S. Maria di Puzzolo" (near Lecce). „
3. "S. Carlo Borromeo" (Gian Domenico Catalano of Gallipoli).

4. "S. Anna, S. Gioacchino, e la Bambina" (P. Colavitae). Very poor.
5. Subject uncertain (Venetian school). Chapel of Nativity.
6. "Massacre of Innocents" (artist unknown). Excellent picture, good composition and colouring.

17.—S. Maria di Cerrate

Outside the city walls

Architecture:

A pre-Renaissance church of excellent design, well illustrated by two woodcuts on p. 205 of "La Patria" (see Bibliography).

18. S. Maria delle Grazie

Piazza S. Oronzo

History:

Formerly a Cappelluccia. Rebuilt as we now see it from designs by architect Michele Colutio (Chierico Regolare). Ceiling, organ, and crucifix of altar nearest sacristy are work of Mastro Vespasiano Genuino di Gallipoli. Pulpit and two holy-water basins made by order of D. Francesco Paladini and bear his arms. Made a Parrocchia in 1606.

Architecture:

Façade comparatively severe and small. Large central door with rich carving and double pediment over. Interior has fluted Corinthian pilasters, arches between, clerestory windows over. Fine coffered ceiling, flat. A lofty and effective design. Plan, cruciform.

Paintings:

"S. Carlo" (Lombard School). Altar of Marchesi Esperti di Struda.

19. S. Maria della Porta

No. 12 Piazza Arco di Trionfo

History:

Formerly a small church outside walls dedicated to "Mary who found Jesus disputing with the doctors." Built in city

on reconstructing walls 1548, made a parrocchia 1606. Rebuilt 1855-8 by architect Giuseppe Majola.

Architecture :

Covered by a flat but striking dome with glazed tiles. A formal classic design, but well suited to surroundings.

20. Madonna del Carmine

Piazza di Re Tancredi

History :

Church and convent built 1546 to house friars, whose convent outside city was destroyed that year by earthquake. In records of Chapter of Cathedral of Lecce it is related that the Sindaco of Lecce laid a complaint in the Episcopal Courts against the Carmelite Fathers, who, armed with swords, rapiers, and daggers, had disturbed him in the possession of the garden formerly belonging to Fulgenzio della Monica. Church razed and rebuilt 1711 from designs by Giuseppe Cino. Monks expelled 1807, and monastery turned into barracks 1813. Church always remained open and entrusted to the Confraternita del Carmine. From 1853-60 part was given to the Paolotti. At present day (1909) new monastic buildings are being erected between the church and the Viale d' Italia, another proof of the Church's activity.

Architecture :

Façade one of most baroque in Lecce. Has already been mentioned in Chapter VIII., also the magnificent interior, illustrated on fig. 23.

Paintings :

1. "S. Nicolò."
2. "S. Antonio the Abbot" (both probably Solimena's school).
3. "Presentation in Temple" (? Camuccini). Excellent picture.
4. "Holy Family" ("N.N." a good Leccese painter). On left of principal door.
5. "Flight into Egypt" (? Matteo da Lecce). In a small new oratory at back.
6. "Madonna and Child" (early).

21. S. Nicolò e Cataldo

History:

Built by Tancred 1180 while living in Lecce before being elected King of Sicily. Has special interest as being last great building of last great Norman king. Cloister rebuilt later, but without improving on original design. At first inhabited by Benedettini Neri, who reconstructed convent. In 1494 convent passed by donation to King Alfonso of Aragon and to the Olivetani, who rebuilt much of it; and in 1710 renewed the façade of the church, callously covering up the old one. Under Napoleon I. convent was suppressed. Is now poorhouse for Lecce, Gallipoli, and neighbourhood. The entrance doorway has recently been restored badly, some charming little baroque figures having been removed to display a newly inserted and glaringly yellow stone shaft.

The following two inscriptions survive; over the main doorway:

Hac in carne sita quia labitur irrita vita
Consule dives ita ne sit pro carne sopita
Vite Tancredus Comes eternum sibi fedus
Firmat in his donis ditans hec templa colonis.

Over doorway into cloister:

Anno milleno centeno bis quadrageno
Quo patuit mundo Christus sub rege secondo
Guillelmo magnus comito Tancredus et agnus
Nomine quem legit Nicolai templa peregit.

Tombs:

Only one remaining is that of Ascanio Grandi the poet.

Architecture:

See figs. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 24.

An excellent criticisim of this church as a whole is given by Bertaux (see Bibliography), of which I append a rough translation:

"Count Tancred's building may be described as a Burgundian church of Leccese stone in a shell of Greek-Apulian architecture. A composite yet harmonious structure, where all the French detail is scholarly and correct, whilst the cupola, a

unique creation and without an equal in Greece or Italy, may be deemed the work of a foreigner who, with the remembrance of northern art still in his mind, took a pleasure in freely adopting the outline of the Greek churches in the Terra d' Otranto. The architect of this church near Lecce was without doubt a Clugniac or Cistercian, and indeed this building formed part of a monastery of the order of St. Benedict, founded by Tancred."

The baroque façade added in 1710 is illustrated on fig. 24.

22. S. Nicolò de Greci

History:

Greeks having lost their church of S. Nicolò 1575, moved into the chapel dedicated to S. Giovanni del Malato, thereafter known as S. Nicolò de Greci. See pp. 238-9.

Architecture:

A very simple little baroque façade of a dull Doric order, the plainest in Lecce. Side walls perfectly blank, more noticeable as the church stands in a larghetto.

23. Church of Nativity (*Santissimo Sacramento*)

No. 10. Via Idomeneo

History:

An ex-convent of Dominican nuns dedicated to the Natività della Madonna. Founded by Nuzzo Cacudi 1470. Church demolished and rebuilt 1703, at expense of Giuseppe Angrisani, Baron of Torchiarolo (costing £770), to designs of Giuseppe Cino and under his supervision. Convent suppressed by a decree of 1812, signed by Queen Caroline on behalf of her absent husband, Joachim Murat.

Architecture:

Of the most rococo type, both within and without. Plan oval. Ceiling boldly modelled in plaster with birds, etc.

24. Church of the Paolotti

Piazza Peruzzi

History:

In rebuilding walls of Lecce in 1543 this convent was in part removed, part left standing and enclosed within city walls. The

convent was granted to the city by decrees of 1812 and 1816, as a house of correction and has since been used as a prison.

Architecture:

Exterior thoroughly bad. Interior closed when visited by the author.

25. Church of the Rosario

Via Porta di Rusce, 3 and 5

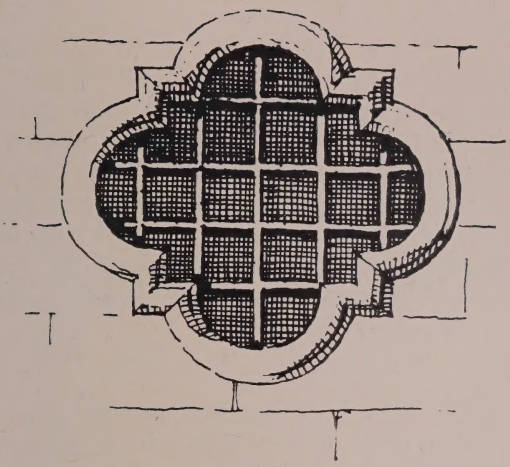
History:

Now a tobacco manufactory occupies the monastic buildings, used by the Dominican friars up to suppression of monasteries, alterations for new purpose being made 1812–14. In 1821 the church was reopened for religious purposes under the Congregazione del Rosario, whose rules were sanctioned by a rescript of 1829.

In these buildings was manufactured, up to 1860, the famous "Polvere Leccese," so pleasing to the senses of Napoleon I., one of the most celebrated connoisseurs of snuff in modern times.

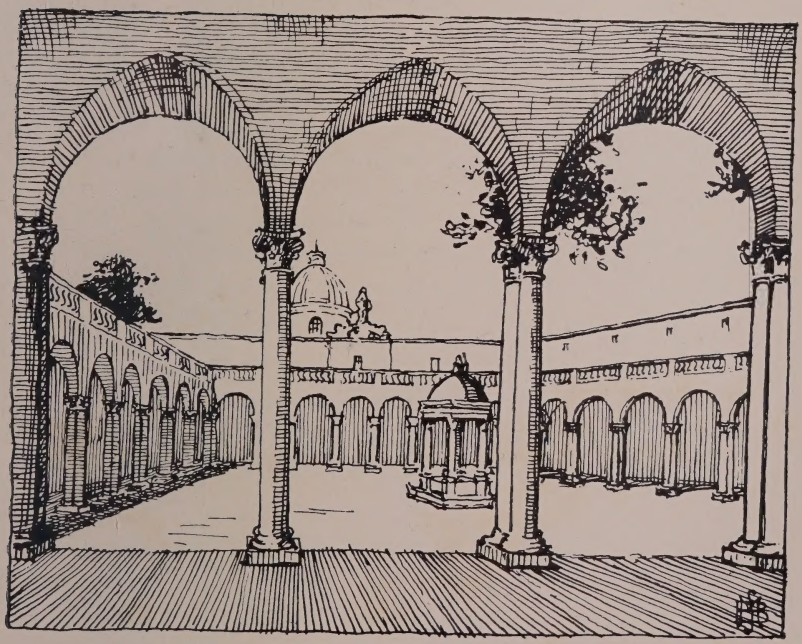
Infantino describes the old church and convent which were built by Giovanni d'Aymo. These buildings were razed and built on a larger scale by the Dominicans between 1691 and 1728. Giuseppe Zimbalo was architect of the new church.

In the old church was the tomb of Antonio de Ferraris ("Galateus") and the one belonging to the Florentine nation. Infantino gives the inscriptions carved on both. In Biba's demolition Galateus's tomb was removed and placed in an out-of-the-way spot, where it lay till 1788, in which year it was placed on the wall to left of main door. This monument is in relief and comprises a bust of Galateus and an inscription. The stone of the Florentines' sepulchre forms the step of the main doorway to the church, and so the inscription is now almost illegible. The Dominicans retained the title of S. Giovanni d'Aymo for the new convent, which was greatly admired for "excellent workshops and magnificent cloisters." . . . "A wealthy institution with many friars there and a Professor and numerous classes." For the story of S. Giovanni d'Aymo see pp. 161-2.



M. S. B. del.

42. A BAROQUE WINDOW, LECCE



43. THE CLOISTERS OF THE ROSARIO CHURCH, LECCE

(*M. S. B. del., from an old print*)

p. 350]

Architecture:

Façade, one of most baroque and least effective in Lecce. General design and detail alike bad. Huge pineapple-like finials particularly ugly.

Interior very rococo, the capitals of piers being curious but not pleasing, the shaft below broken by strapwork ornaments cutting into the fluting. All the ceilings covered with bare boards only, and over the crossing heavy wooden trusses are left in sight. The heavily gilt twin-organ is one of the best features.

Paintings:

As a whole, of little interest. By local artists, probably specially painted for the church.

26. Chiesa delle Scalze

Piazzetta di Mariotto Corso 17

History:

Attached to monastery of same name ("barefooted"), dedicated to Mary, Mother of God, and S. Nicolò. Bellisario Paladini by his will (1629) founded in his own houses a nunnery for maiden ladies. Approved by Pontifical brief October 1630, opened March 1631, under rule of S. Teresa and direction of PP. Teresiani Scalzi. In 1791 the only two nuns remaining (an aunt and niece of the Tafuro family) were transferred to S. Giovanni Evangelista, and convent closed. Reopened 1796, nuns of S. Chiara di Lequile coming to live there.

Architecture:

Rococo of the more delicate type. Interior different from all other Lecce churches, and plan simple. Fluted Corinthian pilasters, barrel vault over nave.

27. San Sebastiano

Vico Sotterranei

History:

This Conservatorio founded on the occasion of a plague (1520), a convent of the Capucins added a year later. In alterations

(November 1862) workmen came on an underground church below that of S. Sebastiano. Here, it was expected, lay the bodies of S. Oronzo and his fellow-martyrs, but nothing was found, so further excavation was discontinued.

Architecture:

Simple, and of the Early period. A small, unobtrusive stone building.

28. S. Teresa

Via Porta di Rusce 37

History:

Old church of the Teresiani, occupied after 1831 by a coalition of two religious confraternities in Lecce, of the Gonfalone and of the SS. Crocefisso. A picture was brought here, of which the following story is related. At No. 25, Via Augusto Imperatore, there once was an inn, on wall of which was a fresco of "The Virgin and Child." One Algozino, of the Governor's court, losing in play there, threw himself dagger in hand on the holy picture and aimed a blow at the Child, which, when struck, it is said, began to bleed from the wound. The inn was converted into a church and rebuilt 1626. Parallel cases exist at Lecce and Mesagne.

Architecture:

Plan uncommon; oval domes over chapels, rest vaulted. Fluted Corinthian pilasters. Ceiling curiously vaulted in plaster with flat ribs and bosses at their intersection. Façade unfinished and over-elaborate.

OTHER CHURCHES OF MINOR INTEREST

29. S. Antonio.
30. Church del Bambino. Via Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.
31. Church of the Bonfratelli (1699).
32. S. Filomena.
33. S. Giovanni di Dio.
34. S. Giuseppe.

35. S. Leonardo (1600).
36. S. Maria della Carita (1853). Via Aug. Imperatore.
37. „ dei Veterani.
38. „ del Tempio (founded 1432).
39. Church of the Visitation of the B.V.M. (1664). Vico dei Creti.

Suburban Churches

40. S. Croce.
41. S. Filomena.
42. S Lazzaro.
43. Madonna dell' Idri.
44. S. Pasquale.
45. Church degli Studenti.

SECULAR BUILDINGS

46. Palazzo Adorni

No. 32 Via della Prefettura

Lofty building in baroque style, very yellow stone. Too much rusticated to be a good design. Interesting for purposes of comparison.

47. The Castle

For historical and architectural notes see p. 237. Contains a large amount of interesting detail of Charles V.'s time. The great hall is closed to visitors, being used for military purposes. As the whole castle is occupied by the garrison, visitors can only be admitted through acquaintance with the officer in charge. Fine view from the top of the keep. Alterations within the past century have fortunately not affected the greater part of the building.

48. The Column

in the Piazza St. Oronzo, bearing statue of the saint, was voted by the city in 1656, the foundations blessed by Bishop Pappacoda ten years later. In 1681 the shaft was either taken from Brindisi or presented by its citizens. This point is mysterious, and makes

one wonder why the shaft should fit the base so well. The statue, fourteen feet high, was cast in Venice; but burnt by lightning 1737, replaced by a statue seventeen feet high in 1739. The work was completed in 1684, Zimbalo being the architect.

49. Palazzo Conte Balzo

For sketch of façade see fig. 32.

50. Palazzo Conte Castriota

Via Augusto Imperatore, opposite the Albergo Risorgimento. For sketch of cortile see fig. 30.

51. Palace in Via Guglielmo Paladini

The quaint old palace opposite the Liceo. See fig. 29.

52. Via Leonardo Prato, No. 21

For sketch see fig. 33.

53. Liceo Palmieri

For notes on the building of this institution see p. 221. Contains a number of interesting pictures, mostly hung in the old conventual rooms, of which following are most noteworthy.

1. "Six battles" (Coppola da Gallipoli).
2. "S. Andrea" (Luca Giordano).
3. "Two groups of angels and cherubs" (Antonio Verrio).
4. "Eight battles" (Coppola).
5. "Moses producing water from mountain" (Giordano).
6. "Moses saved from the waters" (Giordano).
7. "S. Anthony the Abbot" (Tiso).
8. "S. Francis of Assisi" (Tiso).
9. "Woman taken in adultery" (Tiso).
10. "Blessing of Jacob" (Tiso). Six pictures. Numbered 706. This picture is old, dirty, and dull, but well painted.
11. "S. Oronzo" (Coppola).
12. "S. Carlo Borromeo giving to the poor the price of his fief at Oria."

13. "Father Onofrio Paradiso preaching in a village." No. 697. Very poor.
14. "Apparition of St. Francis to Father Mastrillo" (Antonio Verrio). Excellent.

54. Palazzo Paladini

One of numerous houses owned by this family. Close to entrance to the Amphitheatre. See fig. 3.

55. Municipio

Via Tribunali

For historical and architectural notes see p. 254. For view see fig. 26.

56. Palazzo Palmieri

42 Via Giuseppe Palmieri

Here were entertained Joachim Murat and Joseph Napoleon, Kings of Naples; also Micheroux in 1800.

57. Palazzo Perroni

14 Via Perroni

This family said by tradition to be descended from S. Oronzo, just as the Afflitto family of Naples is said to be descended from St. Eustace, and a bust of the saint appears on the wall. These houses were bequeathed by Saverio, the last of the Perroni, to Nicola Paladini, his great grand-nephew.

58. Palazzo Prato

2 Via Leonardo Prato

The fine arch adjoining is known as "Dei Prato." For building this palace Leonardo obtained many favours and privileges from the Aragons.

59. Porta San Biagio

One of the four opening out of the city, Porta S. Martino being destroyed in 1826. Appears to have been built 1774,

but Professor de Simone thinks that a gate existed here at a much earlier date.

60. Porta di Rusce

A gateway here fell at end of seventeenth century, and was rebuilt in a more ambitious form by Sindaco Prospero Lubelli as we see it to-day. Restored 1854. Statues or busts of Euippa, Malennius, Daunus, Idomeneus, etc. Date on a label 1703. This was principal entrance to city till Strada Nuova was made from Porta di Napoli. Old road to Novoli, Arnesano, and Naples.

For inscriptions see de Simone's "Lecce e i Suoi Monumenti," pp. 312-13.

61. Porta di Napoli (*Arco di Trionfo*)

This was formerly known as St. Justus's Gate. For historical notes see p. 183. Illustration fig. 13.

62. Palazzo della Prefettura

Formerly monastery of S. Croce. See under S. Croce, pp. 336-8. Illustrated on figs. 14 and 31.

63. Sedile

The Seggio, Tocco or Sedile was place of meeting for Public Authority. Built by Sindaco Pier Mucinico (1592). On it was a public clock which showed the time and phases of the moon. This clock remade 1765 by the Leccese Mastro Domenico Panico, and replaced by an electro-magnetic clock 1869.

Municipal body sat here up to 1851, in which year it moved to No. 22 Via Regina Isabella, in September 1864 to St. Irene, to No. 38 Via della Prefettura in 1873, and more recently to the present Municipio in Via Tribunali. In 1851 many of the archives were lost during removal. In 1860 the National Guard was placed in the Sedile. Up to 1896 the literary society "Giuseppe Giusti" met here. On the upper floor is placed the machinery for electric clocks invented by the Leccese Giuseppe Candido. By the exertions of Giuseppe Pellegrino, a recent

mayor, this little building has been restored—more successfully in this case—and adapted as a museum of modern Leccese sculpture by Maccagnani, Bortoni, and others. See fig. 17, showing it before restoration.

64. Seminario

Piazza del Duomo

History:

Built 1694–1709 by Giuseppe Cino for the bishops Michele and Fabrizio Pignatelli. Illustrated on fig. 28.

65. Tribunali

Formerly the monastic buildings attached to the Gesù church. For historical notes see p. 238.

66. Vescovado

(Bishop's palace) Piazza del Duomo

Built by Mons. Geronimo Giudano (1420-8), and surrounded with shops on ground floor, with a great entrance carved with arms of Lecce, Aragon, etc. A large part of the Episcopio was remodelled in 1874 by the Diocesan authorities. In 1745 Cardinal Spinelli stayed here, in the spring of 1797 Ferdinand IV. with his wife, General Acton, and others.

67. Obelisk

Outside Porta di Napoli

Erected about a century ago by one of the Ferdinands.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

I. BOOKS RELATING TO LECCE OR CONTAINING USEFUL REFERENCES TO LECCE

AAR (Ermanno):

1. "Gli studi storici in Terra d' Otranto." (See also under De Simone.)

D' AMELIO (Francescantonio):

2. "Puesei a lingua leccese."
(A few poems in dialect published locally.)

AMMIRATO (Scipione):

3. "Storia della famiglia dell' Antoglietta, scritta da S. A., stampata in Firenze appresso Giorgio Marescotti nell' anno 1597 con licenza dei Superiori—arrichita ed ornata di varie altre antichissime notizie storiche l'anno 1846 da Luigi Cepolla, Bari, dal Nuovo Grande Stabilimento poligrafico di Tibino Pansini 1846."
(For other works by S. A. see p. 370.)

AMPOLO (Pascale):

4. "Risposta alle critiche Annotazioni del Sig^r Gio. Bernardino Tafuri sopra le Antiche Cronache di Messer Antonello Coniger del Dottor P. A. All' Ill. mo Signore D. Oronzo Marescallo." Lecce, 1736.

De Angelis (Domenico):

5. "Vita di A. Caraccio," etc., from Crescimbini [G.M.] "Le vite degli Arcadi illustri," etc. 4to. 1708.

6. See Ferrari's "Apologia Paradossica. . . . Colla vita dell' autore" [by D. d'A.] 4to. 1708.

7. "Della patria d'Ennio: dissertazione." Romae, 8vo. 1701.

8. "Della vita di Scipione Ammirato," libri tre. 8vo. Lecce, 1706.

9. "Le vite de letterati Salentini." 4to. 2 parts. Firenze, 1710–13.

10. "Vita di Andrea Peschiulli," etc. See Crescimbini as above, Parte seconda. 4to. 1708.

11. "Discorso istorico in cui si tratta dell' origine e della fondazione della città di Lecce, e d'alcune migliori, e più principali notizie di essa." Lecce, 1705.

Angiulli (Tomaso):

12. "Lecce rosata." Lecce, 1656.

Arditi (Giacomo):

13. "Corografia fisica e storica della Provincia di Terra d'Otranto."

Avena (A.):

14. "Monumenti della Provincia di Bari," etc.
(A periodical published by Italian Government. Recent.)

Bernardini (N.):

15. "Ferdinando II. a Lecce, 1859." pp. 194, 8vo. Lecce, 1895.

16. "Giornali e giornalisti leccesi." pp. 311, 8vo. Lecce, 1886.

Bertaux (Henri):

17. "L'art dans l'Italie Méridionale." 4to. Rome, 1904.
(The best and most modern book on the subject. Splendidly illustrated.)

BOURGET (Paul):

18. "Sensations d'Italie." 8vo. Hachette: Paris.
(Chapters XX. XXI. XXII. of this book describe the author's visit to Lecce.)

BRIGGS (Martin Shaw):

19. "Lecce." Four articles in the *Architectural Review*, with photographs and drawings by the author and Ralph Thorp. Folio. London, 1909–1910.

CANTARELLI:

20. "Storia di Lecce." 8vo. Lecce, *c.* 1840.

CASOTTI (Francesco):

21. "Arciconfraternità del SS. Crocifisso e Gonfalone della Città di Lecce. Regoli precedute da breve notizia sulla fondazione, indulgenze, e privilegi." Florence, 1875.

22. "Scritti inediti e rari di diversi autori trovati nella Provincia d'Otranto." Naples, 1865.

CASTROMEDIANO (Duke Sigismondo):

23. "Carceri galeri politiche Memorie," etc. 2 vols., 8vo. Lecce, 1895.

24. "Delle monete d'oro trovato a Cursi, Terra d'Otranto. Ricerche e descrizione." pp. 38, 8vo. Lecce, 1885.

25. "Due capitoli tolti alle Memorie del Duca Sig. Castromediano." pp. 71, 8vo. Lecce, 1886.

26. "La chiesa di S. Maria di Cerrate nel Contado di Lecce. Ricerche." 8vo. Lecce, 1877.

27. "La Commissione conservatrice dei Monumenti storici di Terra d'Otranto. Relazione per gli anni 1874–5." 1875.

28. "Le inscrizioni Messapiche," raccolti dal Cav. L. Maggiullo e Duca S. C. 8vo. 1871.

CEPOLLA (Luigi):

29. "Breve cenno fugitivo della Storia primitiva di Ugento." Bari: Fratelli Cannone, 1841.

30. "Schediasma archeologicum in primaevam Civitatis Uxenti historiam. Ex triga orationum huic rei adtinentium unice collectum." Pub. as above.

31. "Dissertatio appendica ad Uxentinas antiquitates, in qua animus est vindicare a magna inscitia et oblivione nostrorum Populorum duo insigna capita Historiae veteris Japygiae." Pub. as above, 1842.

32. "Illustrazioni degli emblemi mito istorici seguiti da alcuni molti indicanti le primi tre epoche eroiche degli antichi popoli Salentini, figurati nella nuova Aguglia eretta fuori della Porta di Napoli in Lecce." pp. 16, 8vo. Lecce, 1827.

33. "I fasti della Storia antica della Giapigia Messapia."

Cesaresco (Countess E. Martinengo):

34. "The Liberation of Italy." 8vo. Seeley & Co.: London, 1902.

(Contains an appreciation of Castromediano.)

Coniger (Antonello):

35. "Le Cronache di Messer A. C. Gentiluomo Leccese mandate in luce dal Signor Giusto Palma Consolo dell' Accademia degli Spioni. Con una semplice e diligente Relazione della ruinovata Divozione verso il glorioso Martire di Christo, Patrizio e primo Vescovo di Lecce S. Oronzio, di Gio. Cammillo Palma Dottor Teologo, Arcidiacono di Lecce. Al molto illustre signor Giovambattista Stomeo." Brindisi, 1700.

Corti (Siro):

36. "Provincia di Lecce." With maps and woodcuts. (One of a series of small geographies of the Italian provinces.) G. B. Paravia & Co.: Rome, 1907.

Craven (Hon. Richard Keppel):

37. "A Tour through the Southern Provinces of Naples." 1821.

Dalbono (C. T.):

38. "Storia della pittura in Napoli e Sicilia." Napoli, 1854.

Fatalò (Nicolò Francesco):

39. "La Cronologia de' Vescovi della Chiesa di Lecce, principiata da S. Orontio, primo Cristiano, primo Vescovo, e primo Martire, di quella, compita nell' Ill. e Rev. Monsig. D. Michele Pignatelli, che adesso la governa, scritta da N. F. F., canonico della medesima Chiesa." MS. only, *c.* 1695.

(Good for municipal history.)

De Ferraris (Antonio), "*Galateus*":

40. "De Situ Iapygiae." Basle, 1558.

Foscarini (A.):

41. "I dottori in Legge e in Medicina leccesi." pp. 58, 8vo. Lecce, 1895.

Gay (Jules):

42. "L'Italie Méridionale et l'Empire Byzantin." 1904.

Gigli (Giuseppe):

43. "Superstizione e tradizioni in Terra d' Otranto." pp. 290, 8vo. Florence, 1893.

Giglioli (Constance H. D.):

44. "Naples in 1799." Illustrated. London: Murray, 1903.

De Giorgi (Cosimo; Cav. Professor):

45. "La Provincia di Lecce."

46. "Geografia fisica e descrittiva della Provincia di Lecce." Recent.

47. "Illustrazioni archeologiche. Ricerche sulle tombe di Rugge sugli incrostamenti e depositi dei vasi fittili in esse contenuti e sui mezzi adopterati per distruggerli." 8vo. Lecce, 1872.

48. "Note Geologiche sulla provincia di Lecce." 8vo. Illustrated. Lecce, 1876.

49. "Lecce Sotteranea." An account of the excavations carried out by the State Authorities at Lecce between the years 1900 and 1906. Folio, pp. 215. Lecce, 1907.

(An excellent book, with good collotypes and plans of excavations.)

50. "Nardò." Recent.

51. "Otranto nel 1480. Commemorazione civile dei Difensori e Martiri di Otranto, letta in Otranto il dì 13 agosto del 1891." 8vo, pp. 40. Lecce, 1891.

Di Giorgi (Francesco Antonio):

52. "Delle nobili famiglie Leccesi." Edited by Ermenegildo Persone. Naples, 1780.

Grande (Salvatore):

53. "Collana di opera scelte, edite e inedite di Scrittore di Terra d'Otranto." Edited by S. G. In eleven volumes. 8vo. Lecce, 1867–9.

Grandi (Ascanio):

54. "Il Tancredi—Poema Heroico—Del Sig^r Ascanio Grandi —Con gli Argomenti del Signor—Giulio Cesare Grandi—suo Fratello—Al Serenissimo—Carlo Emanuele—Duca di Savoia— Impressione Seconda—Nella quale e stato in moltissimi—luoghi illustrato—dall' Autore." In Lecce 1636—Appresso Pietro Micheli—Borgognone—Con licenza de' Superiori." Dedicated "Al Signor Girolamo Cigala, Baron di Sternatia." pp. x, 970. Lecce, 1636.

Gregorovius (Ferdinand):

55. "Nelle Puglie." [Versione dal Tedesco di R. Mariano.] Florence, 1882. With notes by the translator. 8vo.

Grimaldi (March. Ceva):

56. "Itinerario da Napoli a Lecce." Naples, 1821.

Haseloff (Professor Arthur):

57. "Hohenstaufische Erinnerungen in Apulien." Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 18. Brunswick, 1906.

Infantino (Giulio Cesare):

58. "Lecce Sacra di G. C. I. Parroco di Santa Maria della Luce, ove si tratta delle vere origini e fondationi di tutti le

Chiese, Monasteri, Cappelle, Spedali e altri luoghi sacri della città di Lecce: delle reliquie de' Santi che vi si trovano, et delle opere pie, che in detti luoghi si fanno. Si descrivono gli epitaffi et inscrizioni che sono in detti luoghi, e si far memoria di alcuni uomini illustri si per santita di vita, come per lettere, armi, dipintura e scoltura. Opera utile e curiosa." . . . "Appresso Pietro Micheli con licenza de' Superiori." Lecce, 1633.

JACKSON (F. Hamilton):

59. "The Shores of the Adriatic: Italian Side." With illustrations. 8vo. London: John Murray, 1906.

JOHNSTON (R. M.):

60. "The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy and the Rise of the Secret Societies." 2 vols., pp. xx, 408, viii, 232. London: Macmillan, 1904.

LUYNES (Le Duc de):

61. "Les Normands dans l'Italie." Folio. 1844.

MADARO (Italo):

62. "Guida pratica della Città di Lecce." pp. 224. Lecce, 1904.

MAGGIULLI (Cav. Luigi) [see also "Castromediano"]:

63. "Monografia Numismatica della Provincia di Terra d'Otranto," etc. pp. vii, 206, 8vo. Lecce, 1871.

MAGNI (Basilio):

64. "Storia dell' Arte Italiana, dalle Origine al Secolo XX." 1900–1902.

MANZI (Giosué):

65. "Ragguaglio del faustissimo avvenimento della Maestà di Ferdinando IV. (D.G.) nella città di Lecce," etc., etc. Lecce, 1798.

Marangio (Pasquale):

66. "Saggio storico della città di Lecce." 1807.

De Marco (Sae. Saverio):

67. "Compendiosa istoria degli Ottocento Martiri Otrantini." pp. 29. Lecce, 1905.

Micalella (Mario Antonio):

68. "Gli Iapigi." 8vo, pp. 47. Lecce, 1909.

Morelli (Salvatore):

69. "Le feste constituzioneli di Lecce." Lecce, 1848.

Napoli (Q.):

70. "Canti popolari leccesi." 8vo, pp. 38. Lecce, 1881.

Palumbo (P.):

71. "Storia di Lecce" (now appearing in parts). Lecce, 1909–10.

(A careful historical monograph of the city.)

Papadia (Dottor B.):

72. "Memorie Storiche della città di Galatina."

"La Patria":

73. "Geografia dell' Italia . . . Opera compilata dal Professore Gustavo Strafforello."

(This large topographical work covers the whole of Italy in a large number of folio volumes, and will be found most useful. The Province of Lecce is in the volume Foggia—Lecce—Potenza—Bari. The facts are reliable and up-to-date, the illustrations numerous and good.)

Piccinni (Francesco Antonio):

74. "Lecce antica e moderna, divisa in 5 parti."

75. "Priorista." 1720–1799.

76. "Raccolta di antichi fatti e moderni, e notizie accadute sin da più secoli in questa città di Lecce, ricavate da veridici ed antichi manoscritti de' nostri padri e scrittori, riunite e ricopiate fedelmente da me. F. Antonio Piccinni della classe de' civili di questa città nell' anno 1757," etc.

"PUGLIE":

77. A Guide to Apulia, published by the Italian State Railways and Touring Club. Illustrated. Milan, recent.

REGIO (PAOLO):

78. "Dell' Opere Spirituali di Mons. Paolo Regio, Vescovo di Vico Equense,—in due Parti distinte. In Napoli appresso Gioseppe Cacchij l' Anno 1592, et ristampata in Vico Equense appresso Gio. Thomaso Aulisio." 2 vols. 1593.

ROSS (JANET):

79. "The Land of Manfred, Prince of Tarentum and King of Sicily. Rambles in Remote Parts of Southern Italy." With a map and illustrations. 8vo, pp. xi, 365. London: Murray, 1889.

SAINT-NON (JEAN CLAUDE RICHARD DE):

80. "Voyage Pittoresque, ou Description des royaumes de Naples et de Sicile." With plates. 5 vols. folio. Paris, 1781–6.

SALICE (GIO. ANDREA):

81. "Discendentia de li Signori de la Cità di Lecce." MS. only. Middle of seventeenth century.

DE SASSENAY (COMTE FERNAND DE):

82. "Les Brienne de Lecce et d'Athènes. Histoire d'une des grandes familles de la Féodalité Française. 1200–1356." 8vo. Paris, 1869.

SCARDINO (PEREGRINO):

83. "Discorso . intorno all' antichità e sito . della fedelissima Città . di Lecce . dell Dott . Peregrino Scardino. Al molto Ill^re Sig^r Leonardo Prato." 4to, 50 pp. Bari, 1506.

De Simone (Luigi Giuseppe Oronzo Mariano Raffaele Francesco Fortunato Felice):

84. "Degli Angioni Principi di Taranto" (1292–1373). Tipog. Naz. Taranto, 1866.

85. "Lecce e suoi Monumenti descritti e illustrati. Vol. I. La Città." Gaetano Campanella: Lecce, 1874.

[In some ways this is the most valuable book existing for a student of Lecce history. Under the headings of street-names—for all Lecce streets bear historical names—nearly every event of importance in local history is noticed, and ample references are given.]

86. "Di un Ipogeo Messapico scoperto il 30 Agosto 1872 nelle rovine di Rusce, e Delle origini dei popoli della Terra d'Otranto." With 2 lith. plates. Lecce, 1872.

87. "Tipi degli scavi eseguiti in Terra d'Otranto negli anni 1869–70."

(A volume of plates added to No. 86.)

88. "Selci lavorate, bronzi e monumenti di tipo preistorico di Terra d'Otranto," in *Bullettino di Paletnologia Italiana*, V. 9, 10, 11, with lith. plate.

89. "Saggio di un Dizionario biobibliografico Salentino," in the Lecce journal *Filosofo Barba-bianca*, I. 9, 10.

90. "La Fiera di S. Giacomo al Parco nel secolo XIV." *Filosofo Barba-bianca*, I. 9, 10.

91. "La vita della Terra d'Otranto." An important series of scholarly articles valuable to ethnologists and students. The principal subjects are:

La donna.	Il giuoco.	Le streghe.
Il matrimonio.	Il ballo.	Il fascino.
La morte.	Le fate.	Gli amuleti.
Il vestito.	I folletti.	

92. "La corte del Vescovo di Lecce," in *Temi Salentina*. Lecce.

93. "Il diploma in Arti e Medecina preso da Antonio Galateo a Ferrara (nella Commemorazione del CCCCIII. anniversario del giorno in cui A. G. fu laureato in arti e medicina a Ferrara). Gallipoli, 1877.

94. "Note di climatologia Salentina." Lecce, 1875.

95. "La Madreperla Salentina ed il suo biocculo; Monografia illustriva di un Album di lavori in lanapenna, spediti all' Esposiz. di Parigi." Taranto, 1867.

96. Ditto, reprinted and revised. Lecce, 1873.

97. "Archivio di documenti intorno la storia della Terra d' Otranto." 8vo. Lecce, 1876.

(Consisting mostly of documents relating to early history. No. II. is the oldest known municipal document of Lecce, dating from the time of Walter V., 1307, and dealing with the Università.)

98. "La Ceramica Salentina." *Cittadino Leccese*, X. 52.

99. "Gli studi storici in Terra d' Otranto: frammenti estratti dall' Archivio storio italiano a cura di L. G. de S." 8vo. 1888.

(A series of papers and collections varying much in interest. There is a good local bibliography (pp. 73–82) and a list of travel books on Lecce, also a list of local family names; a number of municipal documents; a history of Brindisi; notes on Lecce fortifications, art, and history.)

100. [De Simone (L. G.)] Biographical Sketch of. 8vo, pp. 16. Lecce, 1880.

STEFANO DE NERITO:

101. "Chronicum Neritinum, 1092–1412." (S. de N. was a Nardò Benedictine. This work first published by Muratori, Vol. 24 of *Rerum Ital. Script.*)

TAFURI (G. B.):

102. Numerous works on local archaeology, chiefly edited. Published early in eighteenth century.

TASSELLI (Luigi):

103. "Antichità di Leuca," etc., etc. 4to. Lecce, 1693.

TOMMASEO (Niccolò):

104. "Il duca d' Atené. Narrazione di N. T. Appendice da G. Villani. Dal Machiavelli." 12mo. Paris, 1851.

Addendum.

BACILE (Barone Filippo):

105. "Una passeggiata per le vie di Lecce." 40 pp. Lecce, 1895.

II. SOME BOOKS BY LECCE WRITERS, *NOT* RELATING TO THE CITY

AMMIRATO (Scipione):

106. "Delle famiglie nobili Fiorentine." Part I. (Ed. by S. A. the younger.) Folio. Florence, 1615.

107. "Istorie Fiorentine." (Ed. by S. A. the younger.) Florence, 1647.

108. "Delle famiglie nobili Napoletane." Part I. Florence, 1580.

109. "Delle famiglie nobili Napoletane." Part II. (Ed. by S. A. the younger.) Florence, 1651.

110. "Discours politiques et militaires, sur Corneille Tacite . . . contenant les fleurs des plus belles histoires du monde . . . Traduits, paraphrasez et augmentez par L. Melliet," etc. Lyon, 1618–19.

111. "Poesie spirituali." (Ed. by S. A. the younger.) Venice, 1634.

112. "Una commedia inedita da S. A. 'I Trasformati.'" (Ed. by C. Valacca.) pp. xiii, 161, 8vo. Trani, 1900.

CEPOLLA (Luigi):

113. "Sulla migliore forma di governo in una società civile." 1848.

114. "Oratio inauguralis ad bonarium artium et litterarum studia, meliori quam antehac methoda excolenda, et in hoc Seminario statim nunc primum inducenda." Bari, 1841.

115. "Saggio analitico di varii oggetti di morale, di scienze, di arti e di bella ed amena letteratura." Napoli.

PERSONE (Ermenegildo):

116. "Reflections sur 'l'Esprit des Lois' de Montesquieu."
117. "Supplemento al Diction. istoriq. et critiq. del Moreri."
118. "Saggio in tre lettere sulla Diocesina del Genovesi."

III. SOME OTHER WORKS CONSULTED IN PREPARING THIS VOLUME

ANDERSON (W. J.):

"Italian Renaissance Architecture." London: Batsford.

BELLUCCI (Prof. Giuseppe):

"Gli Amuleti." pp. 64. Perugia, 1908.

ELWORTHY (F. J.):

"The Evil Eye." London: Murray, 1895.

JAMES (William):

"A Naval History of Great Britain, 1793–1820." London: Macmillan, 1902.

JONES (W. H. S.):

"Disease and History." Hastings, 1909.
(A lecture tracing the effects of malaria on history.)

LEADER-SCOTT:

"Sir John Hawkwood." (Trans. from "Giovanni Acuto.") London: Unwin, 1889.

MILLAR (Dr.):

"The Latins in the Levant." Recent.

MONTAIGNE (Michael, Lord):

"Travels in Italy," 1580–1. (Trans. by W. G. Waters.) London: Murray, 1903.

NICOLAS (Sir N. H.):

"The Dispatches and Letters of Lord Nelson." London: Colburn, 1848.

PAUSANIAS:

With commentary by Dr. J. G. Frazer. 6 vols. London: Macmillan, 1898.

PIOZZI (Mrs.):

"Glimpses of Italian Society in the Eighteenth Century." London: Seeley.

WALPOLE (Horace):

"Anecdotes of Painting in England; with some Account of the Principal Artists." London: Sonnenschein, 1888.

ZIMMERN (Helen):

"Italy of the Italians." London: Pitman, 1906.
(A most graphic and interesting survey of Italian life to-day. Lecce is referred to.)

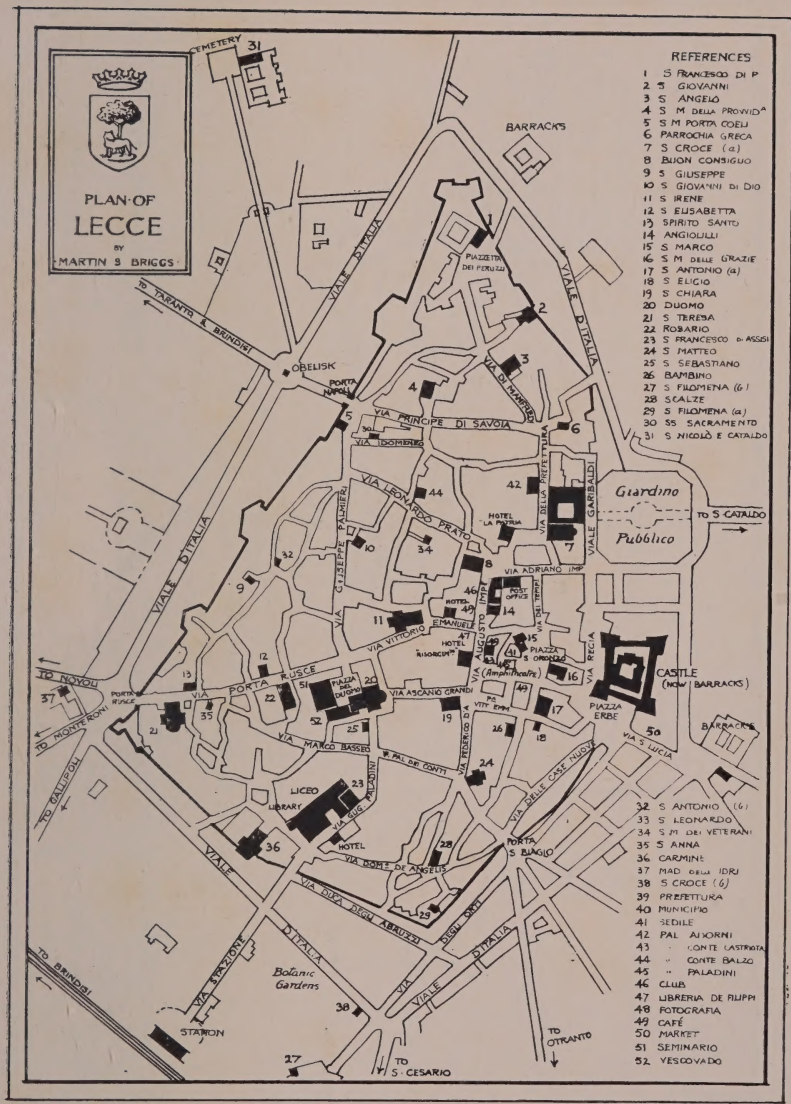
IV. BOOKS DEALING WITH BAROQUE ARCHITECTURE

DOHME (R.):

"Barock und Rokoko Architektur." 3 vols. 1884.
(Folio, with fine collotype plates; refers only to Germany and Paris.)

GURLITT (C.):

"Geschichte des Barockstiles." 3 vols. 8vo. 1887–9.
(The first volume deals with Italy.)



44. PLAN OF THE CITY OF LECCE

INDEX

A

Aboukir, 203
Abruzzi, 112
Accademia Lupiensis, 177, 192
— Dei Trasformati, 184, 192
— Degli Spioni, 192–4
— — Speculatori, 199, 200
— Salentina, 221
Accardus, 91
Acciajuoli, 138
Achaians, 41, 42
Acquaviva Family, 199
Acragas, 42
Acroceraunian Mts., 321
Adriatic Sea, 1, 5, 25, 41, 44, 56, 80, 114, 117, 136, 152, 159, 215
Akmet, 323–4
Albania, 46, 116
Albanian Dialect, 291
Alberici, Francesco, 148
Albiria, 99, 102–105, 109
Alessano, 154, 301
Alexander of Epirus, 44
— VIII., Pope, 189
Alexandria, 98
Alimini, Lake, 327
Alphonso II., 167, 169, 170
— of Aragon, 168, 326
Altamura, 143, 158, 166
Amalfi, 85
Amphitheatre, 76
Ancona, 5
Andria, 99, 141, 143, 149
Andronicus, 125
Angelis, De, 193, 295
Annichiarico, 217, 219
Apennines, 8, 80, 86
Apollonia, 321
Appian Way, 14, 79
Apulia, 19, 24, 25, 31, 47, 86, 88, 91, 99, 100, 115, 123, 130, 142, 208, 215, 219, 233
Arabs, the, 322
Aragon, House of, 165, 173, 177
Archidamus, 44
Architects, Local:
  Acaya, 182, 237–8, 259
  Bischetini, 316
  Carducci, 260
  Cino, 240, 251, 261
  Colaci, 311
  Colutio, 260
  Lachibari, 317
  Penna, 260
  Riccardo, 258
  Zimbalo, 78, 240, 251, 260–1
Architecture. *See* Chapter VIII. and Appendix; also under "Baroque," "Churches," "Palaces"
Argolis, 123
Arras, 184
Arta, 130
Arthur of Brittany, 100
Assisi, St. Francis of, 113, 323
Athens, 43, 79, 119, 123, 148
— Duchy of, 122, 126
— Dukes of. *See* "Brienne."
Attica, 123
Aurelius, Marcus, 35
Austria, Archdukes of, 222
Austrian Soldiers, 202, 220
Avetrana, 179
Avignon, 135

B

Balbus, Quintus Fabius, 51
Baleso, 95, 162
Balmis, 177
Balzo, Francesco del, 141, 143, 145
Balzo Giovannantonio del, 136, 156–7, 166
Barbarossa, 98–100
Bargello, 134
Bari, 5, 25, 84, 86, 88, 116, 179, 224
Barletta, 107, 112, 179
Barone Family, 178–181
Baroque Architecture. Chapter VIII. Also pp. 15, 20, 311, 326
Basento, 9
Basilicata, 8, 224
Basil the Macedonian, 85
Belisarius, 80, 322
Benedettini, 239
Benedict XIII., Pope, 157
Beneventum, 49, 88, 116, 117
Berengaria of Castile, 110
Berengarius, 84
Bernardo, Oddo di, 125
Bianchi, 216
Bisceglie, 179
Bisignano, 180
Boccapianolo, 188
Boeotia, 123
Bohemund, 90
Bologna, 189
Boniface IX., Pope, 156, 163
Bourbon, 150, 208, 214, 220, 231
Bourget, quoted, 19, 32, 248, 302, 305
Bradanus, 208
Brienne, Hugh of, 117–123, 129
— Joan of, 135
— John of, 108–115
— Walter III. of, 103–108
— — IV. of, 109–115, 117
— — V. of, 124–6
— — VI. of, 126–37
Brigandage, 215
Brindisi, 5, 6, 12, 23, 24, 48, 49, 77, 88, 89, 100, 107, 110, 111, 114, 117, 122–3, 129, 135, 153, 154, 170–3, 179, 193, 291, 321
Brundusium. *See* Brindisi
Brunetti, 195
Brussels, 140, 160
Brunswick, Gilbert of, 171–3
Burelli, 118
Burleigh, 266
Burton, 243
Byzantines, 80
Byzantium. *See* Constantinople

C

"Cacciatori di Mongiano," the, 233
Cactus Plant, 10
Cæsar, 14
Calabria, 8, 24, 37, 115, 124, 211, 224, 233
— John of, 324
Calais, 12
Calchas, the Soothsayer, 86
"Calderari," the, 215, 217
Campi Salentini, 233
Cannae, 46, 107
Canosa, 47, 143, 217
"Capo" District, the, 29
Capri, 216
Capua, 78, 107, 111, 182
Capuchins, 274
Caracci, 265
Caracciolo Family, 175, 178
Carafa, 204, 241
Caravaggio, 263
"Carbonari," the, 214, 220
Carnesecchi Family, 152
Carta-Pesta Industry, 28
Carthage, 48
Casarano, 192
Caserta, 135, 222
Cassiodorus, 66, 322
Castellano, 180
Castriota, 179, 181
Castro, 39, 150, 180, 227
Castromediano, 21, 31, 38, 180–1, 223, 227–35, 328
Catalania, 120
Catapan, the, 89
Catania, 124
Catholicism in Lecce, 26, 110, 133, 154, 181, 209–10, 239, 280
Cavallerizza, 148
Cavallino, 227, 234, 305
Celestini, the, 239
Cellini, 202, 258
Cephissus, 126
Cesare of Aragon, 171
Cesari, de, 208

Ceva-Grimaldi quoted, 147
Chambers, 242
Champagne, 105
Charles II., 187, 193
— III., 200
— V., 15, 20, 182, 237, 241, 304, 326,
— of Anjou, 116, 121, 125, 169–70
— VIII. of France, 168
— II. of England, 264
— the Bald, 148
"Chevaliers de la Mort," the, 124
China, a Leccese in, 186
Chiuse di Susa, 83
Church, Gen., 219
Churches, Lecce:
The Cathedral, 237, 240–1, 251–3, 260–1, 267, 281, 332
Alcantarine, 240, 252, 334
Angiolilli, 335
S. Angelo, 240, 260, 334
S. Anna, 335
S. Antonio, 252, 335
S. Chiara, 240, 252–3, 338
S. Croce, 151, 161, 183, 213, 239, 240, 248–50, 255–6, 258–60, 336
S. Eligio, 339
S. Elisabetta, 238, 249, 339
S. Francesco, 176, 339
Gesù, 238, 341
S. Irene, 154, 214, 239, 342
S. Marco, 152–3, 238, 249, 343
S. Matteo, 240, 252, 344
S. M. degli Angeli, 240, 345
S. M. di Cerrate, 346
S. M. delle Grazie, 152, 239, 251, 346
S. M. della Porta, 237, 253, 346
Madonna del Carmine, 206, 238, 240, 252, 347
S. Nicolò e Cataldo, 237, 240, 247, 251–2, 280, 307, 348
S. Nicolò de Greci, 191, 259, 349
Nativity, 349
Paolotti, 237, 349
Rosario, 238, 240, 261, 350
Scalze, 251, 260, 351
S. Sebastiano, 237, 238, 249, 351
S. Teresa, 252–3, 352
Cicero, 49, 321
Clairmont, Tristan de, 150
Clarenza, 96
Clement IX., Pope, 189
Clement X., Pope, 189
Cleon, 45
Clisitera, 35
Comnenus, Helen, 116
Conan Doyle, 27
Condottieri, the, 142
Conflans, Eustace de, 105
Coniger, 194
Conradin, 116, 118
Constance, Abbess, 138
— Empress, 98, 107, 109
Constantine, 65
Constantinople, 50, 80, 86, 119, 321
Contarini, 189–91
Conversano, 138, 140, 141, 212
Copertino, 141
Corfu, 12, 116, 130, 320
Cosimo I., 294
Coutances, 89
Craven, Hon. R. K., quoted, 17, 18
Crete, 14, 33–7
Croton, 41–3, 49
Crusades, 96, 99, 105
Cyprus, 115, 117–120

D

Dante, quoted, 113
Dark Ages, the, 15, 46, 79, 85
Darwin, 27
Daun, Count, 193, 197
Daunus, 35, 36
"Decisi," the, 217–220
Decius, 79
Deucalion, 33
Dicearchia, 41
Diepold, 107, 108
Diodorus Siculus, 35
Dionysius, 43, 44
Dominicans, the, 163–4, 238, 259, 323
Drogo, 141, 143
Drogon, 76
Durante, quoted, 158
Durazzo, 116, 142, 321

E

Earthquakes, 24
Egnazia, 47
Egypt, 110, 114

Enghien, John of, 138
— Louis of, 141
— Mary of, 126, 143, 145, 148–56, 161–3
— Pirro of, 139
— Sigiero of, 140
— Walter of, 139
England, 116, 137, 178, 185, 193, 195, 201, 245, 311
Ennius, Quintus, 49
Enotrii, 42
Epirus, 37, 40, 125
Etna, 124
Euippa, 35
Euxine, 40

F

Faenza, 189
Fatalò, 113–4
Ferdinand the Catholic, 173–4
— IV. of Naples, 165–69, 200, 203, 213–16, 220, 322, 324
— II. ("Bomba"), 221–2, 230
Ferecides Sirius, 35
Ferrara, 167, 194
Ferraris, de, 176
Feudalism in 1799, 211–13
Florence, 80, 127, 129, 131, 132–188, 244, 294
— Walter of Athens at, 129, 131
— and Lecce, 151–2
Foggia, 5
Foote, Captain, 204
Fouché, 325
"Foudroyant," the, 205
Foundlings in Lecce, 184–5
Francavilla Fontana, 29, 219, 279
France, 97, 104, 106, 110, 117, 119, 124, 174, 178, 203
Francis I. of Naples, 221
— II., 222
Frederick II., 110–12, 114, 125
— of Aragon, 171–4, 178
Friars, the, 113, 166

G

Gagliano, 124
Galateus, 22, 38, 77, 136, 162, 177, 183
Galatina, 157, 247, 306
Gallienus, 79
Gallipoli, 23, 29, 31, 39, 81, 89, 121, 126, 150, 154, 170, 179, 224, 273, 278, 301, 312–19
Garganus, Mount, 85, 86
Garibaldi, 201
Gaston de Foix, 178
Gates, Lecce:
Porta di Napoli, 196
— Rusce, 36, 161, 240
— San Biagio, 146, 241
Genoa, 120, 244, 274
— and Lecce, 153
Geoffrey Hauteville (First Count of Lecce), 89–92
Germany, 40, 110, 178, 219
Gerunda, 208
Gibbon, quoted, 81, 86, 88
Gibbs, 242
Giliberto de Gothi, 90
Giordano, Luca, 262
Giorgi, Prof. de, 21, 30, 78
Giotto, 311
Giovinazzo, 179
Giovanni d'Aymo, 161–4
Gissing, quoted, 2, 9, 10
Gladstone, W. E., 232
Goldoni, 300
Gonsalvo di Cordova, 174
Gothic Revival, the, 258
Goths, the, 79, 322
Greece, 12, 14, 31, 37–47, 88, 96, 120, 191, 321
Gregorovius, quoted, 19
Gregory, Pope, 261
Grimani, Cardinal, 170, 195
Grottaglie, 173, 291
Guarini, 113
Guido of Ravenna, quoted, 84
Guigni Family, 152

H

Hadrian, 50
Hæmus, 80
Hamilton, Jackson, quoted, 18, 281, 301
Hamilton, Lady, 203
Hampton Court, 202, 266
Hannibal, 46, 107
Hauteville Family, 88, 99, 140

Hawkwood, 141–2.
Helen of Troy, 33
Henry VI., 98, 100
Heraclea, 45
Holland, 178, 193
Holy Land, the, 76, 108, 110, 114, 115, 117
Homer, 33, 49
Honorius III., Pope, 110
Horatius, 202
Hungary, Matthias of, 324
Huxley, 27

I

Idomeneus, 33, 35
Illyria, 321
Infantino, 159
Innocent II., Pope, 93
— III., Pope, 105, 106
— IV., Pope, 115, 117, 120, 125, 130, 135
— XI., Pope, 189
— XII., Pope, 188–91
Ionian Sea, 1, 9, 41, 44
Irish Saint, an, 75
Italy, Charm of, 1–4
Isaac, Emperor, 100

J

James II., 266
Japygia, 37, 43, 56
Jerusalem, John of, 105, 110–13, 135
Jesuits in Lecce, 185, 221
Jews, 200, 243
— in Lecce, 154–5
Joanna, 99
— of Châtillon, 125, 127
— of Naples, 134, 138, 141, 150, 165
Joinville, Robert de, 105
Jonathas, 327
Joppa, 115
Joseph Bonaparte, 215, 355
Julius III., Pope, 184
Justinian, 81

K

Kneller, Sir G., 265
Knights Templars, 153
Knossos, 35

L

Ladislaus, King, 73, 149, 167
La Roche, William de, 122
— Otto de, 123
Lauria, Roger of, 120–25
Lecce, bookshops in, 27, 272
— Customs, 155, 271, 274, 276–81
— Dialect, 291
— Education in, 26, 182, 221
— Folksongs, 278, 300
— Games, 274, 282
— Gardens, 30, 280
— Garrison, 32, 121, 144
— Horses, 147–8, 156, 271–2
— Hotels, 30, 271
— Ignorance of, 22
— Interest of, 16
— Journey to, 5–15
— Museum, 31, 41, 46, 234
— Name of, 22, 41, 50, 51
— Railways, 29
— Street scenes, 28, 32, 187, 218, 270
— Theatres, 84, 218, 275, 298–300
— Writers on, 17–22
Leucippus, 317
Leuco, 35
Licinius, 65–74
Lillo, 300
Liris, 115
Locris, 42, 123
Lombards, the, 85, 322
Lombardy, Theme of, 84, 85
London, Verrio in, 264–7
Louis of Anjou, 142, 149, 150
— of Taranto, 116, 135
— XII. of France, 117, 173, 178
— XIV. of France, 191
Lowe, 216
Lucani, 44, 45
Lucca, 131
Lucera, 118
Lupiae. *See* "Lecce," 41, 44
Lusignan, Guy de, 96
— Jacques de, 96
— Marie de, 115

M

Macao, 186
Maccagnani, 30
Maglie, 30
Magna Græcia, 2, 9, 24, 39, 41, 44–46, 48, 85, 302
Mahomet II., 323–4
Maida, 216
Malaria, 23, 48, 92, 108, 327
Malaterra, quoted, 87
Malatesta da Rimini, 131
Malennius, 19, 34, 35
Malta, 188, 262
Manduria, 44, 222, 291, 327
Manfred, 115–18, 165
Maniaces, 87
Maramonte Family, 116, 129, 137, 138, 144–5
Marcello, 318
March, Earl of, 100
Margaret of Anjou, 129
Maria Carolina, Queen, 203, 213
Marsilius, 162
Martyrs, List of, 75
Masaniello, 188, 239
Massa, Gen., 203–207
Massafra, 291
" Mayflower," the, 40
Mayor of Lecce, 198
Mazzarella, 223, 226, 319
Mediterranean Sea, 36, 40, 79, 85, 179
Méjean, 204
Melfi, 111, 179
Melo, 86
Melun, 105
Menelaus, 33
Mesagne, 116, 153, 171–3, 179
Messapian Remains, 24, 31, 37, 38
Messina, 99, 100
Metaponto, 6, 9, 42
Metastasio, 298
Metternich, 215
Micheroux, 204–6, 355
Milan, 5, 29, 173–4
Minos, 33, 35
Mirage near Lecce, 302
Molfetta, 179
Molière, 300
Molise, 224
Mommsen, quoted, 38, 49
Monasteries, Dissolution of, 213
Montacute. *See* " Hawkwood "
Montbelliard, Walter de, 105
Mont Cenis, 106
Montaigne, quoted, 160
Montefusco, 230
Montepeloso, 107
Montuoro, 195
Morelet, 124–5
Mortlake Tapestries, 264
Moslems, 85, 168
Murat, 208, 213, 215, 355
Murgie, 291
Museum, British, 38, 47, 52
Museums, Local, 31, 41, 46–234, 316, 7

N

Naples, 5, 16, 17, 29, 40, 51, 80, 85, 86, 100, 116, 117–19, 127, 131, 149, 168, 177, 178, 187, 203, 215, 224, 229, 232, 263, 294
— kingdom of, 128, 148, 154, 165, 169, 193, 195, 200, 206, 208
Napoleon, 59, 200, 208, 214, 325
Nardò, 29, 39, 116, 150, 154, 181, 224, 327
Narses, 322
" Neapolitan School," the, 31
— Exiles, the, 228–31
Nelson, Lord, 203–206
Nero, 52, 59, 60
Normans, the. *See* Chapter III.
Novoli, 29

O

Occiliano, 82
Octavian, 50
Orange, Prince of, 178
Oria, 12, 23, 116, 130, 150, 154, 277
Orsini, Raimondello, 149, 307, 309
Ostuni, 179, 291
Otho the Great, 84
Otranto, 23, 24, 29, 30, 39, 88, 89–91, 96, 107, 116, 140, 168–70, 259, 320–29
— " Castle of," 326
— Duke of, 325

Otranto, The "Terra di," 25, 29, 34, 39, 46, 49, 75, 76, 79, 87, 89, 107, 112, 114, 115, 119, 128, 130, 147, 167, 179, 208, 222, 224, 233, 247, 283, 301

P

P. and O. Steamers, 12
Padua, 177
Painters, Lecce:
  Andrea da Lecce, 261, 267
  Coppola, 267, 269, 316
  Matteo da Lecce, 261–2, 267
  Malinconico, 267
  Ribera, 262
  Scorrano, 316
  Tiso, 267, 268, 281
  Verrio, Antonio, 263–4, 268
  — Giuseppe, 263, 268
Palaces, Lecce:
  Adorni, 353
  Castello, 204, 207, 238, 272, 299, 353
  Conte Balzo, 161, 354
  — Castriota, 354
  Liceo, 26, 354
  Paladini, 355
  Municipio, 254
  Palmieri, 221, 355
  Perroni, 113, 355
  Prato, 355
  Prefettura, 222, 255, 336
  Sedile, 255, 356
  Seminario, 255, 261, 357
  Tribunali, 238, 357
  Vescovado, 255, 357
Paladini Family, 114, 180, 193, 198–9
Palma, 193
Palascia, 182
Palermo, 93, 97, 107, 116, 204
Palladio, 242
Panteleone, 327
Papier Mâché Industry, 28
Pappacoda, Bishop, 188, 239, 261
Paris, 135, 157, 173
Parthenopean Republic, 207, 325
Passignano, 152
Patras, 12
"Patriotti Europei," the, 216, 219
Pausanias, quoted, 50
Pelasgic Stock, 37, 40
Peloponnesus, 37, 40
Penne, 182
Pepe, Gen., 220
Persians, 80
Persona, Renzo di, 116
Perugia, 188
Peruzzi, 152, 245
Peter, the Hermit, 90
— of Aragon, 117, 120
Philip II., 105, 182
— III., 187
— IV., 187
— V., 200
— the Fair, 125
— the Long, 127
— Augustus, 99, 100, 103
— de Courtenay, 119
Phocis, 123
Phœbe, 55
Piazza S. Oronzo, 38
Piccinni, 297
Pignatelli, Ant. *See* "Innocent XII."
Pignatelli Fabrizio, 195, 197
Piræus, 79
Pironti, 230–1
Pisa, 131
Pistoia, 131
Pizzica-pizzica Dance, 277, 283
Pliny, quoted, 39, 310, 321
Poerio, 229–31, 329
Poggiardo, 39, 140, 180
Poggio, 176
Poland, 188
Pompeii, 7, 78, 201
Pompey, 14
Pontano, 176
Porcian, Walter de, 125, 127
Portugal, 193
Posidonia, 49
Potenza, 8, 209, 224
Pozzuoli, 319
Prato Family, 107, 137, 138, 144
Primaldo, 324
Printing in Lecce, early, 175
Procida, 228–9
Ptolemy, 39
Pugin, 243
Pyrrhus of Epirus, 321
Pythagoras, 2, 42, 61, 85, 177

R

Ragusa, 153
Raphoe, 76
Ravenna, 80
Realino, Father, 185
Reggio di Calabria, 43, 170
Regio, quoted, 59, 73, 74, 75, 77
Renaissance Architecture, 201, 245–8
René of Anjou, 165
Rhudiae. *See* "Rusce"
Ricci, Father, 186
Richard Cœur-de-Lion, 99, 100
Rimini, 5
Ripa of Brindisi, 135
Robert Guiscard, 15, 89, 326
— Hauteville, 89
— of Calabria, 124, 125, 129
— of Lecce, 91–96, 176
Rocca, 136, 181, 198
Roger Hauteville, 90
— II. of Sicily, 93–7, 100–101
— of Apulia, 93–5, 326
Romano, quoted, 159
Rome, 3, 5, 14, 29, 44, 45, 48, 61, 79, 80, 106, 157, 197, 201
— Baroque Buildings in, 244–9
Romualdo of Beneventum, 83
"Rondine," the, 229
Rosa, Salvator, 263
Ross, Mrs., quoted, 18, 61, 155, 168, 207, 228, 232, 233, 281, 300, 301, 328
Rotti, 319
Ruffo, 204–6
Rusce, 34, 38, 39, 49, 95, 96
Ruskin, quoted, 159

S

Sagrentino, 318
St. Cataldus, 75–7
— — Harbour of, 23, 29, 50, 123, 173, 227, 285, 304
S. Cesario di Lecce, 306
S. Donato di Lecce, 118
St. Fortunatus, 52–62
St. Francis of Assisi, 113, 323
S. Giovanni d'Aymo, 161–3
S. Herina, 65–74
St. Justus, 52–62, 282
S. Maria di Leuca, Cape, 30, 37, 73, 161, 182, 301
St. Mark, 152
St. Michael, 86
St. Nicholas, 75
St. Nicholas the Pilgrim, 90
S. Nicola, 184, 327
St. Orontius, 52–65, 282
St. Paul, 52–62, 202
St. Peter, 191
S. Pietro Vernotico, 129
S. Venera, 65–74
Salentines, the, 34, 37, 38, 146–7
Salerno, 6, 7, 85, 108
Samnites, the, 45
"Santa Fede," the, 204
Saracens, the, 32, 84, 93, 100, 118, 292
Saso, 321
Sava, 222, 225, 291
Savoy, 193
Schiavoni, 230
Scott, 243
Sculptors, Local:
Aver, 316
Boffelli, 260
Riccardo, 258–9
Segine, 128
Selicio, 147
Sentinel, the Lecce, 160
Sforza, 167
Sicilian Vespers, 120
Sicily, 41, 85, 87, 96, 99–102, 108, 116–18, 166, 174, 200
Siena, 20
Simone, de, quoted, 21, 49, 77, 127, 133, 140, 147, 164, 166, 177, 183, 189, 191, 194, 199, 222, 227, 263, 273, 278
Sindaco, the. *See* "Mayor of Lecce"
Sismondi, quoted, 166
Sixtus IV., Pope, 317
Snuff Industry, the, 29
Soleto, 157, 306, 310
Sorrento, 108
Soult, Marshal, 208, 325
Spain, 89, 117, 147, 165, 178, 182
Sparta, 40, 41, 44, 45
Spaventa, 233
Squillace, 48
"Staccatu," the, 277

Sternatia, 168, 306
Strabo, quoted, 49, 321
Stuart, Gen., 216
Subiaco, 175
Surbo, 101
Sybaris, 41, 43, 50–51
Sybil of Lecce, 94–6, 98, 109
Symons, Arthur, quoted, 4, 20
Syracuse, 42

T

Tafagnano, 144–5
Tagliacozzo, 118
Tanager, 7
Tancred de Hauteville, 89
— — at Lecce, 101
— — of Sicily, 92, 96–102
Tarantella Dance, the, 282–4
Taranto, 6, 11, 23, 37, 41–6, 48, 49, 76, 88, 90, 98, 109, 116, 122, 129, 150, 169, 173, 180, 276, 278, 291, 320
Tarantula Spider, 283
Tasselli, Father, 192
Teatini, the, 214
Terenzano, 118, 128
Teresiani Scalzi, the, 239
Thebes, 79
Theodoric, 80, 85
Thessalonica, 98, 126
Thessaly, 126
Thomson, "Greek," 243
Thrace, 79, 80
Thurii, 43, 45
Tito, 8
Tolentino, 215, 216
Tomacelli. *See* "Boniface IX."
Totila, 80, 322
Trapani, 120
Trepuzzi, 128
Tricarico, Count of, 109, 116
Trieste, 319
Troy, 33–5, 60, 80
Troyes, 128
Tunis, 85
Turin, 222, 232
Turks, the, 168, 169, 192, 197, 309, 326, 324
Tuscany, 142, 322

U

Ugento, 39, 297
Ukraine, 79, 80
"Università," the, 212
Urania, 100
Urban VI., Pope, 326
Urbino, 188
Ursis, Sabatino de, 186

V

Valla, 176
Valona, 320, 322
Vandals, the, 317
Vanni of Florence, 133
Varangian Guards, the, 88
Varro, quoted, 147, 321
Vases in Lecce Museum, 47
Vaste, 39, 95
Venice, 162, 177, 179, 244, 263, 294
— Lecce and, 152–3
Ventimiglia, 95
Venusia, 49
Verona, 78, 110, 311
Vertue, quoted, 266
Vespasian, 50
Vesuvius, 6
Victor Emanuel, 232
Vienna, 215
Villani, quoted, 132
Virgil, 33
Visconti, Robert, 102
Volterra, 131

W

Wallachia, Prince of, 125
Walpole, Horace, quoted, 263–7, 326
Water, Scarcity of, 24–5
Wells, H. G., 27
"White Company," the, 142
Wilde, Oscar, 27
William Ironarm, 88
— the Bad, 59, 93, 95, 97
— the Good, 98
Wren, Sir C., 239, 242, 258

Writers, Lecce:
D' Amelio, 297
Ammirato, 156, 183, 274, 275, 294–5, 297
Angelis, de, 297
Belli Pietro, 297
Braccio, 294, 297
Cepolla, 297
Coniger, 293
Ferrari, 180, 194, 293
Ferraris, de, 176, 293
Grandi, 295, 302
Infantino, 295
Panettera, 294, 297
Persone, 297
Writers, Lecce:
Piccinni, 297, 299
Prioli, de, 294

Y

Yolande of Jerusalem, 110, 111

Z

Zante, 320
Zollino, 29
Zurlo, 323

Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

GETTY RESEARCH INSTITUTE
3 3125 01760 1291